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THE NEW YORKER

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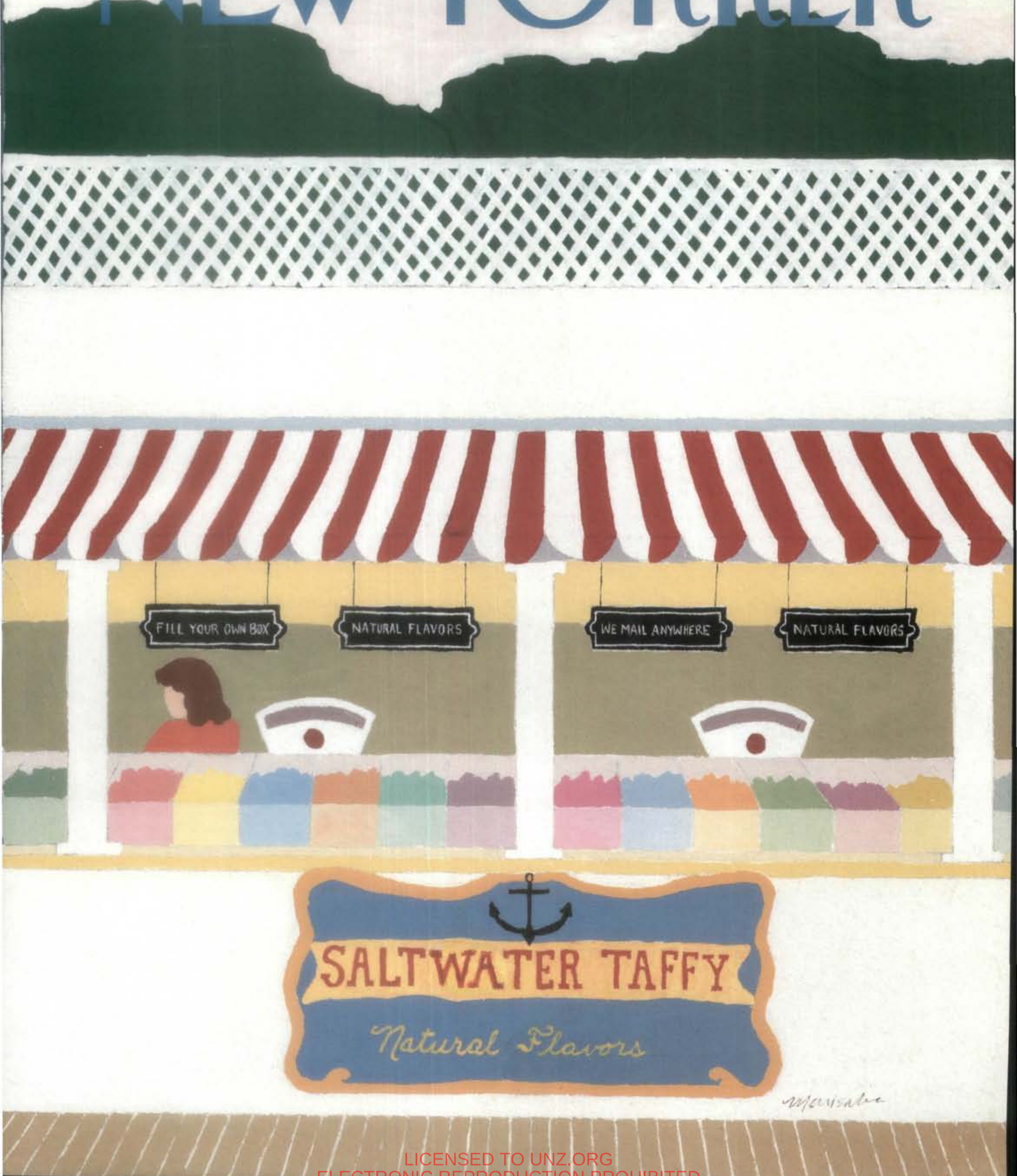
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—A slam-bang revival of a *hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The* cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211). Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2.)

The House of Blue Leaves—*A superb revival of* John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: William H. Smith's **The Drunkard.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Me and My Girl—A 1937 London musical by Noel Gay (music) and L. Arthur Rose and Douglas Furber (book and lyrics), with a revised book by Stephen Fry. The cast is *headed by Robert Lindsay, Maryann* Plunkett, and George S. Irving, and the director is Mike Ockrent. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Loretta Swit, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter, and with Elizabeth Austin, *as a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife"* of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sturiale, and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rags—Teresa Stratas and Larry Kert in a musical with a score by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, and a book by Joseph Stein. The director is Gene Saks. Previews through Wednesday, Aug. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 21. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Raisin in the Sun—A revival of the 1959 drama by Lorraine Hansberry. Previews Wednesday, Aug. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 14, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 7. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, and Olympia Dukakis. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). The star is a stunning little singer-dancer-gamine named Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Aug. 17, at 7:30.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**Big River:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's

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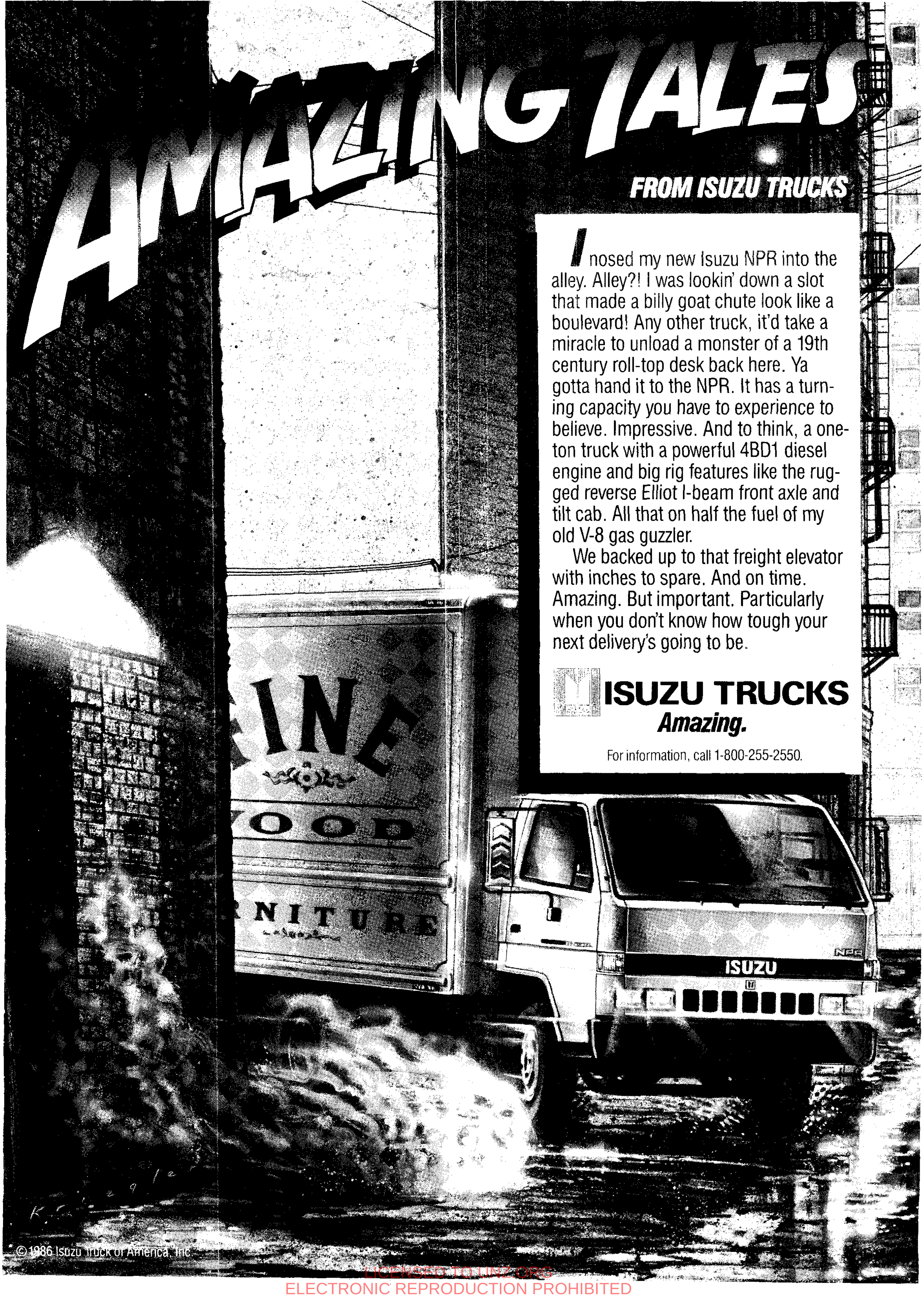

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,944 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

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DANCE

PILAR RIOJA—Programs of Spanish classical and flamenco dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 13-16, at 8.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Programs of contemporary dance—**DEBORAH ANDERSEN:** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 14-16, at 8. . . . **STEVE KRIECKHAUS:** Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 18-19, at 8. . . . **HELEN DANNENBERG:** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23, at 8. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the Oak Room you will find the vocal group Montgomery, Plant & Stritch singing and pattering in harmony Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The weekend musicians: Friday and Saturday Aug. 15-16, baritone saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE** and his trio; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, the guitar duo of **EMILY REMLER** and John Basile. Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings funny songs by Dave Frishberg, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and a little bundle of standards by Rodgers and Hart and others; Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine, Helen Schneider performs "A Flapper's Folly;" and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 14-16, at eleven, Sandra Reaves-Phillips interprets the music of Bessie, Billie, and Dinah.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. The **MANGIONE** brothers (pianist **GAP** and top-hatted flugelhornist **CHUCK**) will be present Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-17, and Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 19-21; bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**, who hums and buzzes à la Slam Stewart, drops by with his all-stars on Monday, Aug. 18; and live-wire singer and keyboardist **TANIA MARIA & BRAZILIAN EXPLOSION** will electrify the joint Friday through Sunday, Aug. 22-24. Music after nine. Tuesdays through Sundays after the last set until four in the morning, Jazz Messenger Jean Toussaint and his band provide the music. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup, in part: Wednesdays, Aug. 13 and 20, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, whose mock-solemn confessional "Career Moves" includes the line "It always amazes me when I get paid;" and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, folk-rocker **DAVID BROMBERG** and his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **JACK WILSON** and **BOOTS MALESON** collaborate through Saturday, Aug. 16, and **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **JIMMY ROWSER** take over starting Monday, Aug. 18. George Ziskind is the Sunday-night soloist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Gosh. It's so *nice* in here—long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Bluesy organist **RICHARD (GROOVE) HOLMES** and his trio will be on the elegant bandstand through Sunday, Aug. 17, and baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** and his group, Concept, commence a six-night stand on Tuesday, Aug. 19. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The whimsical paintings on the walls of the Bemelmans Bar are by Ludwig Bemelmans, and the seamless piano music is by **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who plays Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

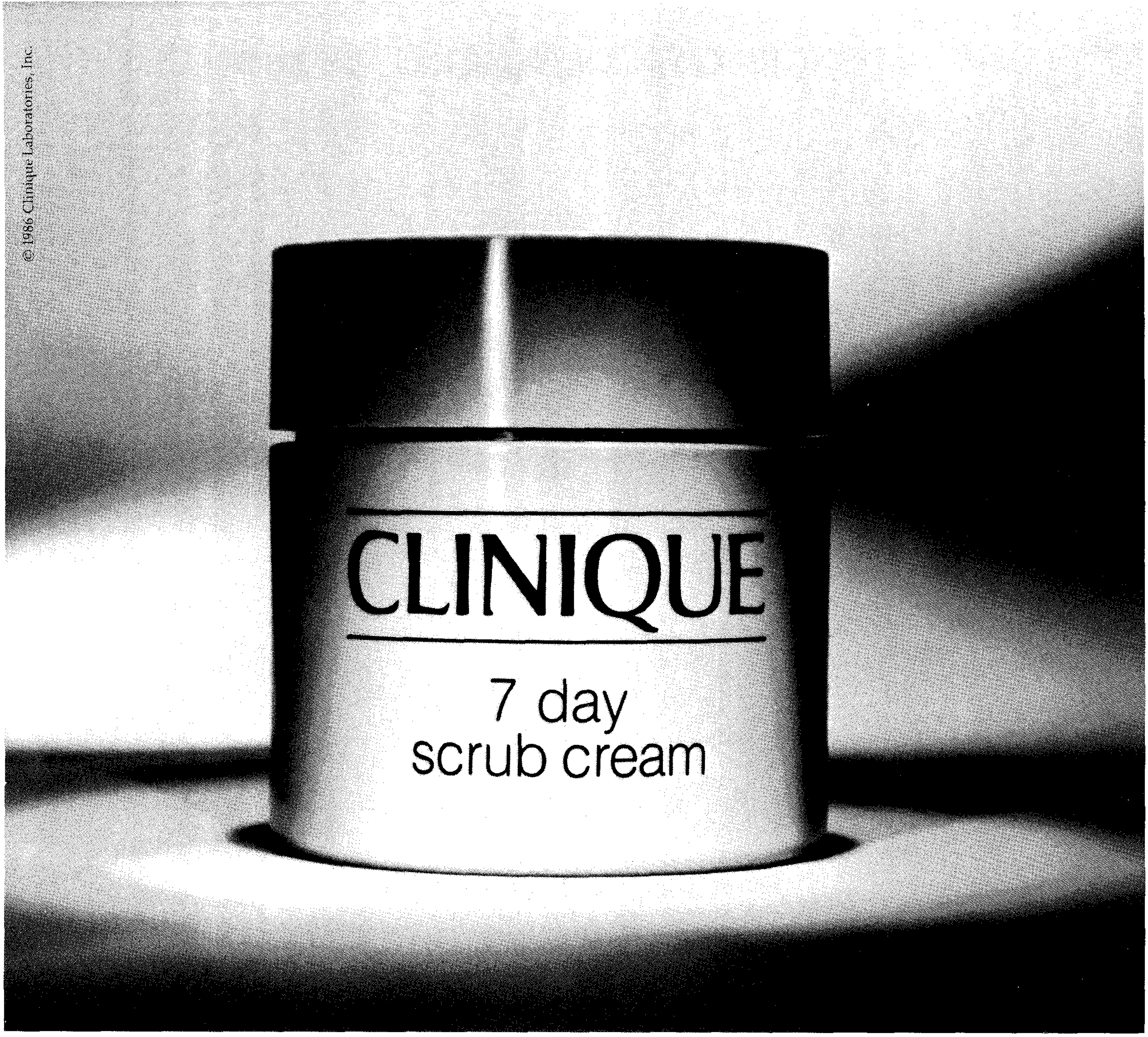
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs music room. Guitarist **PAT MARTINO'S** trio performs on Wednesday, Aug. 13; **CISSY HOUSTON**, who was the lead voice of the sixties soul group the Sweet Inspirations (they backed up Aretha Franklin), will be on hand Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 14-17; and the wonderful **BETTY CARTER** sings with her trio starting Tuesday, Aug. 19. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—A Turtle Bay supper club, whose current resident, **MICHELE BAUTIER**, has a big agile voice and a repertoire that runs from Berlin and Ellington to Joe Raposo and Janis Ian. She can be heard Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (but from the bar you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 13-15, Michael Weiss and bassist Peter Washington; Saturday, Aug. 16, Peter Malinverni; Monday, Aug. 18, Nat Jones; Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23, **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **VISHNU WOOD**. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH** (who collaborated with Dave Frishberg on "I'm Hip") teams up with bassist **BILL TAKAS**; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist



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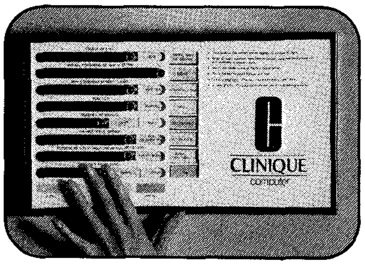

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Chuck Wayne, pianist **Warren Chiasson**, and bassist **Michael Fleming**. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the dining-room grand is in the hands of **Roger Kellaway**; Jim Badzik presides on Sundays; and **Dick Hyman** holds forth on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **Roland Hanna**, who is sometimes rhapsodic and sometimes percussive, flies all by himself through Saturday, Aug. 16, and starting Tuesday, Aug. 19, **Walter Bishop, Jr.**, works in tandem with bassist Paul Brown. Music at about nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some people think the very large iguana on the roof of this establishment is excessive, and some people think it is excessive as well as site-specific. Wednesday, Aug. 13, hard-strummin' folkie guitarist **Richie Havens**; Thursday, Aug. 14, Peter Case; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, the New Riders of the Purple Sage and the Mindy J. Band; Sunday, Aug. 17, the **Fleshtones**; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21, the Searchers; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, blues singer and guitarist **Johnny Copeland**. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—You can't get a meat pie or play darts in here, the beer is served in wineglasses, and the music tends to be traditional American: this is a mid-Manhattan pub, after all. **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** are singing a salute to the late lyricist Alan Jay Lerner Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

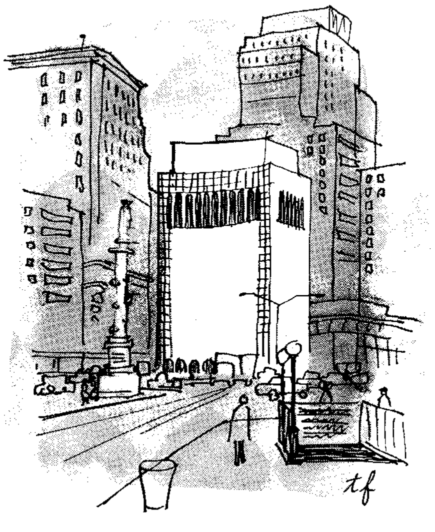
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. Your table comes equipped with a jelly glass full of crayons; you can use them to sketch Rock Wilk on Wednesday, Aug. 13; Plunky & the Oneness of Juju on Thursday, Aug. 14; and **McCoy Tyner** on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16. Music from about ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Aug. 14, Icehouse; Friday, Aug. 15, Psychic T.V.; Saturday, Aug. 16, Book of Love; Thursday, Aug. 21, Simply Red; and Saturday, Aug. 23, Discharge, D.R.I., C.O.C., and Youth of Today. Shows begin after nine Sundays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio, and the music is the kind you won't find on "Solid Gold." Wednesday, Aug. 13, percussionist **Duduka Fonseca**; Thursday, Aug. 14, **Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees**; Friday, Aug. 15, **Loremil Machado**; Saturdays, Aug. 16 and 23, **Mikata**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 19-20, **Jean Carne**; and Thursday, Aug. 21, **Little Milton** and **Otis Clay**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: the expatriate South African pianist **Abdullah Ibrahim**, whose latest compositions have a folklike simplicity and eloquence, is performing with his group, **Ekaya**, every night but Monday, when **Dakota Staton** sings with her trio. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesdays, "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz," an R. & B. musical; Thursdays, Garden City's **Elliott Murphy**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, Staten Island's **Buster Poindexter**; Sunday, Aug. 17, the Bourbon Street Jass Band; Monday, Aug. 18, Bobby Radcliff; Tuesday, Aug. 19, the Pink, the Tapes, and the Primates;



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and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, **Cedell Davis**. Shows after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room at nine on Mondays; on Aug. 18, **Ray Barretto** and his orchestra, **Papo Vasquez** and his group, Bomba Jazz, and saxophonist and flutist **James Moody**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. On Sunday, Aug. 17, the **Skatalites** will be joined by alto saxophonist **Arthur Blythe**. Shows at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ On the Terrace after nine-thirty, **Junior Mance** and **Marty Rivera** engage in lively piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. And jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." The young French pianist **Michel Petrucciani**, who is an ardent admirer of Bill Evans, and his trio will be in residence through Sunday, Aug. 17, and on Tuesday, Aug. 19, trumpeter **Jon Faddis** and his quintet will descend the stairs. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **Mel Lewis Big Band**. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. Veteran tenor saxophonist **George Kelly & the Jazz Sultans** swing away through Sunday, Aug. 17, and alto saxophonist **Earle Warren** (a Basie stalwart in the thirties and forties) and his quartet, the Countsmen, lift off on Wednesday, Aug. 20. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—An elaborately done-up downstairs club that in its first three months has presented many topnotch musicians. Tenor saxophonist **David Murray**—whose music is sometimes full of late-modern hurly-burly, sometimes uncluttered and swinging, and generally exciting—will be here with his excellent quartet (**John Hicks** on piano, **Fred Hopkins** on bass, and the limber **Ed Blackwell** on drums) through Sunday, Aug. 17; pianist **Ronnie Mathews** comes in with his quartet, which features **Branford Marsalis**, on Tuesday, Aug. 19. Mondays are claimed by trumpeter Tex Allen's band. Music from nine-thirty. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), **Barry Harris** will be at the dining-room grand through Sunday, Aug. 17; the debonair **Ellis Larkins** glides in on Tuesday, Aug. 19; and ex-Jazz Messenger **Mulgrew Miller** fills in on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. **Jack Wilkins** will be on the guitar and **Harold Danko** at the piano through Saturday, Aug. 16; pianist **Kirk Lightsey** and bassist **Cecil McBee** (one-third of the all-star sextet known as the Leaders) settle in on Monday, Aug. 18. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Reggae Consciousness—Bunny Wailer, Sly & Robbie, the Radics, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8.)

Andreas Vollenweider—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 8.

Metallic Keel—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8.

Bruce Cockburn—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8.

Barry Harris Trio—With C-Sharpe. (Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Bill Barron Quartet—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 9:30 and 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Chamberlain—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robin Hill / Hannah Villiger—Abstract sculptures in wax, both natural and pigmented. / The artist's own body is the subject of her photographs. Through Aug. 27. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Israel—Ink drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Aug. 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Yukimura S. Konishi—Abstract oils painted in pastel colors and with a hint of Constructivist feeling, plus paper collages. Through Saturday, Aug. 16. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesday through Saturday.)

Thomas Schindler—Heavily symbolic oil paintings, bringing together bits of armor, a crown of thorns, massive nails, an artist's palette, strands of barbed wire. Through Friday, Aug. 15. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens Wednesday through Friday at 1.)

The Dog Days of August—A lively summer show in which every dog has his day, if that's not putting too fine a point on it. Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Willie Cole, Larry Holmes, John Kindness, William Wegman, and others. Through Wednesday, Aug. 20. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **Center for African Art**, 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **Frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by ten gallery artists and ten invited artists, among them William Beckman, William T. Wiley, Jo Anne Carson, and Jim Gingerich. Through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **Galerie St. Etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Hoffeld**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by twentieth-century artists. Through Sept. 26. . . . **Tatistcheff**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two painters new to the gallery, Margaret Bowland (portraits) and Harry Orlyk (plein-air landscapes), are represented along with regular members. Through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **YORK**, 21 E. 65th St.: Two dozen paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, including landscapes by Heade, Kensett, and Twachtman, flower studies by O'Keeffe and Joseph Stella, and a portrait of Frances de Forest by William Merritt Chase. Through Sept. 20.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at: **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **ROBERT MILLER**, 41 E. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Wendell MacRae (1896-1980)—Prints of New York in the thirties and forties by an artist who was a staff photographer for Rockefeller Center during its construction. Through Friday, Aug. 22. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jay Maisel / Todd Webb—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

John Margolies—Photographs of, broadly, resorts along the Atlantic Coast, but including such particulars as gaudy miniature-golf parks. Through Friday, Aug. 15. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Rosalind Solomon—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of prints by an artist who has found a connection between, for instance, a Santa on duty in the Northgate Mall in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a *condomblé* initiation in Brazil, and a wedding in Burma. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Aug. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Japanese color woodblocks, reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Tuesday, Aug. 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Rosalind Solomon. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Expressive Figure from Rousseau to Bacon," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that are based on the figure but were done during the rise of abstractionism. . . . ¶ A small show of sculptures and collages by Louise Nevelson, including an environmental piece called "The Floral Garden," which the artist recently gave to the museum. . . . ¶ A display of six large-scale tapestries by Norwegian artist Jan Groth, and related drawings in crayon. All shows through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of forty prints by the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin, whose work is characterized by erotic and fantastic imagery. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. Through Oct. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs (a matte painting by Albert Whitlock for "The Birds"), costume sketches and costumes (the matador suit Rudolph Valentino wore in "Blood and Sand," the barbecue dress Vivien Leigh wore in "Gone with the Wind"), set models (a tabletop model city for "Blade Runner"), posters, about two hundred photographs, documents (a pithy memo on character development from F. Scott Fitzgerald to David O. Selznick), and, from the Xanadu of Hollywood's prop room, the sled from "Citizen Kane" and the piano from "Casablanca." Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Bill Thompson's fourteen-foot-wide photocollage of an Auschwitz gas chamber, Audrey Flack's Photo-Realist rendering of a Margaret Bourke-White photograph of survivors of Buchenwald, Rodney Ripps's abstract canvas of the land of Israel, and Ann Sperry's welded-steel sculpture entitled "The Creation; Seven Days" are included. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis, whose courtyards seem to have been enlivened by pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About seventy specimens of botanical illustration are displayed in books, prints, magazines, drawings, and watercolors: the laurel tree of Carolina (*Magnolia altissima*) from Catesby's volume "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands" (1731-43); lilies and azaleas from Paxton's *Magazine of Botany* (nineteenth century); paintings and drawings by Asher Durand, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

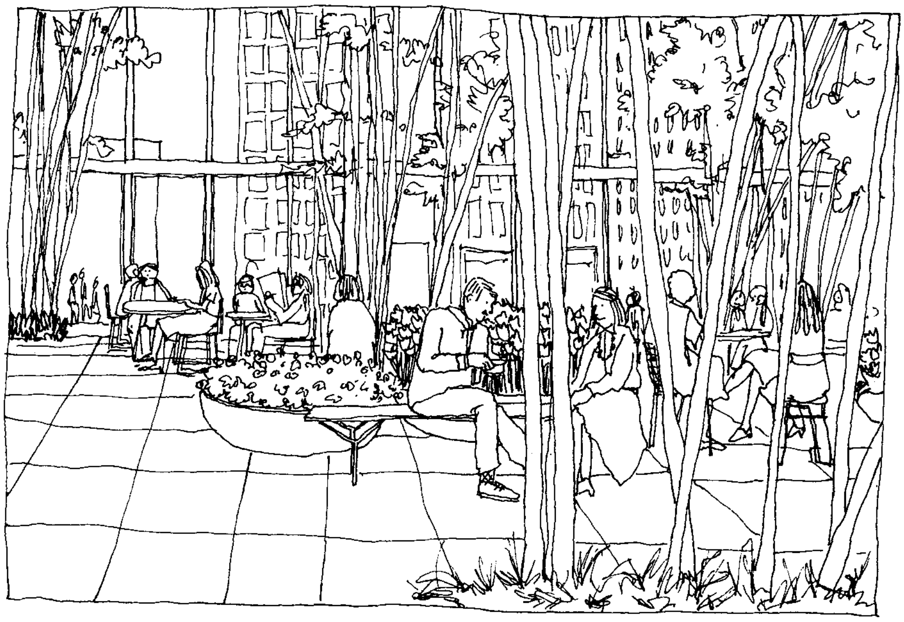
ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Kestutis Nakas (performance), Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Toby MacLennan (film), Friday through Sunday, Aug. 15-17, at 9.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Cynthia Rose, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Stanley Wexler; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Susanne Marsee, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2: "Werther," with Claudette Peterson, Wendy White, Jerry Hadley, and William Stone; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8: "Don Quichotte," with Victoria Vergara, Samuel Ramey, and Joseph McKee; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Spacagna, Jane Shaulis, Richard Leech, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Elizabeth Holleque, Diana Walker, Harry Theyard, and John Lankston; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Rachel Rosales, Mark Thomsen, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2: "Cendrillon," with



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Susanne Marsee, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Carmen," with Cynthia Rose, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Stanley Wexler; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7—Wednesday, Aug. 13: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, and Saturday, Aug. 16: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra in a concert version of Mozart's opera "La Finta Giardiniera," with Margaret Chalker, Kaaren Erickson, and Cheryl Parrish, all sopranos; Della Jones, mezzo-soprano; Michael Myers and Rockwell Blake, tenors; and Thomas Hampson, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the orchestra, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and Paul Ingraham, horn. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 18: The Mendelssohn String Quartet, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 19-20: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Arleen Augér, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with Michael Tree and Caroline Levine, viola, and Julius Levine, double bass. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Sankyo's Golden Flute Concert—Among the participants will be Ransom Wilson, Robert Stallman, Linda Chesis, Sandra Miller, Eugenia Zukerman, and Robert Cram. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 10:45 P.M.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Christopher Hogwood conducting an ensemble of original instruments, with Emma Kirkby, soprano; Stanley Ritchie, baroque *violin; Stephen Hammer, oboe; and Mr. Hog*wood, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 7: Jerome Rosen, violin; Jonathan Miller, cello; and David Deveau, piano, in a Mozart-Dvořák program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 9: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Viktoria Postnikova, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting a Prokofiev-Shostakovich program, with Miss Postnikova and Charles Schlueter, trumpet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2:30: Christopher Hogwood directing an all-Mozart program, with Arleen Augér, soprano; Carolyn Watkinson, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach and Tzimon Barto, duo piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 9: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as piano soloist in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting, with Mr. Barto, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30: Semyon Bychkov conducting, with Mr. Lin. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 15, at 9: Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: The New York Chamber Soloists; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and Sharon Moe, horn, in a Mozart-Handel program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 5:30: Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree, viola; David Soyer, cello; and Lydia Artymiw, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 9: Ruth Laredo, piano, in an all-Chopin program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in an all-Vivaldi program. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

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Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** in a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 23. Wednesday, Aug. 13: William Smith conducting a Lou Harrison–Beethoven–Rachmaninoff program, with David Bar-Illan, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a program of music by Somei Satoh, Lou Harrison, Keith Jarrett, and Bartók, with Mr. Jarrett, piano, and Norman Carol, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mussorgsky-Liszt-Shostakovich program, with Alexander Toradze, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Smetana-Liszt-Stravinsky program, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by James Taylor on Sunday, Aug. 17, and by Air Supply on Tuesday, Aug. 19.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Weber-Mahler program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Gerry Mulligan, saxophone, and John Cheek, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Varujan Kojian conducting, with Rudolf Nureyev and members of the Paris Opéra Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Dennis Russell Davies directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Benita Valente, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Montreal Symphony Orchestra Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 399-4444, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, Aug. 16: Thirteen dancers from the New York City Ballet in a program of new and repertory works. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-23: Jazzdance: The Danny Buraczeski Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, Aug. 17, at 1.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Seattle, Tuesday, Aug 19, at 7:30; Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 1; and Thursday, Aug. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 7:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Aug. 14, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Friday, Aug. 15, at 7:35; Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2:20; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 25. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 16; the Forego Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 17; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Philip H. Iselin Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 16, and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Atlantic City Breeders' Cup, Friday, Aug. 22.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of two programs of Hispanic dance. Through Sunday, Aug. 17: **JAZMINES,** a tango-ballet created by Argentina's Ana Maria Steckelman and performed by her company. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24: **CUMBRE FLAMENCA,** a flamenco troupe from Spain. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-7155.)

Central Park Mall—Performances in the 72nd Street Bandshell. Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 6: Monica Levy Performance Group and Mark Dendy and Company, with Mel Tomlinson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 3: The Jorge Anders band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 6: Dance programs by Donald Byrd/The Group and Kathy Duncan. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 6: Dance programs by the Urban Bush Women and Frey Faust. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3: Bobby Sanabria & Ascensión, with Claudio Roditi.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Friday, Aug. 15: Psychedelic Furs and Blow Monkeys. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 18-19: UB 40 and Fine Young Cannibals. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20: Kid Creole & the Coconuts and the Neville Brothers. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Wynton Marsalis and Bobby McFerrin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Acoustic Hot Tuna. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A four-week festival of dance, music, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 13, Middle Eastern music and dance by the Anahid Sofian Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, "The Wind in the Willows" (for children), by Puppets Unlimited, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, jazz by Crossing Point at 12:15, Renaissance dances by Novantiqua at 5, and the Mendelssohn String Quartet at 6:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, a program of comedy and magic, and Russell the Clown (for children) at noon; "The Family" and "The Family in France," a French-American cabaret program, at 2; and the Mafata Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, Mini Events at noon, and the Everyman Youth Theatre, from Washington, D.C., at 2. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19, jazz by Chloroform at 12:15, and "The Black Play," by Jomandi Productions of Atlanta, at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 20, chamber music by the New Winds at 6:15. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Thursday, Aug. 14, the Jay McShann quartet at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, a program of Afro-Caribbean vocal and dance music at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, Pilar Rioja at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 19, country dancing at 8:15. (Through Monday, Sept. 1. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Final free concerts on Pier 16. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 9: Paul Butterfield and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 9: The Climax Blues Band. (East River at Fulton St.)

HERE TODAY GONE TO MALI.

When Steve Handelsman sent back a story on the famine in Africa to WNBC-TV in New York, he was part of their local news team.

He was also part of the team at KNBC in Los Angeles, and the three other NBC-owned stations in Chicago, Washington and Cleveland when *their* viewers saw the story.

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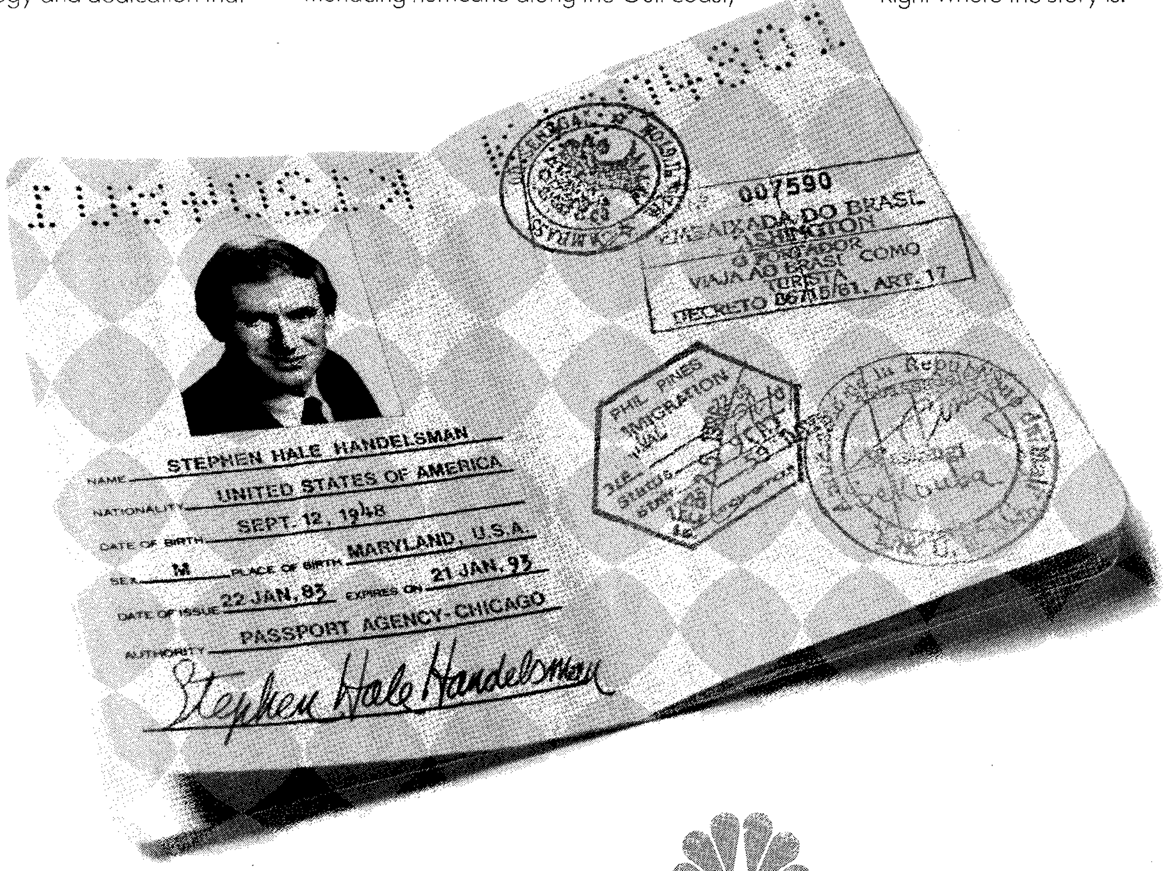
Right where the story is.



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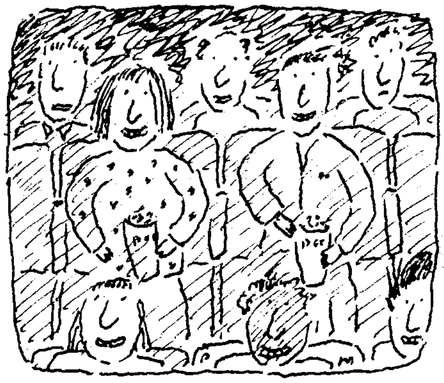
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, *Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St.* (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 14: A program of films by Larry Cohen; and "Dreamchild" (†).
From Aug. 15: A program of Latin-American films.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (directed by Tom McLoughlin). From Aug. 15: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Ruthless People" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 3: "Heartburn" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 14: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson.
From Aug. 15: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 14: "Choke Canyon" (Chuck Bail), with Stephen Collins and Bo Svenson.
From Aug. 15: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 21: "Love Songs" (Elie Chouraqui; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Christopher Lambert, and Nick Mancuso.
From Aug. 22: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore. From Aug. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Back to School" (†). From Aug. 15: To be announced.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson. From Aug. 15: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy.
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (Rob Reiner), with Wil Wheaton.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 14: "Top Gun" (†).
From Aug. 15: "Mona Lisa" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "Mona Lisa" (†). From Aug. 15: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Malcolm" (Nadia Tass), with Colin Friels and John Hargreaves. From Aug. 15: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner. From Aug. 15: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Legal Eagles" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heartburn" (†).

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 14: "Back to School" (†).
From Aug. 15: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin).

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 14: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
From Aug. 15: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From Aug. 15: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Liberation of Auschwitz" (directed by Irmgard von zur Muhlen), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski. From Aug. 15: "Do You Remember Dolly Bell?" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: "Ruthless People" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 14: "Brazil" (†).
From Aug. 15: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang. From Aug. 15: "Mona Lisa" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson. From Aug. 15: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "A Fine Mess." From Aug. 22: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 3: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 4: "Ran" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser). From Aug. 15: (Matinées only) "Flight of the Navigator" and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 14: (Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off." From Aug. 15: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 14: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.
From Aug. 15: "Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 14: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heartburn" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Men . . ." (Doris Dörrie; in German).
Theatre 2: "Men . . ."
Theatre 3: "Men . . ."

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard). From Aug. 15: "Mona Lisa" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 14: "Back to School" (†). From Aug. 15: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "Legal Eagles" (†). From Aug. 15: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson. Aug. 15-21: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 22: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.

Theatre 3: "The Transformers—The Movie."

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 14: "About Last Night . . ." (†). Aug. 15-16: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle. Aug. 17-18: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford. Aug. 19-20: "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano; and "Teorema" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. Aug. 21-23: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "Under the Cherry Moon" (directed by Prince), with Prince. From Aug. 15: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Back to School" (†). From Aug. 15: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

Theatre 3: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.

Theatre 4: "Legal Eagles" (†).

Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).

Theatre 6: Through Aug. 14: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace. From Aug. 15: "The Transformers—The Movie."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson.

Theatre 3: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 4: "Top Gun" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Aug. 14: Theatre closed.

From Aug. 15: "Back to School" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through Aug. 14: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

From Aug. 15: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 21: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore. From Aug. 22: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Theatre 2: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 14: "Aliens" (†). From Aug. 15: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Cocaine Wars."

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "Choke Canyon" (Chuck Bail), with Stephen Collins and Bo Svenson. From Aug. 15: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 14: "Native Son" (1951; directed by Pierre Chenal), with Richard Wright and Jean Wallace; and "Lost Boundaries" (1949; Alfred Werker), with Beatrice Pearson and Mel Ferrer.

Aug. 15-16: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.

Aug. 17-19: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "The Caretaker" (1964; Clive Donner), with Robert Shaw, Alan Bates, and Donald Pleasence.

Aug. 20-21: "The Ruling Class" (†); and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.

Aug. 22-23: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg); and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 13: "Desk Set" (1957; Walter Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Gig Young, and Joan Blondell; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Aug. 14-16: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford.

Aug. 17-18: "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen; and "Some Like It Hot" (†).

Aug. 19-20: "You're a Big Boy Now" (†) and "Goodbye, Columbus" (†).

Aug. 21-23: "The Fortune Cookie" (†) and "The Producers" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 13: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.

Aug. 14: "Ernesto" (1979; Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm; and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.

Aug. 15: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955; Charles Vidor), with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell.

Aug. 16: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Aug. 17: "Détective" (1985; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Nathalie Baye, Claude Brasseur, Johnny Hallyday, and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Passion" (1983; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

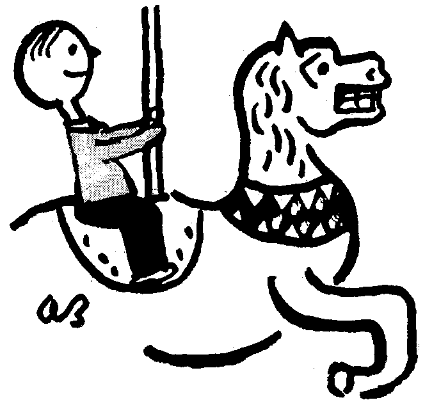
Aug. 18: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 19: "The Brainiac" (1961; Chano Urveta); and "The Living Head" (1959; Chano Urveta).

Aug. 20: "The Last Woman" (†); and "Heat of Desire" (1980; Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.

Aug. 21: "Rancho Deluxe" (†); and "92 in the Shade" (1976; Thomas McGuane), with Peter Fonda and Warren Oates.

Aug. 22-23: "50/50" (1978; Uwe Brandner; in German).



Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Aug. 13: "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan; and "Night Train" (1940; Carol Reed), with Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison, and Paul Henreid.

Aug. 14: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 15-16: "Inferno" (1985); and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

Aug. 17: "Marriage—Italian Style" (†); and "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (1957; Mario Camerini; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Vittorio De Sica.

Aug. 18: "A Taste of Honey" (†) and "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (†).

Aug. 19: "Othello" (1965 †) and "As You Like It" (†).

Aug. 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†); and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner.

Aug. 21: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 22-23: "Day for Night" (†); and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 13: "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings; and "Spies" (1929; Fritz Lang).

Aug. 14: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "Five Fingers" (1952; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, and Michael Rennie.

Aug. 15-16: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Aug. 17: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (†); and "Scaramouche" (1952; George Sidney), with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer.

Aug. 18: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (†).

Aug. 19: "Red Dust" (†); and "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

Aug. 20: "Summertime" (†); and "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (1961; José Quintero), with Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty, and Lotte Lenya.

Aug. 21: "The Merry Widow" (1934 †); and "Monte Carlo" (1930; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald.

Aug. 22-23: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Aug. 18 at 6: "Handle with Care" (1977; directed by Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, and Ann Wedgeworth. Mr. Demme will be present.

THEATRE 2: Aug. 14 at 3: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, and Linda Darnell. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6:30: "Transatlantic" (1931; William K. Howard), with Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 3: "The Balloonatic" (1923; Buster Keaton and Edward Cline; a silent film), with Keaton; and "The Navigator" (1924; Donald Crisp and Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6:30 and Aug. 16 at 2:30: "High and Dizzy" (1920; Hal Roach; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "Grandma's Boy" (1922; Fred Newmeyer; a silent film), with

Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 5:30: A program of early D. W. Griffith films. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2:30: “Transatlantic.” . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5:30: “The Balloonatic” and “The Navigator.” . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 3: A program of early D. W. Griffith films. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6:30 and Aug. 21 at 3: A program of French and German avant-garde films of the twenties. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6:30 and Aug. 22 at 3: “The Life and Death of 9413 a Hollywood Extra” (1928; Robert Florey); “Pie in the Sky” (1935; Ralph Steiner and Irving Lerner); and “Hallelujah the Hills” (1963; Adolfas Mekas). . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6:30 and Aug. 23 at 2:30: A program of early films. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 5:30: “The Wind” (1928; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (860-1863)—“The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz” (1974; Ted Kotcheff), with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman. (Tuesday, Aug. 19, at 7.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of “Sexual Perversity in Chicago,” David Mamet’s one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it’s Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Sutton, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 14.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott’s 1979 “Alien” is more mechanical than the first film—more addicted to “advanced” weaponry and military hardware. The movie is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it in an energetic, systematic, relentless way, with an action director’s gusto, and a shortage of imagination. The imagery has a fair amount of graphic power, but there’s too much claustrophobic blue-green dankness. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence, and Cameron toys with the sex-role reversal by turning the final confrontation with the queen into the Battle of the Big Mamas. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big “Boo!” movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein as Vasquez the bodybuilder, and Carrie Henn as the wraithlike little girl, Newt, who is out there in space to arouse Ripley’s maternal instinct. (8/11/86) (New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted. Still, this British production is by no means contemptible; it’s enjoyable even in its disappointing moments. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a great theatrical technician who specialized in heartbreaking gamine charm, can’t resist being more adorably mischievous than is necessary, and she’s handicapped by her age (she was close to forty) and by her German accent. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando; there’s a real interpretation at work here—his reactions make one grin. With Henry Ainley, Richard Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Leon Quartermaine, Felix Aylmer, and Peter Bull. Directed by Bergner’s husband, Paul Czinner. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 19.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It’s Dangerfield’s movie, and when he can’t say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he’s not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture’s inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Manhattan, U. A. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Aug. 15.)

Il Bidone (“The Swindlers;” 1955, though not released in the United States until 1964)—The tone of this Fellini film is uncertain; one keeps expecting the movie to be something different from the harsh story it turns out to be. Broderick Crawford (in a role conceived for Bogart), Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi are con artists who cheat gullible peasants. The film doesn’t quite work, but it isn’t negligible; it has some of Fellini’s most realistic passages, and Crawford’s remorse for his crimes, and his end, alone on a mountain road, are painful in a simple, direct way. Giulietta Masina plays Basehart’s wife. Written by Fellini, Tullio Pinelli, and Ennio Flaiano. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 18.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we’re heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state “somewhere in the twentieth century.” Visually, it’s an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam’s vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that’s a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 14.)

Cyrano de Bergerac (1950)—José Ferrer in a mediocre version of the Edmond Rostand play, directed by Michael Gordon, with Mala Powers, William Prince, and Morris Carnovsky. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. It’s a backstage story about the making of an American-financed movie, “Meet Pamela,” set on the Riviera, in which Jacqueline Bisset, married to Jean-Pierre Léaud, falls in love with his father, Jean-Pierre Aumont. Truffaut, who plays the efficient and rather colorless director of “Meet Pamela,” brings it all off gracefully. Truffaut’s approach is filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. But the large cast is very ordinary and the film is too fan-magazinish in approach and too tenderly shallow. With Valentina Cortese. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 22-23.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll’s Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It’s only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne’s other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm’s performance is wonderful—funny and painful at the same time. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson’s Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 14.)

The Fortune Cookie (1966)—A sour, visually ugly comedy from director Billy Wilder and his co-writer, I. A. L. Diamond, which gets worse as it goes along—more cynical and more sanctimonious. Jack Lemmon plays a TV cameraman who is accidentally knocked unconscious in the course of covering a football game; Walter Matthau (the only possible excuse for seeing the picture) is Whiplash Willie, Lemmon’s venomous shyster-lawyer brother-in-law, who hatches a plot to bilk the insurance companies. With Ron Rich, Cliff Osmond, and Judi West. (Regency; Aug. 21-23.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled nouveau-riche college girl in Larry Peerce’s updated version of Philip Roth’s Jewish summer romance. (Regency; Aug. 19-20.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It’s likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah’s parents are played by Maureen O’Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there’s nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen’s early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (New Carnegie.)

Heartburn—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—sparse little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, “What is this movie about?” (You’re still asking when it’s over.) Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. Working with the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he shoots the story (of the husband’s infidelity and the pregnant wife’s rage) in a tight, airless, neutral style. With the heroine’s life no longer treated as rowdy comedy, and the “pain” brought to the surface, the effect is like a weak mixture of “Carnal Knowledge” and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton’s “Kramer vs. Kramer.” With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O’Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. Also with Jeff Daniels, Miloš Forman, Aida Linares, and Karen Akers. Music by Carly Simon. (8/11/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Last Woman (1976)—Directed by Marco Ferreri, of “The Grande Bouffe.” The film has a horrific ending: be warned. Before that, like “The Grande Bouffe,” it is a hyperbolic fiction about appetite on the rampage—in this case, male sexual appetite. This is a portrait of masculine swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it, with Gérard Depardieu as a hero whose stomach seems swollen with pride and wine, and Ornella Muti as the sweet-natured latest in his string of mistresses, who looks after his baby son born of another woman and ministers to his jealous demands for toddler care for himself. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), David Clennon, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/30/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews New York Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 14.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 18.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing in on the much funnier and rasher "Divorce—Italian Style," this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly had annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 17.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 21.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Cinema I; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema Studio, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; starting Aug. 15.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by

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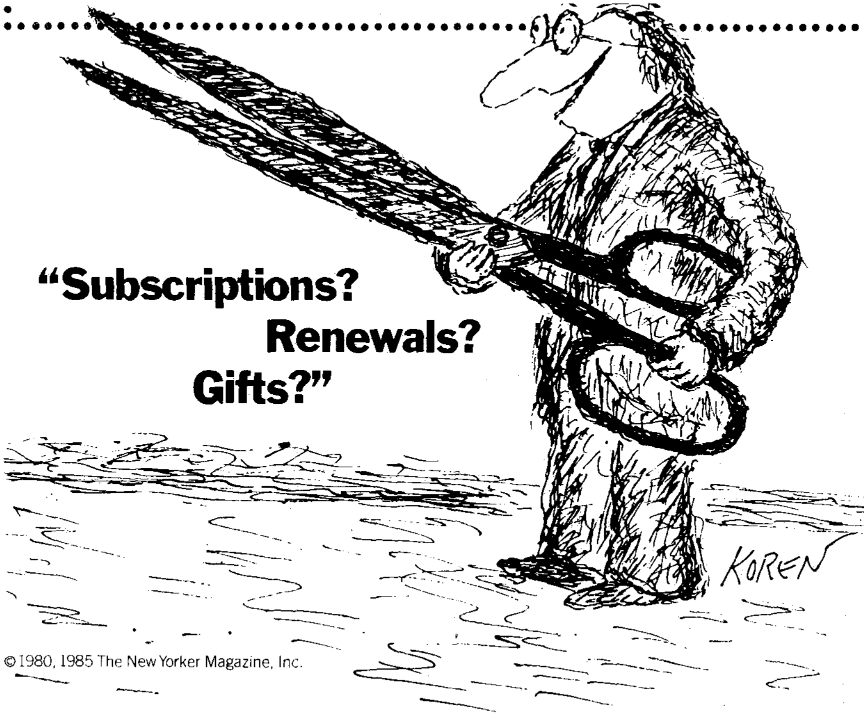
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the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Othello (1965)—A filmed record of the National Theatre of Great Britain production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks. He's grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. Also with Joyce Redman, Derek Jacobi, and Robert Lang. Stuart Burge, who directed this filming, doesn't always protect the actors: they speak as if they were on a stage, and they're sometimes seen very close (in stage makeup) when the camera should be at a discreet distance. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 19.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Naturally, he produces a hit. Some of the material is funny in an original way, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed (both for the first time), doesn't get the timing right and good gags fall apart or become gross or just don't develop. Still, terrible as this picture is, a lot of it is very enjoyable. For satire of the theatre as inspired as Brooks' gags at their best, it's not hard to put up with the ineptitude and the amateurish camera angles. With Dick Shawn, Estelle Winwood, and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Regency; Aug. 21-23.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema.)

Rancho Deluxe (1975)—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them. The self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. With Harry Dean Stanton, Richard Bright, Slim Pickens, and Elizabeth Ashley. Directed by Frank Perry. (Thalia; Aug. 21.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama from M-G-M, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers cool, ladylike Mary Astor. Harlow is immensely likable, delivering her zingy wisecracks with a wonderful kind of dirty good humor, and Gable is at that early peak in his career when he is so sizzlingly sexual that it seems both funny and natural for the two women to be fighting over him. Directed by Victor Fleming in a racy, action-packed style. With Gene Raymond, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 19.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

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The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema Village; Aug. 20-21.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent, though always on the brink of really disastrous double-entendre. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the musicians who witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and then hide out from the mobsters by disguising themselves as women and joining an all-girl band. Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. Curtis demonstrates a gift for parody, and Lemmon is demoniacally funny—he really gives in to women's clothes, and begins to think of himself as a sexy girl. Monroe gives perhaps her most characteristic performance, which means that she's both charming and embarrassing; Brown is inspired, the way he was years before in Max Reinhardt's movie of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Tom Kennedy, and George E. Stone. Directed (unevenly) by Billy Wilder. (Regency; Aug. 17-18.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? Tennessee Williams adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 20.)

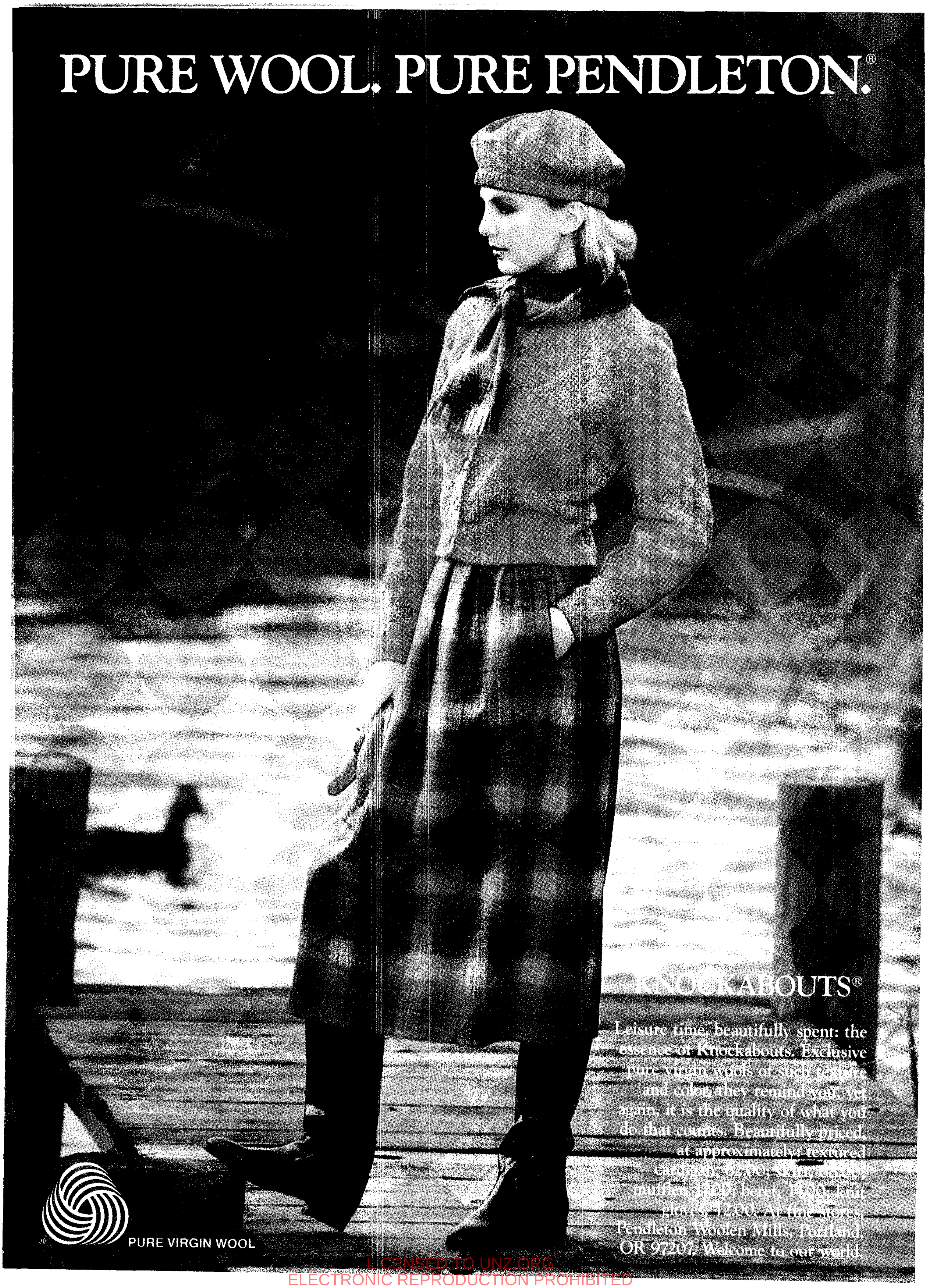
Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt, as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies that many people remember with considerable emotion. With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 20.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 18.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Aug. 14.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

You're a Big Boy Now (1967)—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Regency; Aug. 19-20.)



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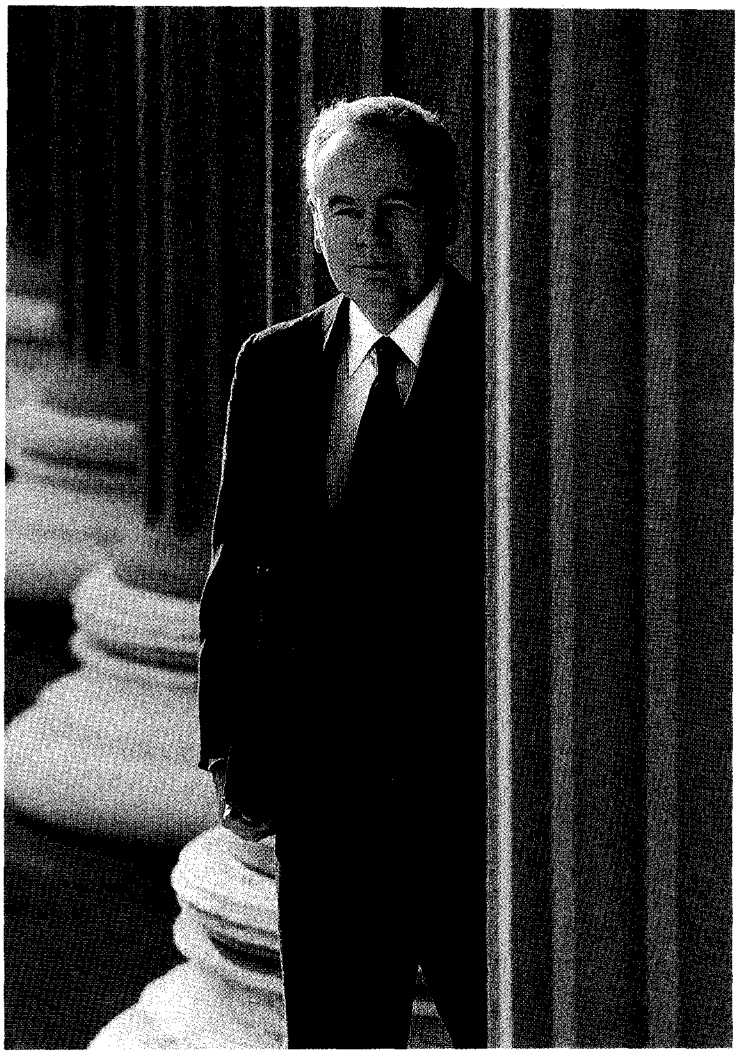

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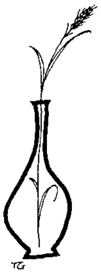
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is something humiliating in the notion of the zeitgeist—that invisible hand which, acting invisibly behind our backs, fixes the direction of our thoughts and so produces a "spirit of the age," or, more modestly, a trend or mere fad. We have, each of us, a pride of authorship in our thoughts, and we do not like the idea that at the very moment some clever notion is crystallizing in our minds as we sip our morning coffee it is also crystallizing in the minds of several thousand other people as they sip their morning coffee. And the more important or personal or intimate the thought is, the more diminished we feel. If we discover in ourselves a hankering for sun-dried tomatoes just as every restaurant is putting them on its menu, or if we find that we are fascinated by India just when public television, Hollywood, and Bloomingdale's are, we probably don't worry very much. We may worry a little more when it turns out that our sudden passion for jogging or for fancy ice cream or for reading the financial news is part of a craze. And we start to really worry when our decision to have a child proves to be one more piece of statistical evidence of a possible new baby boom, or our fear of nuclear war proves to have awakened, or evaporated, in synchrony with everyone else's.

In the last twenty years or so, the grounds for worries about the zeitgeist have been increasingly strong, because in this period it has become more and more widely accepted that one's thoughts and behavior—not to mention one's "life style" (something that nobody seemed to worry about, or even to possess, before about 1950)—are determined by the date of one's birth. The generation that came of age in the nineteen-sixties appears to be the one that did most to plant this idea firmly in people's minds. At first, it seemed that the startling changes among the young in those years might be permanent, and many hopeful or dismayed prognosticators foresaw endless growth of the then current trends into the future—more hippies, more protesters, more sexual license, more erosion of authority, and so on. Very soon, though, it turned out that the whole pageant was ephemeral; both the costumes and the "consciousness" of that generation vanished as swiftly as the "Make Love Not War" graffiti that had been chalked on city walls. The movement's going was as unexpected as its coming. Also unexpected was what revealed itself about the succeeding generation: as it came of age, it turned out to have its own sharply defined character. If one has doubts about this, a few recent news stories may serve to dispel them. Everyone has heard by now that the young in the United States have a strong interest in successful and well-rewarded careers, and are more politically conservative than their immediate predecessors. In Germany, the *Times* told us not long ago in an article titled "For West German Young, Conservative Is In," things are now much the same. The young there tend to "prize individual performance, not collective protest." Having absorbed the failure of the German peace movement to stop the deployment of American Pershing missiles, they have turned against political action. Their hero, the article says, is more likely to be Boris Becker, the eighteen-year-old tennis champion, than Petra Kelly, the thirty-eight-year-old peace activist and founder of the Green Party. "Boris Becker is not a political person," one young man explained. "He's not talking about pollution; he's playing tennis and he's winning like mad." The students want "above all to seem secure, to be able to buy things," one of their teachers said, adding, "These kids want to prove they can grow not in consciousness but as consumers." In France, the silent but ubiquitous zeitgeist has been giving similar cues to young minds. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, they are "turning moderate, practical—and sometimes downright preppy." "Jobs are the big worry now," one young Frenchwoman told the *Journal*, "so everybody wants to learn something practical. People are disappointed with politics." Also, "there is more and more demand for tennis," an administrator of a university in Toulouse observed. Among the French between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, forty per cent admire President Reagan most among foreign leaders; alligator shirts are popular attire. In China, of course, the shift has been more startling than anywhere else. There during the Cultural Revolution, in the mid-sixties, the young rampaged through the universities denouncing professors for insufficient dedication to Communist principles; now the young march under the banner of a new Party slogan, "To get rich is glorious," and busy themselves making money and setting up new enterprises in the liberalized economic atmosphere.



What remains constant in the midst of these discontinuous generational changes is the changes' global character. A number of observers seeking an underlying explanation for the protest movements of the young in the nineteen-sixties suggested that the reason young people everywhere seemed to have lost faith in the world handed them by their parents might be that the parental generation had failed to provide the one assurance without which all others lose their meaning—assurance that there would be a human future at all. In this view, the protest was generational and global because the fault was generational and global. The collapse of the protest might seem to belie that explanation. No one can speak with great assurance about the causes of any of the successive worldwide changes, but it stands to reason that with the continuation of time itself at issue the mere passage of time should acquire a new meaning in the lives and thoughts of all of us pondering them. It may be comforting to reflect that if today mere chronology seems to dictate so many people's thoughts, tastes, feelings, and allegiances, there may at least be a deep reason for it. Whether or not this is so, it is clear that everyone has taken up residence in time in a new way. When you were born has become as important as where. A stretch of time can lay claim to your loyalties in some of the visceral ways that only localities once did. In this part of the twentieth century, each decade, it appears, is like a new country, and each new generation coming of age is that country's people.

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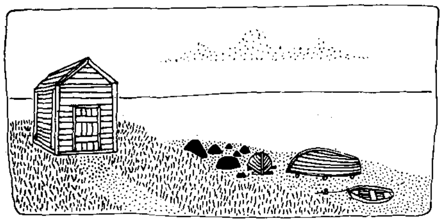
Refinements

WE'VE never been comfortable with yin and yang—we've always thought of ourself as more holistic. Life, in our experience, *is* a series of holes, some of which have stagnant water in the bottom and some of which don't. And some of the holes have false bottoms and you think you've fallen all the way in but you haven't, and when you start to move around preparatory to climbing out you drop down farther. As for yin and yang, though, we'd never connected with them until this summer.

A few weeks ago, we went by one of the big trade shows at the Javits Center (it was the licensing show; there was a man there who had licensed the word "Yuppie" and come out with a line of products that included a Cracker Jack cousin called Yuppie Chow) and saw the Veggies, new plush dolls in the shape of vegetables. "Vegetables have been around since the creation of time," said Douglas Segal, the president of the company that thought up Veggies. "Their story—their story is that Veggies live in Veggie Village. They're nonviolent. The nutrition-and-health aspect will be picked up subliminally. We're not focussing on that." The Veggies include Bruce Stringbean, Tony Scallione, Ricky Vocado (who works as a busboy in Tony Scallione's restaurant in Veggie Village), and Sheriff Damon Onion, and there are plans for squash, eggplant, and beet dolls. "We're looking for it to be Saturday-morning television," said Mr. Segal. "They have good educational values. I think the Veggies could teach people to count. They live in Veggie Village and they all interact with each other." Our point about the Veggies, though, is that they sit there. They are either yin or yang, whichever one involves just sitting there.

Bingo Bear, on the other hand, whom we met last week in the offices of his public-relations specialists, needs no introduction. He brooks no introduction. He reaches across the table and introduces himself, and begins (if you press the sensor by his nose) to ask questions—questions we didn't care to answer while the public-relations specialists were in the room: "I live in a cave. Where do you live?" And "Are you my friend?" And "Can I feel your nose?" And "I love hugging, don't *you*?" And "Are your knees made of cheese?" If you do answer, and press his nose again, he continues to converse, in an ambiguous way that makes you think perhaps he has heard you. "That's really something," he'll say. And "Is that so?" And "That's nice to hear." The responses are drawn at random from a hundred possible phrases. Billed as the first truly interactive Teddy bear, Bingo is descended spiritually (even as he fights him for his market share) from Teddy Ruxpin, last year's big hit, who had a tape recorder allowing him to talk but not to interact. "Teddy Ruxpin is a seven-pound brick designed as a bear," said Jeff Graubard, one of Bingo's P.R. handlers, who is less cuddly. "There was a pretty good chance a kid would get a hernia hauling him around. He is what is called a 'watch me' toy in the industry. Kids talked back to Teddy Ruxpin, but, unfortunately, he didn't care what they said. Soon there will be a Dr. Bingo module. He will interact with children about medicine. He will ask, 'Is your head warm?' 'How do you feel?' "



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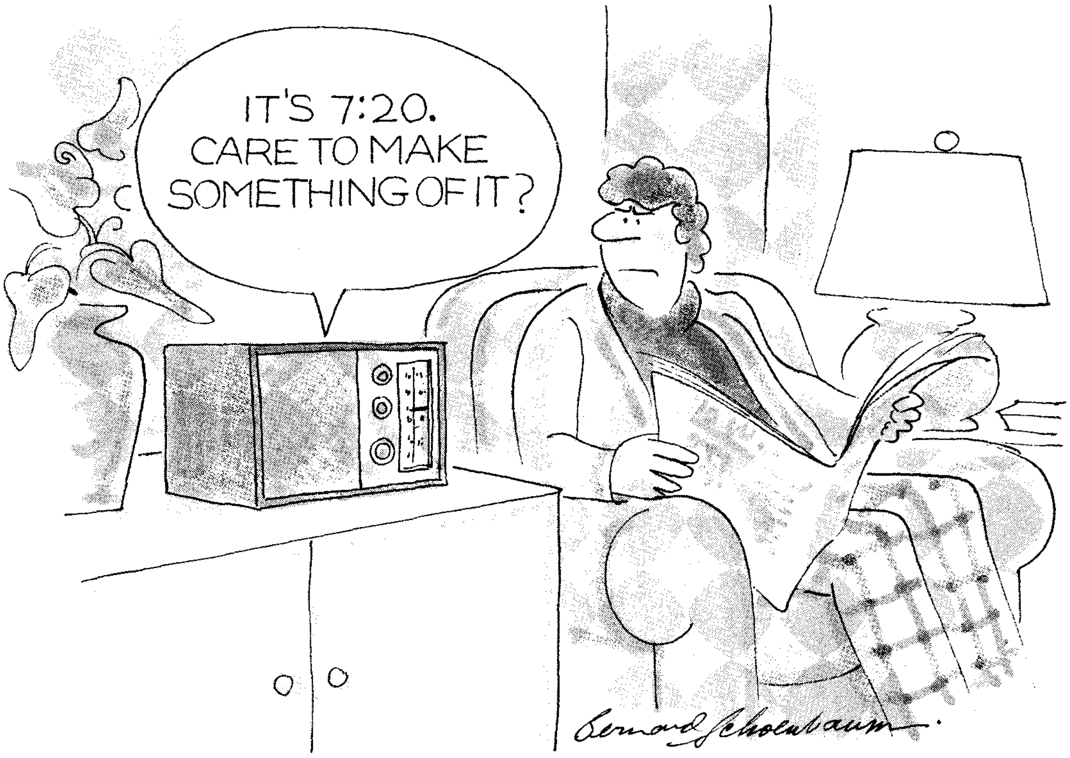
WE blinked twice and rubbed the back of our head, where a bump was swelling rapidly. We were in an office (we could tell it was an office because it had office furniture), and a man we had never seen before was talking to us. "This is major surgery," he was saying. "Every fifteen years or so, Nancy Drew is brought up to date. But this is major surgery." We were puzzled, but we knew one thing: as long as we kept him talking, he wasn't going to do us in. "We had begun to hear from the retailers that Nancy's readership was merging with the readership of the Bobbsey Twins," the man said. "That's a problem. The Bobbsey Twins are little kids. Nancy Drew is *eighteen*."

Why, of course. We remembered now. This man, Ronald Buehl, of Simon & Schuster, had secret plans to drain Okefenokee Swamp and make it a shopping mall. Or was it that diamond the size of an emerald missing from the countess's safe? Never mind that now—the important thing was to keep him talking while we looked for exits. "I read a report in '67 or '68—'The Buckram Syndrome,' it was called," he said. (Buckram, it came to us as if in a dream, is a cloth used to bind hardcover books.) "And it concluded that kids preferred paperback books. It switched my head around completely. From then on, I wanted to work in paperback. I was accused of leaving the church by a lot in my profession." He looked as if he were getting ready to inject us with Pentothal, a powerful truth-telling drug. However, he didn't. "I'm still accused of publishing brain rot for children," he said.

He showed us a few copies of the new Nancy Drews. We skimmed the books with a show of interest: rock groups played an important part, as did video equipment. "Her roadster became a convertible some years ago," Mr. Buehl said. "Now it's a Mustang. A Mustang makes sense. It is not a terribly expensive car, but it's a zippy car."

We noticed a woman sitting in the room—Ann Greenberg! We hadn't noticed her before, because we'd been concentrating on exits. She gazed at us with a cool smile. "Looking forward to dying?" she asked us with her eyes. But with her mouth she said, "If the old Nancy had a flaw, she was perhaps a little *too* perfect, a little *too* confident."

"My favorite beef with librarians," said Mr. Buehl, "is that they're overinclined to stock books they think children *should* read, as opposed to what children enjoy." He stopped. We felt no fear, only the calm alertness that kicks in when danger looms. "We're updating the Hardy Boys, too," he said. "They will be a lot more high tech. Their van will be bulletproof, and equipped with a high-powered radio. And we'll expand their characters some, because more than fifty per cent of the Hardy Boys' readership is girls. We're coming out with a new series soon—the Pink Flamingos, about a group of girls. I call it a comic book that has died and gone to heaven. It is a graphic novel. The colors will be 'Miami Vice' colors. In the first one, the girls are dealing with laundered money. It is a mystery/romance/soap opera. These terms can be interpreted in a pejorative sense, but I'm using them in the highest sense. There will be fewer words, but the words will be critical. We're not dealing with idiots. I'm sure we'll be accused of threatening the world of literature. I hope so. You're accused of doing these things whenever you use fewer words."


IT'S 7:20.
CARE TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?

Confrontational Radio

The time had come to make our break. We pulled our thesaurus from our attaché case and lobbed it at Mr. Buehl, who by reaching instinctively to catch it gave us the chance to bolt past Miss Greenberg. But it was too easy. Perhaps they were trailing us to see where we went. Or perhaps we weren't going to even get out of the Simon & Schuster Building. We entered the elevator, and the door . . . the door closed silently behind us. We felt a familiar sinking feeling.

Sharp

GROWING up, Lenny Binelli thought he might like to become an architect. His father, however, told him that unless he set his sights on becoming a doctor or a lawyer he would be better off sharpening knives for a living. The way things have turned out, Lenny Binelli, who is now in his mid-forties, knows how to say "knife" in Italian, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Greek, Yiddish, Arabic, German, Chinese, and English. "But that's about as far as I go with languages," Mr. Binelli said recently. "I got all I can do to speak English." Actually, Mr. Binelli has mastered the art of meet-and-greet palaver. In a busy day, he utters as many how-ya-doins and hey-amigos and hot-enoughs and have-a-nice-days and seeya-next-weeks and take-it-easys as any affable doorman or elevator starter. He drives a white Chevy van with, on the driver's door, a drawing of a pair of crossed knives, a New Jersey phone number, and the name of his company—Edge Grinding Shop—and he fights Manhattan traffic, climbs in and out of his van about a hundred and fifty times, and maintains a cordial attitude all along the way.

When Mr. Binelli became a professional knife sharpener, he helped to prolong a family tradition. His father, who is no longer alive, sharpened knives, and so did both his grandfathers. Mr. Binelli has a cousin in Virginia, two uncles in Rhode Island, ten cousins in New York, and three cousins in Chicago who are in the same business. The cousin in Virginia also owns a chicken farm and sells chickens to Frank Perdue. "At least, that's what I heard lately," Mr. Binelli said. "The cousins in Chicago are like, I think, fourth cousins. They have a machine that they told me about: you throw the whole cow into a grinder and it comes out like chopped meat but without bones or gristle. These cousins are real big with McDonald's and Burger King. They've been to Spain. They're very big now. They bought up a bunch of small sharpening companies. Everything's on computer. The milk companies do that, and I've been watching the bread guys, too. It's all in the modern age, you know."

Mr. Binelli doesn't have a computer, but he does have a system—which if you're serving two hundred accounts and, some days, trying to complete seventy-five deliveries it makes sense to have. His son, Leonard, has recently joined him in the business. Between them, they have established a workable routine. Monday they spend together in their shop, in Fairview, New Jersey, putting clean edges on items that have to be sharpened by hand—cleavers, the occasional garden shears, the rare pair of barber scissors. "Barber scissors are the hardest, because barbers are the fussiest people," Mr. Binelli said. "If a barber calls me, O.K. But I don't go looking for those jobs." Tuesday through Thursday, Leonard Binelli works in the shop, sharpening knives, and his father goes on the road, mainly to Manhattan. Friday, usually, after clearing up a little paperwork in the morning Mr. Binelli knocks off early, and he and his wife head for their cabin in the Poconos.

Mr. Binelli deals in cleavers, boning knives, French knives (for chopping), lox knives ("Technically, it's a ham knife, but people who slice lox don't want to hear it called that"), paring knives, steak knives, roast-beef slicers, vegetable peelers, slicing-machine blades, scissors, and shears, and his total inventory comes to about twenty-five hundred utensils. Edge Grinding's customers—restaurants, coffee shops, grocery stores, bodegas, delis—don't actually own most of their work knives; Edge Grinding owns the knives, and every time Mr. Binelli visits an account he replaces the dull-edged knives with freshly sharpened ones. When he needs new supplies, he usually buys them from Davpol Enterprises, on Lafayette Street. "I buy French knives by the gross," he said. "Every week, I'm in there. Hey, I buy a *lot* of knives." Davpol Enterprises sells more than just knives. If a customer of Mr. Binelli's has a need for twelve-inch fish splitters, meat tenderizers, veal-cutlet pounders, pizza cutters, dough scrapers, butcher saws, or electric cheese graters, Mr. Binelli will procure any of those things at Davpol. "I have access to these convenience items," he says. "You know, you make a hit once in a while. It saves the other guy trouble and I pick up a few bucks. Everybody's happy. You know what I mean?"

In a cast of thousands you would come across Mr. Binelli's face a few dozen times. He has light-brown hair, wide pink cheeks, a short chin, and wispy gray sideburns. He wears wire-rimmed eyeglasses and dark-blue work shirts with "Lenny" stitched in yellow over the right shirt pocket. One time, several years ago, as he was leaving The Players, on Gramercy Park, a stranger asked him to drop a letter into the mailbox on the corner. Mr. Binelli tried to oblige, but, as it happened, the mailbox was welded shut and a film crew from "Candid Camera" was recording his frustration. Mr. Binelli was a good sport about this, and says that when the episode appeared on television "a lot of guys in the knife-sharpening business recognized me because of the cardboard knife boxes I was carrying."

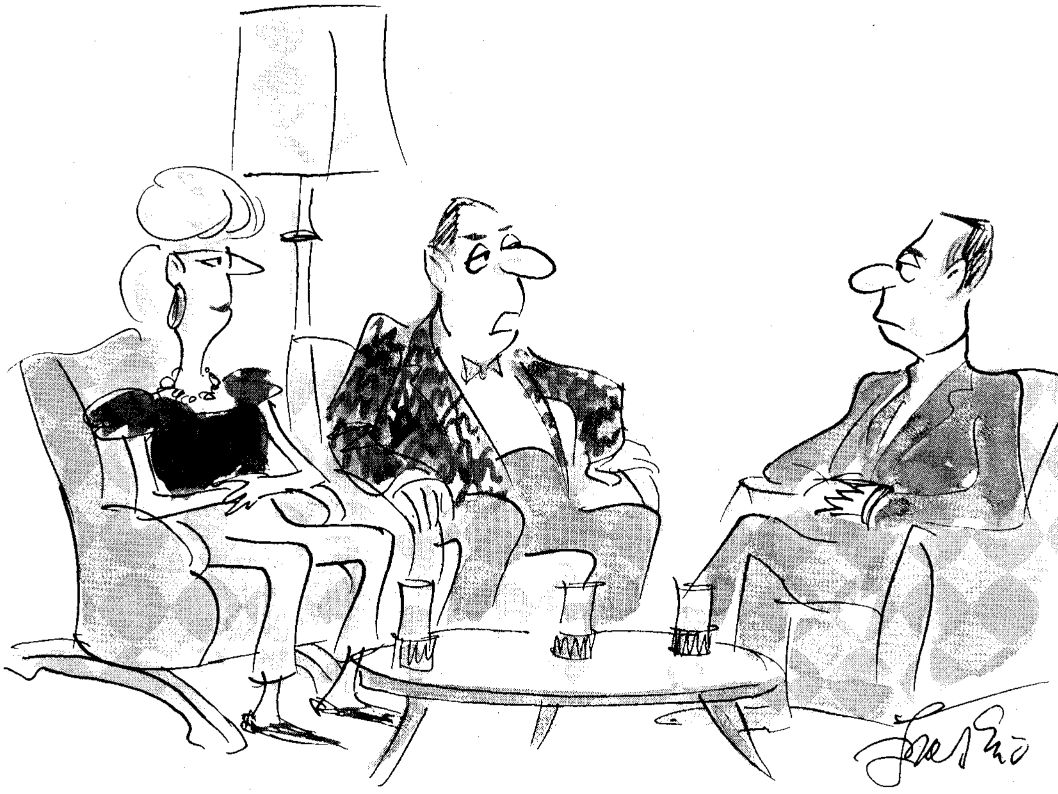
Each customer's knives are kept inside separate cardboard boxes, which are stored, upright, in milk crates that fill the back of Mr. Binelli's van. When he makes a delivery, he gives the customer a handwritten invoice and collects cash on the spot. Throughout the day, he takes occasional breaks to sort and fold the receipts. "I don't worry about carrying money," he says. "I'm also carrying knives."

One recent Wednesday morning, we took a ride around lower Manhattan with Mr. Binelli. His day began at six-thirty, with a cup of coffee and a buttered roll at Moisha's Luncheonette, a two-knife account (bread knife and French knife), at the corner of Grand and Bowery. From there he went to two Greek luncheonettes on Grand Street, then to two luncheonettes in the Jewelry Exchange, at Bowery and Canal. "One of these places is owned by a Chinese guy," Mr. Binelli explained of the latter two. "He bought it from a Greek, who bought it from a Jewish guy. The other place is owned by a Greek, but it used to be Jewish."

Mr. Binelli can recite these provenances because he has been coming to the neighborhood for thirty-five years—since the days when he accompanied his father on knife-sharpening rounds. His next stops took him to a bodega, a Spanish restaurant, and another bodega, all on Allen Street; a Dominican restaurant on Delancey Street; a Chinese butcher shop and two bodegas on Eldridge Street; a Hispanic butcher shop on Madison Street; a Greek coffee shop on Market Street; a bodega in a housing project and an Italian restaurant-coffee shop, both near the East River; and back to Madison Street, to a grocery store that makes sandwiches, and then up the block to a fried-chicken place, a bar, a small grocery, and, at the corner of Pearl Street, a Sloan's supermarket.

In Sloan's, he went to three different departments—butcher, deli, and produce. In the produce department, a clerk tried to give him a meat slicer. "That's from the deli department—keep it," Mr. Binelli said. "Just give me the watermelon knife. Now, there's two small ones missing." As he left the supermarket, he said, "I prefer one-stop stores."

On East Broadway, he parked between Catherine and Market and circled the block on foot (Market, Henry, Catherine), hitting



"Before Trixie came along, I was just a vagabond lover."

three consecutive Oriental seafood stores (scissors only, no knives); then he went to the Tin-Duc Food Market, where he parked behind a delivery truck from which two suckling pigs were being removed; then to a Vietnamese butcher shop down the block. At Delancey and Essex, he went into the Olympic Restaurant, on one corner, and a Greek doughnut shop across the street. "The Olympic used to be one half of a chain," he said. "The other half is down Delancey, near Clinton. I think it was owned by Greeks, and one of them had a Dominican wife, who ran that place." In the Essex Street Retail Market, he made a delivery to two butchers from the Dominican Republic who were selling something called "koshar franks" alongside sage sausage, spiced ham, cows' feet, tripe, and salchichón Dominicano.

"Probably some kind of out-of-court settlement, Alice."

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A few stops later, at Ratner's, the kosher dairy restaurant on Delancey Street ("one of my most famous customers"), he exchanged friendly insults with Morris Breitbart, the manager, and then went to the kitchen. He gave the short-order cook, who was Chinese, a sandwich knife (eight inches long), a chef's knife (ten inches and heavy), and a bread knife. To the Puerto Rican in appetizers he gave two French knives and a lox knife. There was no one in the fish-and-vegetables department, but Mr. Binelli rounded up and replaced one French knife and two fish knives.

Down the block, in the Delancey Live Chicken Market, which used to be owned by Jews but is now owned by Chinese, there was plenty of wildlife—chickens, ducks, squabs, guinea fowl, rabbits—including some that had quite recently ceased being alive. At a supermarket a block away, Mr. Binelli exchanged five steak knives and four boning knives. There were quick stops at two bodegas on the block, then a drive to a kosher butcher at Grand and Abraham Kazan Streets. Before entering a supermarket on Grand near Willett Street, Mr. Binelli said, "Here's a good one. This used to be owned by Italians. They sold it to Israelis, who sold it to some Spanish-speaking people. *They* sold it to some Chinese or Vietnamese, and it started to get shaky, so the Orientals sold it to some Puerto Ricans. They seem to be making a go of it." Inside, in the butcher's department, he did an inventory and announced that he was missing one boning knife. After searching under a pile of short ribs, he found what he was looking for. Then he was back on East Broadway: a kosher fish store, a bodega, and a Jewish nursing home, the Bialystoker Home for the Aged. In the bodega, the A & T Deli, a sign on the wall said, "We Will Not Serve Anything We Wouldn't Eat Ourselves."

On Stanton Street between Clinton and Attorney, there was a succession of five bodegas. One conversation went:

"*Amigo, cómo está?*"

"*Bueno.*"

"Everything *bueno?*"

"*Todo.*"

"*Hay caliente hoy.*"

"*Sí.*"

"Definitely *caliente.*"

"*Aquí.*" The bodega owner handed Mr. Binelli some dirty knives. "*Hay sucios*, O.K.?"

"O.K."

Parking at Rivington and Essex, Mr. Binelli said, "Here we've got a Dominican restaurant, across the street a Russian with appetizers, and then an Indian with one knife." After a detour to Chinatown, he drove to Greenwich Village. He found a spot on Minetta Lane near Sixth Avenue and made calls at Saba's (hot dogs and ice cream), Waverly Deli, Village Donuts & Coffee Shop, and Dallas Jones Bar-B-Q. It was early afternoon, and Mr. Binelli still had about thirty accounts left to serve, including twenty Italian restaurants, a French restaurant, two souvlaki places, a Russian appetizer store, a couple of Indian restaurants, and an Israeli restaurant on Macdougal Street (fifteen knives, biggest customer of the day). A light rain had begun to fall, and we decided to depart—there was still enough daylight left for a visit to the United Nations to catch a little of the gab in the General Assembly.

Mr. Binelli said, "O.K., no problem. Gooda see ya. Have a good one. Thanks for coming along. Hey—take it easy now."

DUTY

JACK drove carefully, stopping for caution lights, slowing down early for stop signs. His law office was in a brick building that had a green-and-tan awning. In spring, hyacinths grew along his windowsill. Jack took Peyton, the baby, inside. She smiled at Jack's secretary. He shut his office door, put Peyton on the floor, and gave her an ashtray shaped like a shell. She ran her tiny fingers over the ridges. Jack called Marian's beeper number. Marian's partner, Kay, answered.

"Marian is in the O.R. right now," she said. "Any message?"

"Tell her the babysitter is sick. I've got Peyton."

"Will do."

Marian was a surgeon's assistant. Her usual duty was to cut the saphenous vein from the leg for coronary bypass while the surgeon worked on the heart. Jack had once observed the procedure. It was while Marian was pregnant with Peyton. He felt it would be good preparation for witnessing childbirth. He was amazed: they opened the sternum with a saw and threw ice water onto the heart to stop its beat, and Marian's fingers clipped and clamped up the incision in the leg, removing the vein vital to the surgery's success.

Jack hung up. He drank some coffee from a plastic cup. Steam rose to his face. A sweet-gum tree grew in the yard next to his building, and its dangling leaves interfered with the sun's rays, making the October light shimmy over his desk and the aqua rug, where Peyton played. It was like being under water.

He had a little paperwork to do, but he had scheduled no appointments with clients this morning. He was meeting his aunt at the cemetery. His uncle had died, and there were some details about the burial that had to be worked out. Gathering the baby up in his arms, he left his office.

THE cemetery was out by the airport, near the place where Jack grew up. The houses there were bungalows for the most part, modest yet kept with pride—painted soft pastels with white trim. It was like a neighborhood of Wedgwood squares. Old trees lined the cracked sidewalks.

"A dandelion can break concrete," Jack said to Peyton.

Peyton studied her hands. The sun was bright, and a trace of red lit her hair. He was acutely aware that he loved her. Jack geared down as he approached his old home. The screened front porch was intact. It was where he once sat during spring showers, listening to raindrops hit against the roof. "I'll be happy when you can understand what I'm telling you," he said to the baby.

The cemetery was in the heart of the neighborhood. At the black wrought-iron gate, a sign read "Artificial flowers permitted only during winter months." He parked by the chapel. It was made of stone and draped with Virginia creeper. Engraved over the door was "Highland Hills, Founded 1873." Jack got Peyton's things and unstrapped her from the car seat.

Jack's aunt, Callie, stood at the chapel door. She wore a bright-red dress. Her perfume was strong.

"Baby," she said to Peyton, and reached for her.

Peyton clung to Jack. Her playsuit was flecked with crumbs from the animal cracker she was eating.

"The babysitter is sick," Jack explained. "I couldn't leave her there this morning."

"It's O.K.," Callie said. "A child always cheers up situations like this."

Jack smiled. Callie's face was old, but her violet eyes had light.

"There was an infant buried here last evening," Callie said. "Six months old. Crib death."

"That's bad. That's really bad."

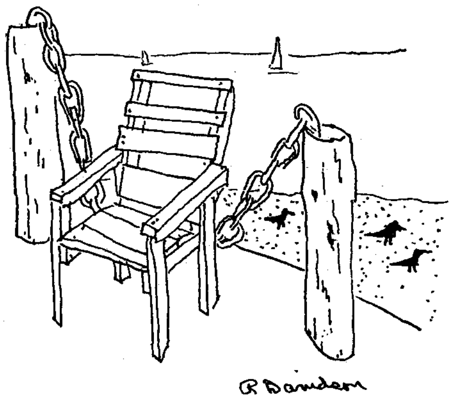
"What's even worse is there was a baby snatched from a grocery-store parking lot a few days ago. Did you read that?"

"No. I never read the paper anymore."

"You keep him busy, don't you?" she asked Peyton.

Peyton looked at her and smiled tentatively.

"And there was a woman had her purse snatched over by the same store."



"That's too bad."

"And there was a thief caught five houses down from me last month."

Jack didn't say anything.

"And Kelsey found a strange man on his patio yesterday afternoon."

Callie's eyes filled. Jack held her hand. Kelsey was Callie's brother—they were the only two left of Jack's father's family now that Vic was gone.

"Let me get hold of myself," Callie said. She took some lipstick from her purse and applied it boldly, putting the ruby color beyond the line of her lips. "They're burying Vic next to Sister," she said.

Jack gave Peyton another animal cracker—an elephant.

"Did you hear me?" Callie asked.

"You said they're burying Vic next to Sister."

"That's right."

Peyton smiled at the elephant cracker.

"I wanted to be next to Sister," Callie said.

"What about the other side?"

"That's where Lew is."

"I'm sorry, Callie."

"They'll put me and Kelsey over on the east side, farthest from Mama. The hill's steep. It won't be level. When they go to digging, it won't work."

"Come on. Let's take a look."

The hills rose and fell over the cemetery. Maple trees were easing into the new season, their leaves multicolored. At the grave site, folding chairs were set up underneath a canopy. Iron bars were in place, ready to accept the casket and take it into the earth. Vic was to be buried at midmorning of the next day. The sun was over Jack's head—the soft heat of early fall. Jack put Peyton on the grass by his family's headstone. She crawled over the markers, first those of her great-grandparents, then Jack's mother's and father's.

"See?" Callie said.

"What?"

"See how this all goes downhill?"

"I bet it's nice here when the sun comes up. Since it's on the east side, the early-morning light hits it first."

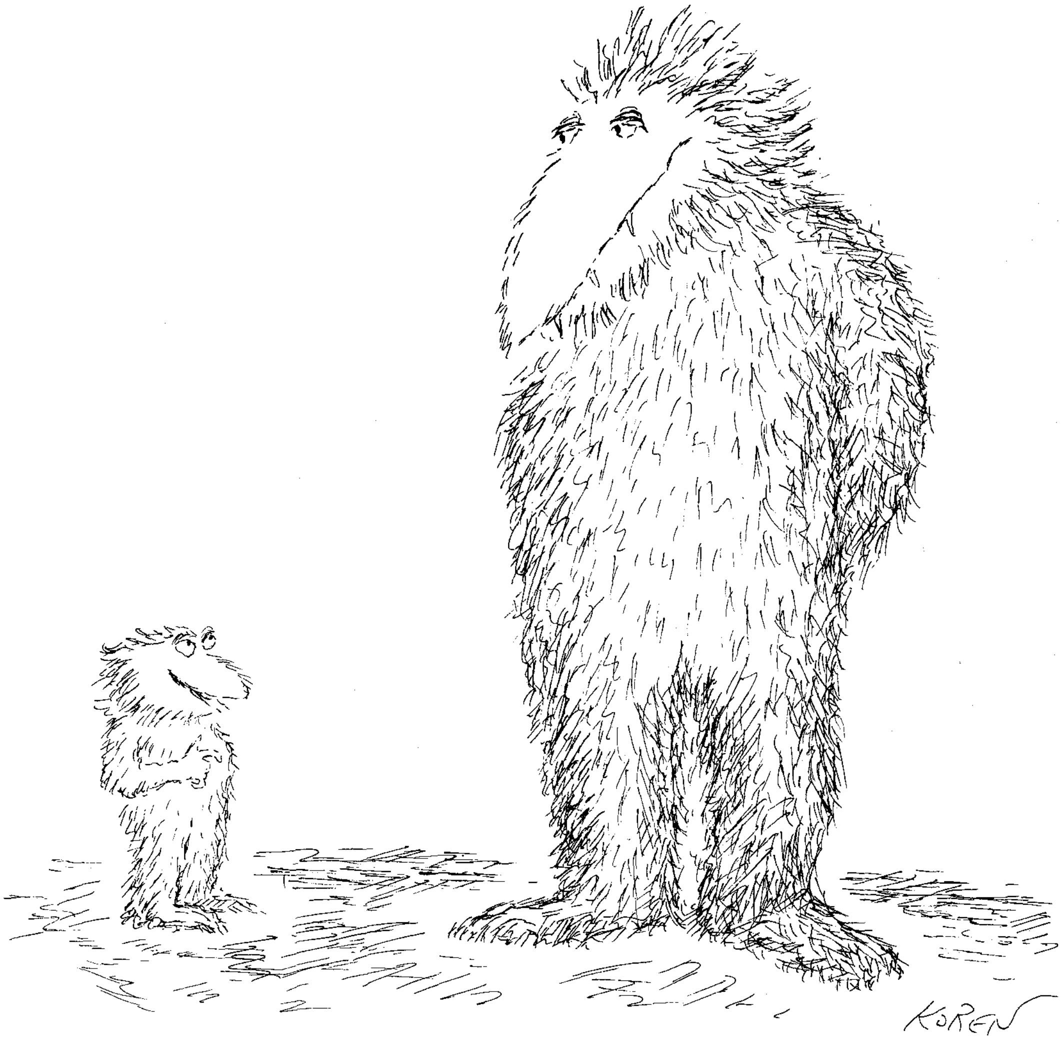
"I know what you're thinking."

"What am I thinking?"

"You're thinking, Who cares once you're dead where you're buried?"

"I'm not thinking that. I just want you to feel better."

Callie hooked her arm through his.



"You can call me Andy. What can I call you?"

• •

Peyton picked up a maple leaf and studied it. Jack bent to take it from her, and she stared him squarely in the eyes. "This is a leaf," he said to her. "Leaf," he repeated.

"Your first word was 'fish,' " Callie said to him.

"Was it?"

"Your father was proud of that," Callie said. "Oh, why are they putting Vic next to Sister? Sister and Vic didn't even like each other most of the time."

Callie walked under the canopy, touching the folding chairs. "Where are we going to sit during the service?" she asked.

"Wherever you think we should."

"I want Vic's daughter here. And then me, then Kelsey, then maybe you, then Sister's girls. We'll put the Catholics on the back row. When I go, make sure they never put one of those Mary statues near me and Kelsey. If they want to put one, make sure it's over on the north side."

Jack watched Peyton tear up another leaf.

"O.K., Jack?"

"O.K."

"I guess all families got a Catholic wing."

"Probably so."

"Brother marrying a Catholic."

Callie brushed lint from her red dress.

"Make sure you sit on the front row by me and Kelsey."

Jack looked at the chairs. It didn't matter. Since his father died, the other funerals had been empty ritual—an obligatory observance, the dark side of a holiday. He wanted to tell Callie these things, but he couldn't.

"We'll go to Kelsey's after the service," Callie said.

"O.K."

"I want you to have my piano when I go. It needs tuning, though."

Jack smiled. He held Peyton on his right hip. With his left arm, he led Callie over the hill and back to the chapel. Jack told her he'd taken care of the details—meaning the funeral expenses—and that he'd see her in the morning. They embraced and parted.

JACK buckled Peyton into the car seat. She played with her fingers. He turned the radio to his favorite classical station. "Prokofiev," he said to her, and she grinned.

Marian's team listened to rock music during prepping, then classical during surgery. When he was there in the operating room, Marian had asked him to switch the radio dial right as the Pentothal went into the man's I.V. The procedure was beginning.

Jack turned in to the driveway. Marian was sitting cross-legged on the front-porch steps. She was wearing an ivory sweater, and the wind was in her long hair.

"I got your message," she called. "What's wrong with the sitter?"

"I thought you were in surgery," he called back, lifting Peyton from the car seat.

"Kay's covering the last case for me. I figured you might need me."

The day he'd witnessed the bypass was in late spring. Marian helped him dress for surgery. The man lay on the operating table. A scrub nurse was painting his body with Betadine. A hush fell when the procedure began. The team worked steadily. "We are technicians," Marian had told him. "Our work is perfect." All he saw of her face was the eyes above her mask. Opaque gloves hugged her hands—the agile fingers and squared nails that had shelled lady peas the night before. She worked at an angle to accommodate her pregnant belly, leaning over the man's leg, tracing the vein from ankle to groin, miraculously tying suture knots with one hand. When it was done, she held the vein up, capped the end to avoid collapse, and gave it to the surgeon so he could bypass the obstruction and get the heart going.

—VICKI COVINGTON

THE LETTER SCENE

TAKE a deep breath. Don't attempt anything just yet, you're not ready. When will you be ready? Never never never.

That means I must start now.

Don't start, don't even think of it, it's too difficult. No, it's too easy.

Let me start, it's already started, and I have to catch up.

Not like that, you oaf. Perched on the chair's edge, that's no way to start. Sit all the way back.

Don't cool me down, can't you see I'm already off and running? Taking a deep breath, floated by feeling . . . the proper implements at hand. Pen, pencil, typewriter, computer?

You *know you'll wreck everything,* don't you. These things take time. Ground has to be prepared. The others alerted to your coming.

My intrusion, you mean. My demands, entreaties.

You have a right, I admit that. Take a deep breath.

My right to breathe? Thanks. How about my right to have a hemorrhage? I won't be stopped, stanched, bandaged. Let me try. Just don't pay attention while I try.

•

ACT I, SCENE 2. Brow furrowed, *palms moist, Tatyana sits down* at the escritoire in her bedroom to write Eugene a letter. After the salutation, she stalls. How to proceed when, after all, they have met only once, a few evenings ago, downstairs, and from her shy vantage point at the windowsill in the conservatory, though she followed him everywhere with her gaze, she could hardly lift her eyes from the gleaming buttons on his jacket? That rush of warmth: she wants to declare something. She gets up and asks her nurse to prepare some tea. Nanny brings fudge cakes, too. Tatyana frowns and sets to work again. She pictures him against a background of air, and he becomes slimmer, denser, more remote. It's a declaration of love she wants to declare. She begins to sing.

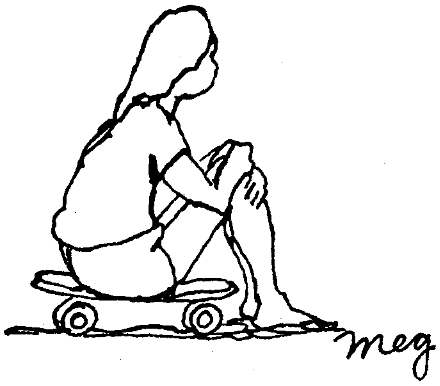
THE wind is rattling the shutters, and Eugene's scratchy quill pen moves swiftly over the paper like a small fish waving its tiny fin. "Dearest Father, there are many things I have long wanted to tell you but never dared to utter to your face. Perhaps I shall find the courage in this letter. In a letter, perhaps, I can be brave." By starting thus Eugene would delay as long as he can what he means to say. This will be, is trying to be, a letter of denunciation. It will be very long. He throws some wood on the fire.

•

THE night before Dumane's execution by hanging: after the special meal, and to the accompaniment of the hymns and freedom songs his comrades in neighboring cells will sing throughout the night to comfort him. Dumane is sitting on the cement floor of his cell, nine by twelve, knees drawn close to his chest, paper on his knees, stump of pencil clenched between three lacerated fingers of his left hand—they have broken his right hand—slowly, laboriously printing out his last written words. "When you read this I will be dead. You must be brave. I am calm. Mbangeli and I die confident that our sacrifice will not be in vain. Do not grieve too long for me. I want you to remarry. Comfort Granny. Kiss the children." There was more to it than that, eked out in tottering capitals, but these were the salient points. The letter ends, "P.S. My darling daughter, remember always *that your father loves you and* wants you to grow up to be just like your mother. Dearest son, please take care of your mother, who will need you, and do your best at school until you are ready to take your place in our just struggle."

•

THINK of it, all those artless letters dashed off between bouts of tormentingly slow composition of the intricate, severe novels and essays that had made her quickly famous, and now a two-volume collection of her letters has come out, which, they say, may be the finest writing she ever did. It's not only her spirited sentences that enchant; everybody is moved by the portrait of the idyllic loving family from which she sprang. Is it possible such united families still exist? Even now? Nobody knows about the embittered letters to her sister that the widower burned in the barbecue. The world is tired of disillusionment, of unseemly revelations, the world is famished for models of probity. Our world. No one would ever know her as he did, would ever know how valiant she was during the last months of her terrible illness, when the brain tumor gnawed at her language, and he took to writing letters for her, from her, the letters she would have written if she still could. As the guardian of her reputation, now he can be inside the skin of her work in a way she had never let him be while she was alive. He will be exigent, as she was. Somebody, but this professor isn't distinguished enough, has embarked on a biography: he hasn't decided whether or not to coöperate. A newspaper correspondent in the Far East writes him a maudlin letter about "the irreparable loss to literature." He replies, a correspondence ensues. Could this be an old lover of hers? From Hong Kong arrives a packet of her letters, sixty-eight *of them, done up in red string.* These he reads with astonishment. Posthumous shock: this is *not* the woman he knew.

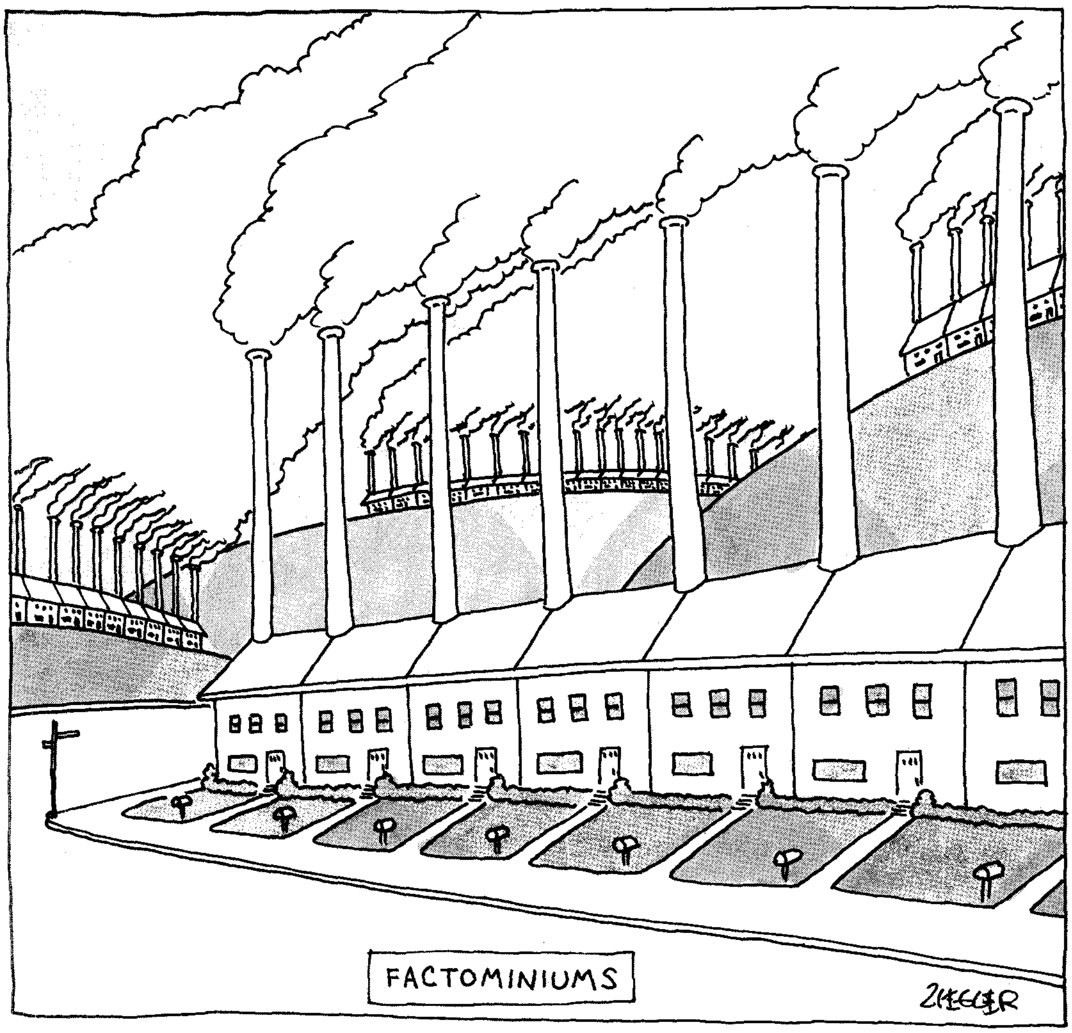


•

ACT I, SCENE 2. Tatyana gulps down the fresh glass of tea which Nanny brings. Slipping her left hand inside her blouse, she rubs her thumb against her downy shoulder. She has barely begun the letter. The rush of ecstasy in declaring something should be its own reward, but no, there is already the need for an answer. "You didn't look at me," Tatyana has written on the first page. And in the middle of the second page, "I am writing you now to ask if you ever think of me." Then she weeps, and (not in the poem or the opera—no, in real life) begins the letter again. In the opera there is a gush of feeling that floats her through to the end.

•

HERE I am, with my irrevocable feelings, at least they feel irrevocable, and it is clear that all this could



well *not* have happened. We did not have to meet.

We met because there had been a fire, nothing serious, in the six-story tenement where I have the great fortune to have found a rent-stabilized apartment. A drowsy pot-smoker on the fifth floor ignited his horsehair sofa. Smoke, black acrid smoke; nothing serious. I was shivering on the street, coatless, and you were feeding nickels into a vending machine for the *Times*. Seeing me staring at you, you inquired about the fire. Nothing serious. We went past the fire engines to have coffee across the street. That was last January, now I am perishing from seriousness. Why did you leave me? Don't you mind how coldly he treats you? What is this white paper outspread on my desk? I have sat down to write you a letter, do you think you could love me again, but perhaps I won't.

•

THE letter that was never sent, ghost of.

The letter that never arrived, two more sorts of ghosts. The letter that is lost (in the mail). The letter that was not written, but she said she wrote one and that it must have gotten lost (in the mail). You can never trust the mail. You can never trust the mailer.

•

TO write at all is to say . . . all. An act of ardor. That is why she hesitates, while she goes on writing letters in her head. But a letter in the head is a letter, too. It is told that Artur Schnabel used to practice in his head.

•

ACT I, SCENE 2. "I write to you," Tatyana has begun, begun again—she's found the cadence. "No more confession is needed, nothing's left to tell. I know it's now in your discretion with scorn to make my world a hell."

The taper on the escritoire is flickering. Or is the moon, the quivering moon, becoming brighter?

Go to sleep, my darling, murmurs the old nurse.

"Oh, Nanny. Oh oh oh . . ." But she will not seek consolation on her dear, kind Nanny's breast.

There, there, my darling. . . .

"Nanny, I'm stifling, open the window." The musty old crone moves to obey. "Nanny, I'm chilled, bring me a coverlet." She pauses at the window, perplexed. "Oh oh oh . . ."

Let me sing to you, my darling.

"No, Nanny, it is I who must sing. In my girlish treble. Leave me, Nanny, my darling old Nanny, I must sing. . . ."

•

THIS is a letter that breaks the bad news. I don't know how to begin. It didn't seem as bad when it first started. We were quite hopeful. The situation got worse only toward the end. I hope you will accept this as best you can. I hate to be the bearer of, etc.

•

WHY people don't write letters anymore. (Much to be said about this, without ever mentioning the telephone.) People just don't want to take the time, what proves to be a great deal of time, because they lack confidence. Pen poised over the sheet of blank paper, they hesitate. The initial moment of exuberance refuses to translate fluently, rapidly into a voice that meets the standards of . . . what standards? More hesitations. They make a draft.

And then letters seem so—well, one-sided. Or lacking in velocity. One is too impatient for the answer.

•

THE bad news is worse now. This is real bad news, the kind that invites ceremoniousness. He wrote to console me in a florid formal diction that I found heartrending.

•

UNLIKE lovers, unlike best friends, children and parents cannot revel in or despair at the thought that they did not have to have met. And don't necessarily have to part, except when they do. Eugene is getting closer to what he wants to say. "You have been generous, Father, and clearly think of yourself as having the best intentions toward me. Do not think me ungrateful for the monthly stipend you have provided since I graduated from Cadet School. But as you have acted according to your own principles, I must henceforth act in accord with mine." A frigid letter—the tone he is seeking is a kind of opaque sincerity—that will turn into a passionate, violent one.

•

THE Hong Kong Letters, as the widower dubbed them, disclosed a relationship lasting nearly a decade whose inventive lechery he would never have dreamed his wife capable of. Their sexual transports are graphically recalled, as is her facility at giving herself full pleasure when they are apart at any moment, even fully clothed, in public (chatting at a cocktail party, giving a reading), if she had something to press herself against discreetly, with the merest thought of the rough pleasure they gave each other. And "he"—he is always "he," strewn respectfully throughout the letters: "he" and his endearingly limited needs, his protective asexual presence, outside whose lull she feared she could not write. Christ! Was that what his uxorious ardor was, for her? The conjugal drone? He would show his fangs now—it is never too late for a crime of passion. He purchases a plane ticket for Hong Kong.

•

AND the forty-three-year-old salaryman from Osaka on the crippled jumbo jet now circling wildly as it loses altitude, plunging toward the mountain, who is able to master the white-hot blast of animal terror and pull a sheet of paper from the pad inside his briefcase, he too, like Dumane, is writing a farewell letter to his wife and children. But he will have three minutes only. Other passengers are screaming or moaning; some have dropped to their knees to pray as the overhead bins rain parcels and luggage and pillows and coats on their heads. His legs braced against the seat in front of him to keep from being pitched into the aisle, with his left arm cradling, clutching the briefcase on which he writes, rapidly but legibly, he enjoins his children to be obedient to their mother. To his wife he declares that he regrets nothing—"we've had a full life," he writes—and requests that she accept his death. He is signing as the plane turns upside down, he is stuffing the letter in his jacket pocket when he is hurled past his seatmate against the window, head first, and smashed into the mercy of unconsciousness. When his broken body is recovered on the cedared slopes among the more than five hundred others, the letter is found, delivered by a red-eyed J.A.L. official to his wife, published on the first page of the newspapers. As one, all of Japan dissolves in tears.

•

HER letters were so cozily aligned with loneliness. Separation became a value, the occasion and justification for writing letters.

This, from one of her letters to me: "Soon after that I stayed a month on a lavender-scented island off the Dalmatian coast. I found a room to rent in a fisherman's house and fellow-tourists I liked, with whom I spent much of my time: scuba diving from a boat with a four-horsepower outboard engine we hired, picnicking on broiled silver mackerel and freshly baked flat loaves of bread called *lepinja* on the pine-shaded rocks of a peninsula, recounting the lives we led elsewhere during long evenings in the café at the port. It was I who left first, before they scattered to Houston, London, Munich; and as the steamer pulled away from the jetty I waved more energetically. 'Write!' I shouted. 'Write!'

"The first one I met again was the lawyer from Texas, whom I saw the following spring in Geneva; we had exchanged many letters. 'You shouted "write," ' he teased me, 'as though

---

ARABIAN NIGHT

Features unseen embers and tongs once worried
bright as brass, cool, trim, of a depth to light his
way at least who, trusting mirages, finds in
them the oasis—

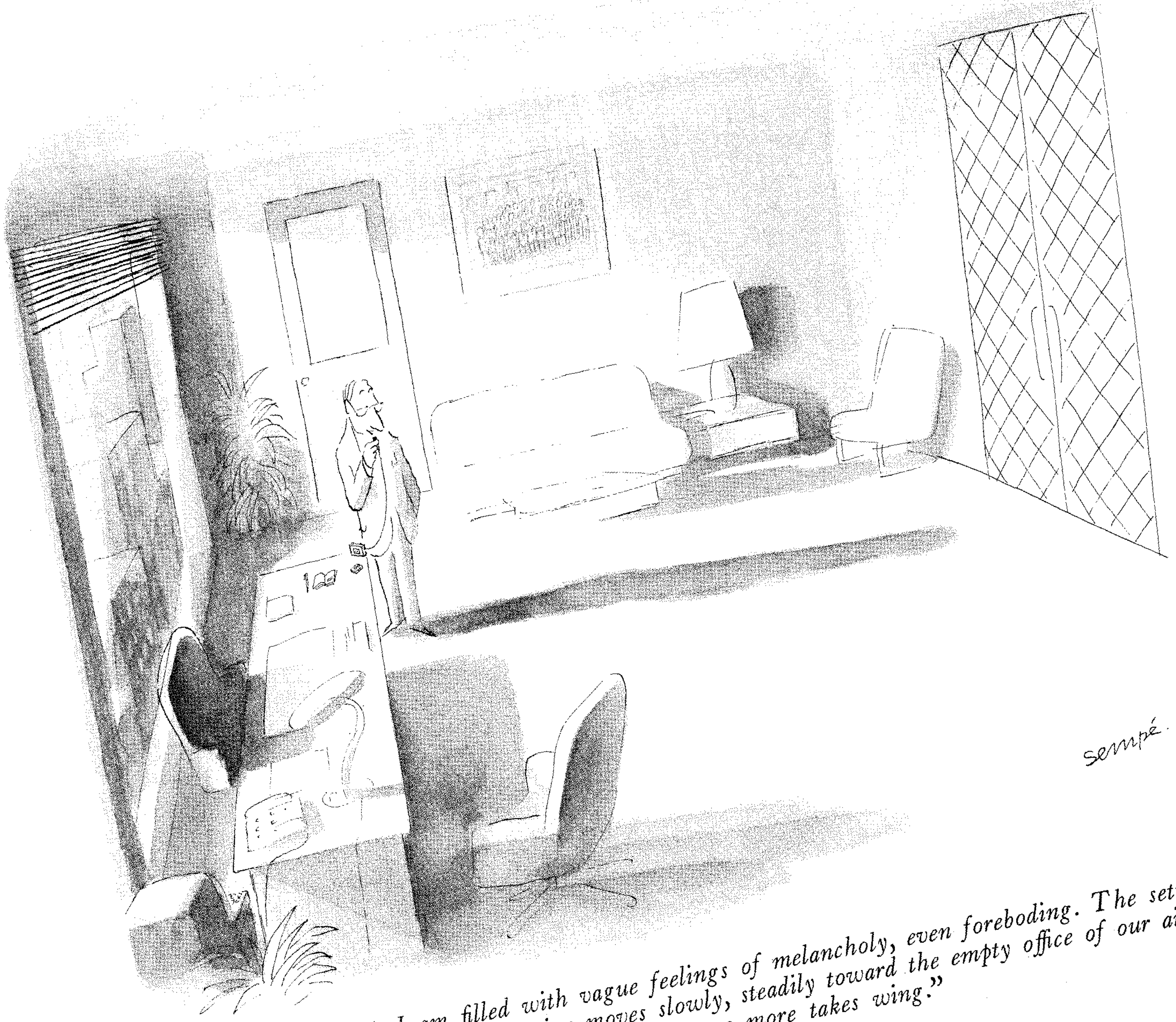
what went wrong? You there in the mirror, did our
freshest page get sent to the Hall of Cobwebs?
Or had Rime's Emir all along been merely
after your body?

No reply. Then ("there," of course, also) insight's
dazzle snaps at gloom, like a wick when first lit.
Look! on one quick heartstring glissando, stranger
kindles to father

thirty years a shade, yet whose traits (plus others
not so staring—loyalty, cynicism,
neophyte's pure heart in erotic mufti
straight out of Baghdad)

solve the lifelong riddle: a face no longer
sought in dreams but worn as my own. Aladdin
rubs his lamp—youth? age?—and the rival two beam
forth in one likeness.

—JAMES MERRILL



"At the day's end, I am filled with vague feelings of melancholy, even foreboding. The setting sun lengthens shadows, and as mine moves slowly, steadily toward the empty office of our ailing president my spirit once more takes wing."

• •

you thought we were abandoning you. But it was you who decided to leave us, to move on.' My pride was stung. I have not written him since."

AGAIN to me (a fragment): "... not to be taken as lack of trust or withdrawal. Or as rejection. One lives so badly when one is afraid to live alone."

TO another, not me, she permits herself the lyrical tremolo. With his four dromedaries Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira traversed the world and admired it. He did what I would like to do. If I had three dromedaries! Or two! I am writing this astride the steed at hand. I am seeing the world, the marvels therein. It is what I've always wanted to do, in my one and only life. But, meanwhile, I want to keep in touch. Do want to keep. In touch. With you. And you.

•

"YOU will be glad to hear, Father," Eugene adds, "that I have paid off my gambling debts." He means to be sarcastic, but perhaps he is trying to placate the old man. What does he care, what does he care, is he still seeking his father's approval? This part, where the failed poet indicates how he has not misspent his life, should be treated *presto*, in the manner of a note challenging someone to a duel.

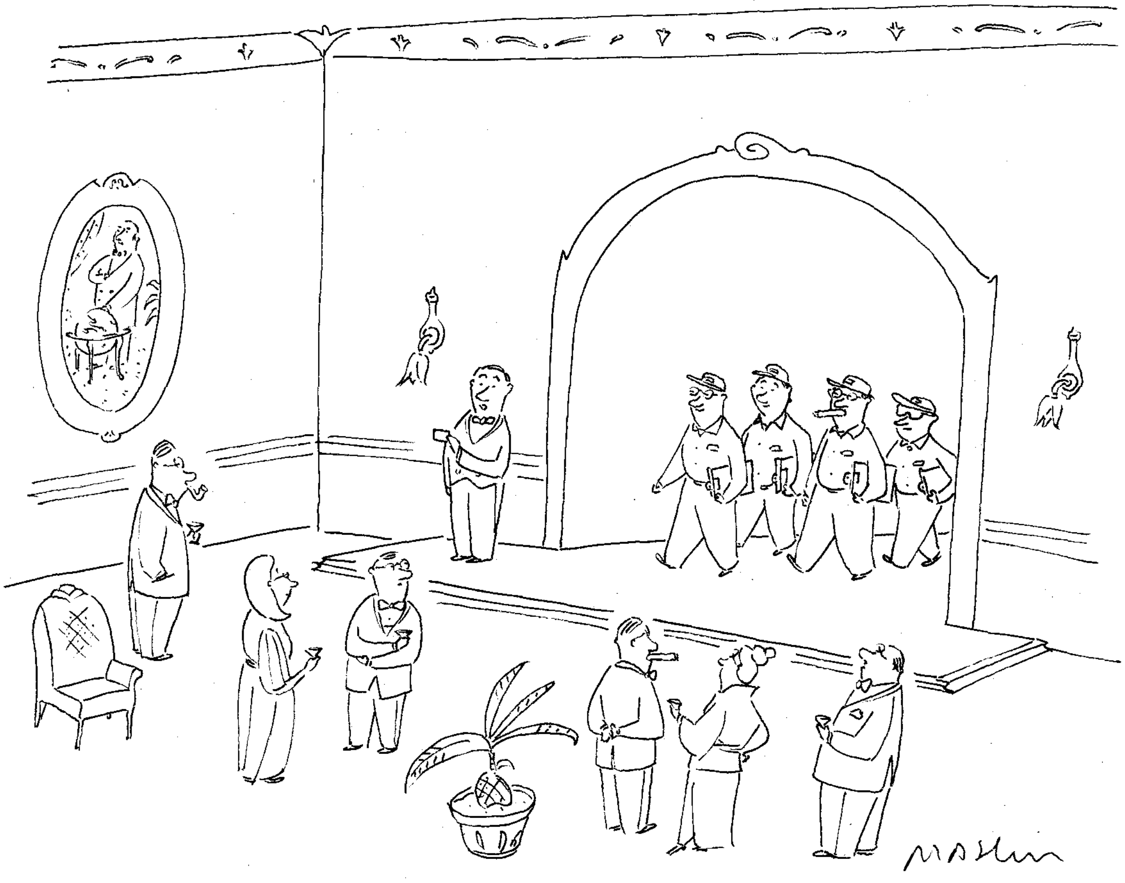
•

ACTUALLY, one other passenger is writing as the plane falls—a fourteen-year-old girl who, returning to Tokyo after being treated by her aunt in Osaka to a joyous weekend of Takarazuka performances and about to start the thank-you note to her aunt when the pilot makes his first hoarse announcement, lifts her pen, shudders, then plunges it down to the paper to write instead: I'm scared. I'm scared. Help. Help. Help.

The characters are illegible. Her letter is never found.

•

HERE'S a cache of old letters. Old leaves ... I have been having a go at rereading them. They are from my ex-husband. We had been married for seven years, and since we were going to be married forever we had granted me a sabbatical, I'd won a fellowship to Oxford, we had separated for the academic year, and we wrote each other blue aerograms every



"Your transmission specialists—Ed, Rudy, Phil, and Bob."

• •

day. One didn't use the transatlantic telephone in those days, so long ago. We were poor, he was stingy. I was drifting away, discovering life was actually possible without him. But I did write, each evening. During the day I'd be composing my letter to him in my head, I was always talking to him in my head. I was, you see, so *used* to him. I felt safe. I didn't feel like a separate person. Whatever I saw when I was apart from him for an hour made me think first of how I would describe it to him; and we never separated for more than a few hours, just the time he taught his classes and I took mine—we were insatiable. My bladder might be aching, but I didn't want to interrupt myself or him; talking, he would follow me into the bathroom. Returning at midnight from what academics in that staid era were pleased to call parties, more than once we sat in the car until dawn lightened the street, forgetting to go into our own apartment, so absorbed were we in our dissections of his exasperating colleagues. So many years of that, the delirious amity of non-stop talking—now more than three times those years ago! I wonder if he kept my letters. Or did he, the better to unite with his second wife, pitch them into the fireplace? For a year after the divorce I awoke most mornings with a foolish smile on my face, from the surprise, the relief, of no longer being married to him. I've never felt so safe with anyone since. It's not right to feel so safe. I don't, I can't reread his letters. But I need to think of them there, in the shoebox, in the bottom of my closet. They are part of my life, my dead life.

•

Act I, Scene 2. "Why did you visit us, but why? Lost in our backwoods habitation, I would not have known you. Therefore I would have been spared this laceration. In time—who knows?—the agitation of inexperience would have passed. I would have found a friend, another, and calmly grown into my part, of virtuous mother and faithful wife." Tatyana has her indisputable feeling. But how does a feeling in one breast ignite a feeling in another? What are the laws of combustion? She can speak only of her own feeling—indisputably hers, after migrating from the lachrymose epistolary novels about love she loves to read. Of uniqueness. "Another! Now there can be no thought of another. Never could another rule my heart. My feeling for you is decreed forever, by Heaven's will. For you I'm set apart. And my whole life, whether you will or not, is pledged to you."

Pledges, promises—doesn't the fervor with which we make them testify to the strength of the opposing force, that of forgetfulness? An indomitable power of forgetfulness is necessary to close the doors and windows of consciousness, to make room for something new. Tatyana leans back in her chair, quivering, perspiring, and passes a hand over her brow. Nothing in her fragrant childhood spent among the silver birches has prepared her for this dire contraction. She tries vainly to conjure up her dear sister, her plump, kindly parents. The whole world has shrunk to the image of Eugene's grim, restless face. Then away with the past, let it be dissolved by the pale moon, evaporate like the treble notes of a perfume. Without forgetfulness there could be no happiness, no cheerfulness, no hope, no pride, no *present*. Without forgetfulness there could be no despair, no anxiety, no abjection, no longing, no *future*.

•

OTHER pleas for love, other styles of diffidence.

The first time I saw you, you had a white scarf knotted at the throat, the sun lay in your hair, your blouse was striped, you were wearing linen pants and espadrilles. From the table on the café terrace overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, I saw you approaching. I didn't think you were beautiful. Talking gaily of having spent the night in jail for seizing the ticket for speeding the policeman had just written out and tearing it up, you sat down and ordered a lemon sherbet. I saw you and thought, If I cannot say I love you I am lost. But I didn't. Instead I am going to write a letter. The weakest move.

Now that I see how beautiful you are, your face gets in the way. As on a lenticular screen, the eyes follow me. I do not want to tell you you are beautiful. I must think of something else. Custom and my unfair heart demand that I flatter you. To coax a feeling from you. I want to pronounce those blessed words: love, love, love.

I RECEIVED a letter from a close friend. I did not open it for a week. It lay smoldering on my night table. The envelope bearing the name of a mere acquaintance I tore open eagerly as I came up the stairs, confident that the letter inside would contain nothing that could disturb me or hurt me.

I HAVE to tell you that I write in a very tiny script, so tiny it could be thought impossible to decipher; except that it is not. This script might seem to express my unwillingness to be known, my retreat from human contact; except that I want you to know me, which is why I am writing you, my dear.

MY love, this morning I received your wonderful letter (typed) and hasten to answer. Please write more.

MORE effort than you can imagine—that's what it means. In my lair, under a dirty-paned window that lets in the sour light, I sit at the kitchen table pondering what I might say to you. This causes me to brush the frame of my typewriter with the flat of my hand, twiddle my hair, finger my chin, pass a hand over my eyes, rub my nose, push the lock back from my forehead, as if my task lay in that, and not in the sheet of paper which lies folded into the typewriter. Perhaps I will fail in my effort to write you, and yet not to try means to fail in the same way.

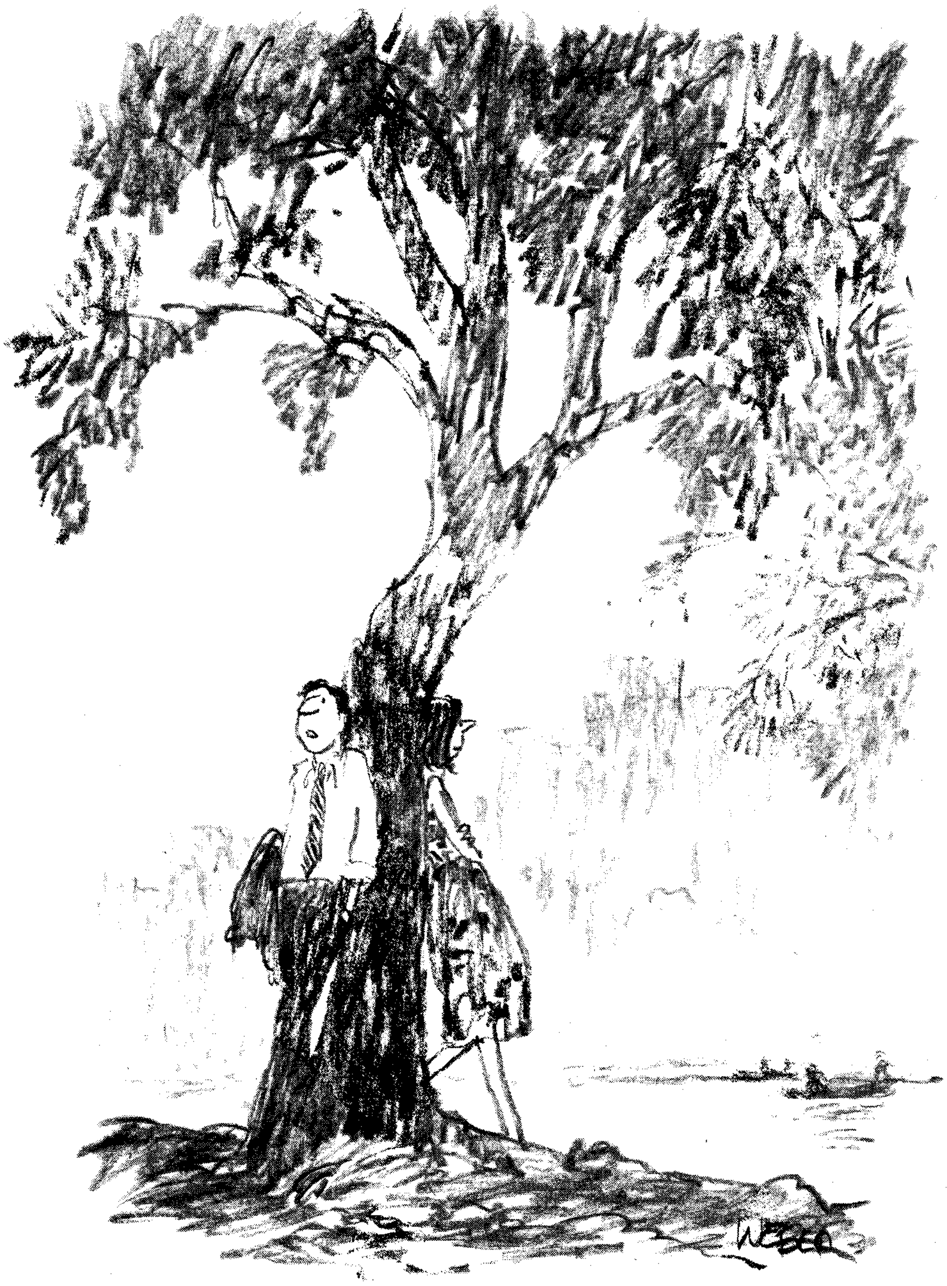
A BLACK-BORDERED envelope arrives from Germany, the printed announcement of a dear acquaintance's death, which I had learned about by telephone a week earlier. I would find it easier to open my mail if all the major messages were color-coded. Black for death. (Christoph died at forty-nine of his second heart attack.) Red for love. Blue for longing. Yellow for rage. And an envelope with a border the color once known as ashes of roses—could that announce kindness? For I'm prone to forget this kind of letter exists, too: the expression of sheer kindness.

Hello, hello, how are you, how are you, I'm well, I'm well, how are, how is . . .

And you, my dear?

•

ACT I, SCENE 2. Sighing, trembling, Tatyana continues writing her letter, riddled with mistakes in French. (She's feverish, as I've suggested.) She hears herself, her words. And the nightingale's cadence. (Have I mentioned there was a nightingale in the garden?) Dawn is close to breaking, but she still needs the taper's flickering light. She sings her love. Or, rather, it is the opera singer singing Tatyana. Though Tatyana is very young, the role is often sung by a mature diva whose voice can no longer perform as it should. It should float. But when there is a tendency to labored phrasing, the vocal line rarely floats or springs; it seems held back or driven forward. Happily, this is a good perfor-



"Already my computer is outmoded, but I try to tell myself that my computer isn't *me.*"

mance. The line soars. Tatyana writes. And sings.

◆

I CANNOT bear not getting a letter from you, and no longer go out. Can it be that I was once carefree and giddy? Now I drag a long shadow behind me that withers the greenery as I pass.

I stay indoors, waiting for your reply. My self-imposed house arrest is turning out to be a longer sentence than I ever envisaged. Sometimes I go back to bed in the late morning or early afternoon, after the mail has been delivered: the daytime sleep that inmates of prisons call fast time. Your letter *will* come.

◆

I WRITE your name. Two syllables. Two vowels. Your name inflates you, is bigger than you. You repose in a corner, sleeping; your name awakes you. I write it. You could not be named otherwise. Your name is your juice, your taste, your savor. Called by another name, you vanish. I write it. Your name.

◆

"DEAR Friend! Dear Friend! You are all that remains, my only hope, my one friend. Only you can save me. I want to come where you are, be near you, next to you. I won't bother you, I won't come visiting, I won't interrupt your work, I only need to know you are there, that beyond the wall of my room there is a living human presence. You. I need your warmth. They have crushed me! I am beaten! I am worn out! After the nightmare of this year I must come to you—under your wing! Could you find me a room? Anything will do, all I need is a table, and a view, that is, a window to look out from, where I see something, not a wall, but if it does look out onto a wall, then it doesn't matter, as long as I am close to you. You will save me, you will show me what I must do, how I must live. And could you lend me the money for the ticket? I need nothing, I will ask nothing from you. I will not bother you once I am there, you have my solemn promise. Who understands better than I your need for privacy? How I admire your independence, your strength! And your generous heart. With you as my guiding star, I will be as independent as you. I will cook my own meals if I have to, I'm used to taking care of myself, but if you could find someone in the village who can look after my few simple needs, that would make it easier for me to just stay in my room, looking out the window, serenely thinking of you, never daring to bother you. You are the only one I can turn to, but you are the only one I need. Do you remember our first meeting, and how the filaments of the copper lamps glowed above our heads? You understood then. You have always understood me. Please work a miracle. Arrange it! Hide me! Find me a room!"

And I found him a room, a room in the house next to mine, on a hill above the dunes. And I wrote him that from the windows he would see trees and open spaces, and children flying kites by the sea. And that we would fly them, too.

"It's the handwriting of a lunatic," said a friend to whom I showed the letter, with its oversized script, after his death. No, not of a lunatic but of a child: they were the same large letters a child makes, writing not with the hand alone but with the arm, from the shoulder. Dear Mommy, I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART. I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU.

I found him a room. And he never came.

◆

IN actual size above, fig. 1 (illustration to come), and enlarged below, fig. 2 (ditto), is an example of a writing used by Richard Anton in the nineteen-twenties, apparently as a means of protecting his manuscripts from unwelcome scrutiny. Prof. Joachim Greichen has established that most such texts are decipherable as scribbled drafts of prose texts which Anton completed and later published. Although by 1931 he had returned to his normal hand, shown opposite, fig. 3 (ditto), he was still wont to vary the size of his writing. For instance, in his most personal correspondence he often wrote in very large printed capitals. I NEED, I WANT. I NEED, I WANT.

◆

I LOVE a tender climate. I loll by the swimming pool. My letters are my diary. I deposit my life with another. With you. A summer thunderstorm is on its way. Shall I describe the weather (or landscape), using weather (or landscape) to portray the vexations of self? If I write, I feel safe. I am humming something. I am bristling with sexual trepidation.

◆

DESIRE is rapid as the postal system is slow. These delays in the mail make my letters obsolete at their creation, make whatever I write wrong. For even as I write, taking up each of the points in your last letter, there already exists a subsequent letter from you, written in response to the last one received from me, saying something else. As I write, there is already a new letter from you *which I have not read.* The Letter God is sporting with us. Our letters cross, but our limbs do not.

◆

MUSED the diva:

"I adore having visitors, I detest going to see people. I adore receiving letters, even reading them. But I detest writing letters. I adore giving advice but I detest being its recipient, and I never follow at once any wise advice that is given me."

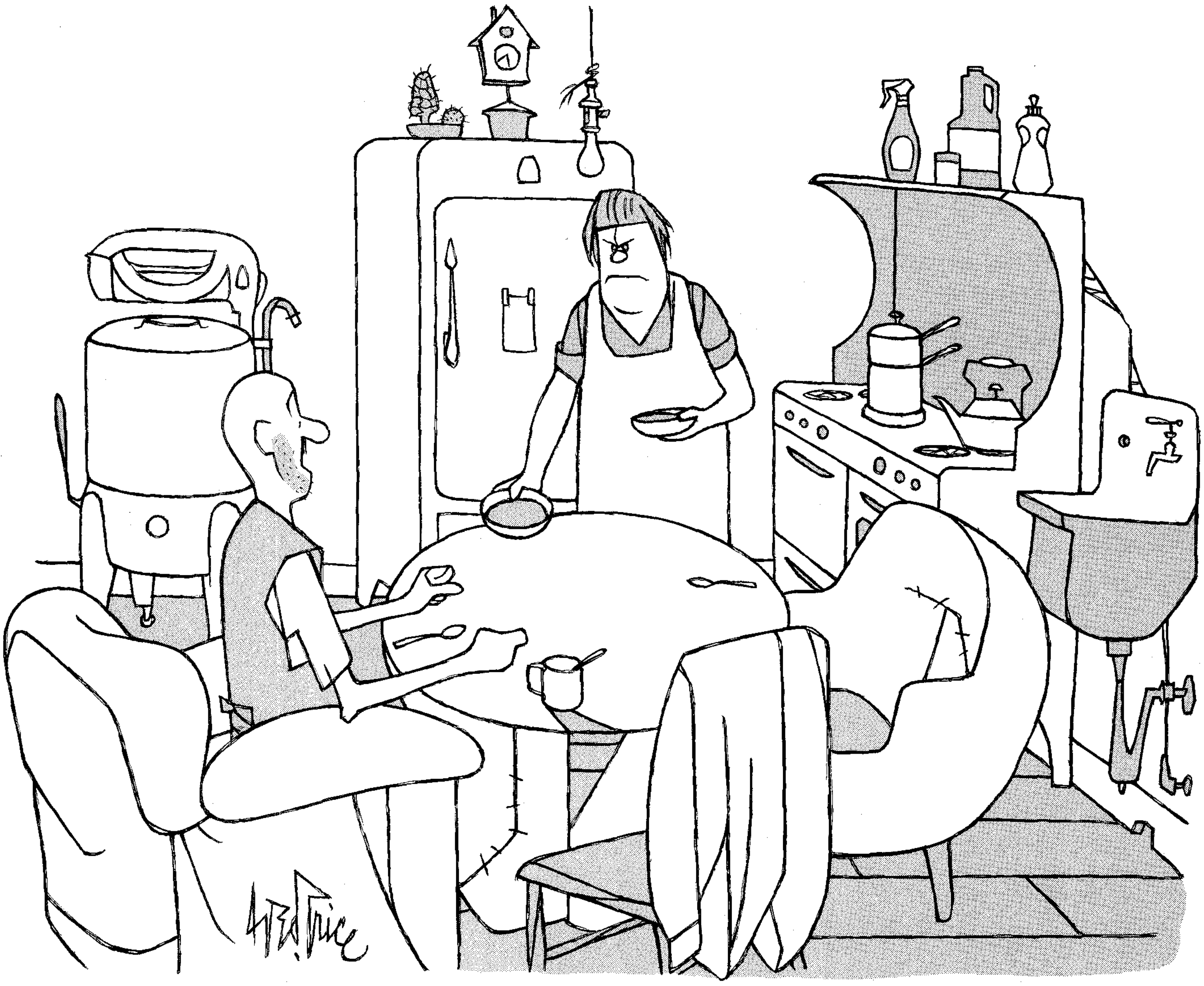
Sometimes the letters contain a photograph, which the diva is pleased to sign. Yours, she writes. My best wishes. Your friend. Warmly. Love. Yes, on photographs to perfect strangers, but they are fans—exactly, that's what I said, perfect strangers—she signs Love.

◆

LETTERS are sometimes a way of keeping someone at a distance. But for this purpose one must write a great many letters—at least one, sometimes two, a day. If I write you, I don't have to see you. Touch you. Put my tongue on your skin.

◆

AT first he writes mainly about his astonishing and now legendary discovery, that of a "six-class" marriage system on nearby Mortimer Island. He is happy. She can feel that. And she is happy for him, and tells him that. And he feels it, feels her



"Ah, Indian pudding—the coup de grâce."

• •

wanting him to be happy, to give himself over entirely to his work, to be indivisible from his work, not to think of her, worry about her. And he seems to fall deeper in love through writing; he longs to be with his correspondent, though not back in England (but neither could she come out and join him); then the writing stops. Trevor's last letter arrived more than a month after Elizabeth had heard by telegram that he was dead, carried off at the age of twenty-four by blackwater fever. She recounts the moment sparely, with almost no comment, leaving us—as she was left for a half century—with the wound, the silence and the possibility, open. Would they have lived happily ever after?

•

I COULDN'T tell him I wanted a divorce, not by letter. My letters had to be loving. I had to wait till I returned. He met me at the airport, breaking out of the waiting area onto the tarmac as I stepped off the plane. We embraced, collected my suitcase, reached the parking lot. Once in our car, before he put his key in the ignition, I told him. We sat in the car, talking; we wept.

Of course, it should be easier to say no—or never, or no longer—in a letter. Easier, far, than face to misery-darkened face. And to say yes? Yes.

•

ACT I, SCENE 2. Tatyana rereads the three pages she has written, and signed. Words are crossed out, tears stain the paper—but no matter, this is not a school exercise. It will stand as written, sealed.

Sunrise. She pulls the bell rope to summon her befuddled Nanny, who supposes her high-strung darling has simply risen earlier than usual, and instructs the old woman to give the letter to her grandson, who must carry it quickly, quickly to their new neighbor. Who? Who? Tatyana points mutely to the beloved name on the envelope.

AND Eugene? Tatyana's Eugene. The pale, slim scowler in the expensive foreign boots, who had barely talked to anyone the other night when he had come, everyone hoped, to visit. The lover always sees the beloved as solitary. But Eugene (Eugene's Eugene) is, actually, as solitary and miserable as Tatyana imagines him.

So is this Eugene (my Eugene), who has finished a haughty letter of six pages breaking off all relations with his father. He will allow no claims on his heart; from now on he will be dead, he vows, to all claims of affection.

But then he learns that his father

• •

has died (did he, before dying, receive Eugene's letter?) and—here my story rejoins theirs—returns to Petersburg for the funeral and to settle the estate, is about to go abroad, hears that his father's elder brother is dying (how mortal are these fierce old men!), arrives dutifully at his uncle's high-ceilinged manor in the remote countryside to find his uncle in the yard, already laid out in a coffin, and decides to stay for as long as it pleases him (could rustic life revive his poetic gift?), stays much alone, but after a month of seclusion most disapproved of by the neighboring gentry allows himself reluctantly to be brought to a gathering in the house of a local family with two daughters, a simple family night, really, with a few neighbors. And he does notice the pretty gravity of the figure in the window seat, and thinks, If I could fall in love, it might be with a girl like that. He finds her air of melancholy . . . well-bred.

And when he receives Tatyana's letter, he is moved, but more from pity at her artless innocence, for love has been banished from his imagination. He rereads her letter, sighs; he does not wish to hurt her. At the end of the day, the longest day of Tatyana's life, he will ride over to her house—he will find her in the garden—to explain with as much gallantry as he can muster that he is not meant for marriage and might feel for her no more than the sentiments of a brother. No letter for Tatyana. She does not obsess him. He will do it face to face.

•

IN the same way that you find the courage to write me, I find the courage to read your letter. Do not imagine that I mull over every line, but I think I've understood why it is hard for you to write me. (See, you *have* allowed me to know you.) It's because with each letter it is as if you were writing me for the first time.

•

EUGENE does not know that, after their conversation in the garden, Tatyana falls ill, that she almost dies. Of shame, of grief. But he does hear two years later, from an old classmate at the Cadet School, that she has married, married well—indeed, her husband, a general and a decent man, is a friend of Eugene's family—and now lives in Petersburg.

Has he forgotten when, some two years after that, he is invited to a reception at the Gremin mansion in Petersburg? Presented by General Gremin to his young wife, at first Eugene doesn't recognize in the stately, tiaraed, even more beautiful woman the vulnerable, dark-browed girl he dismissed in her parents' garden. Her eyes see but they don't look. They don't ask anything.

Torchères, chandeliers.

He finds himself returning often to the Gremin mansion, contriving to meet her at the opera, at other parties, but he and Tatyana never exchange anything more than calm civilities. Sometimes he manages to be the one who sets her fur cape on her shoulders. She nods gravely—meaning what? Sometimes she seems to be hiding her dear face in her muff. Bewildered, he slowly acknowledges that he loves her, loves her beyond saying. That it is a love decreed by Heaven. He knows this because he wants to write her. Could this be the solution to the riddle of his arid heart? Now he's ridiculous—no matter. One night he stays up until dawn writing a four-page epistolary howl of love. He writes another letter the next day. A third.

And he waits and waits. For a reply.

What did he do with the letter she sent him four years earlier? He did not even accord it the dignity of burning; it was simply tossed away. If only he could have it now, secreted in his wallet, to fold and unfold, to wet with his tears.

Please write me, just one letter, he asks humbly, at their last meeting. He has discovered her weeping: Tatyana has no more secrets. Irrevocably married, she has never ceased to love him. He kneels at her feet.

There will be no letter.

She forgets nothing.

There is no future.

•

NOW I take a deeper breath. Readying myself, ready, faltering. My longing is pithed. It lies at hand, in words.

Turn up the halogen lamp. There's not enough light in this room.

Love, please go on writing. Your letters will always reach me. You can write me in your real, your littlest script. I will hold it to the light. I will magnify it with my love.

—Susan Sontag

REFLECTIONS

QUESTIONS ABOUT LANGUAGE

I—HORSES

THE impulse behind this essay is specifically philosophical, which is a way of saying that the circumstances of my life have been such that it has mattered enormously to me to find an accurate way of talking about our relationships with domestic animals. It has mattered to me as a dog trainer and horse trainer, for what I hope are obvious reasons. When you are incoherent in your notions about an animal you are working with, things do not go well with the animal, and an animal trainer can't help being uneasy about such a state of affairs.

If I had remained firmly within the worlds of discourse provided by the stable and the kennel, I might have been content, not because there is no philosophy in those worlds but because there is such a rich and ever-changing web of philosophies when good trainers talk and write. These philosophies remember and speak to their sources in the thought of the past and are, unlike the general run of philosophies, continually tested and either reaffirmed or revised, since the world of the genuinely good dog trainer or horse trainer is one in which reality is quite clearly, as Wallace Stevens had it, "an activity of the most august imagination." However, my temperament regularly led me away from the kennel and tack room to university libraries and cafeterias, laboratories and classrooms. The result was that for some years I uneasily inhabited at least two completely different worlds of discourse, each using a group of languages that were intratranslatable: dog trainers can talk to horse trainers, and philosophers can talk to linguists and psychologists, but dog trainers and philosophers can't make much sense of each other. (Philosophers and linguists may sometimes think each other incomprehensible, but their quarrels are usually about the interior decoration of the house of intellect, and not about fundamental structural principles.) Because I had learned to talk, more or less, in both worlds, I was intensely alert to the implications of Wittgenstein's remark "To imagine a language means to imagine a form of life."

Here is an example of the problem I set out to deal with. In Germany, there was once a harness horse named Hans, owned by one Herr von Osten. Hans's skills so impressed von Osten that he decided that horses in general and Hans in particular must be cleverer than was generally supposed. Von Osten began doing various things with Hans—teaching him to respond to questions by either tapping with a hoof a certain number of times or indicating one of a number of blocks on which alphabet letters were written. Hans was a good learner, and in time philosophers, linguists, and psychologists came from all over to test his acumen. It turned out that Hans could not answer questions if he could not see the person asking them. It turned out, further, that if the questioner was in sight Hans could always find out what the questioner thought was the correct answer, no matter how hard the questioner worked at remaining still and impassive. Hans apparently read minute changes in breathing, angles of the eyebrows, and the like, with an accuracy we have trouble imagining. This led to von Osten's being denounced as a fraud, and he seems to have died an unhappy man, not so much on his own account as on that of the horse in whom he so deeply believed. And there has come to be a technical term in academic studies of animal psychology: the "Clever Hans fallacy." This is the fallacy of supposing that an animal "really" understands words or symbols when what the animal is doing is "merely" reading body language. In the literature, this notion is used to discredit virtually anyone who disagrees with the writer in question as a fraud and a charlatan

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Barclay is not putting up with people like you anymore."

"It's certainly refreshing to meet someone sixty years old who looks sixty years old."

• •

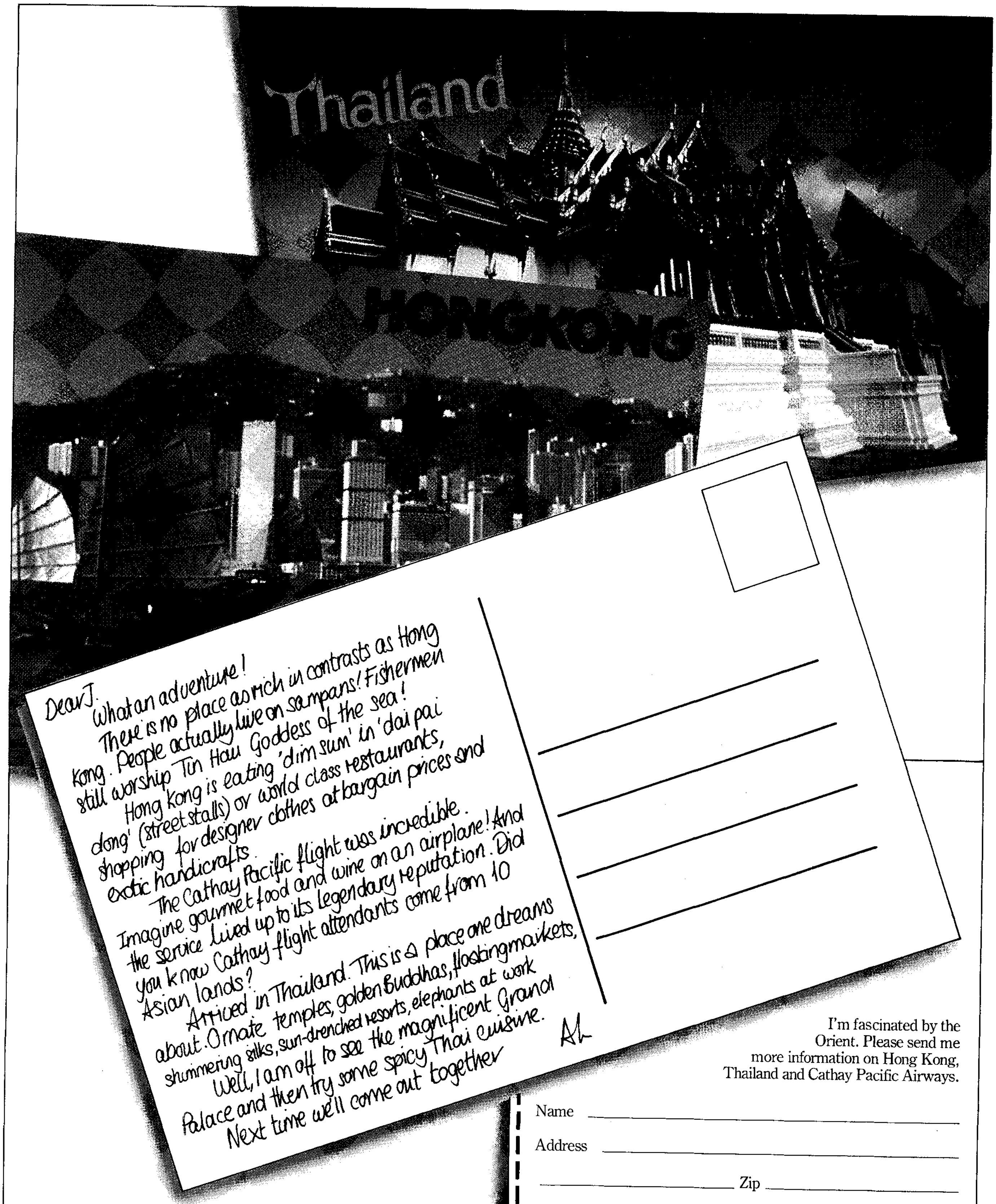
or else as just plain credulous and stupid. There is an unhealthy air of triumph in the rhythms of the prose of the people who do this discrediting, and I have found myself moved to wonder why, if the trainers and thinkers who believe that Hans illustrates something more important are so discountable, they must be so often attacked.

One of the worlds I lived in when I set out to address this problem was, as I have said, the animal trainer's world—the trainer of domestic animals primarily, although that world is not to be limited by the boundaries of kennels, racetracks, horse-show grounds, and obedience trials. The other world was the world of the intellectual—especially the academic, or full-time intellectual—though it is not strictly bounded by the walls of either universities or editorial offices. What happened was that I would get up just before dawn and work my horses. Generally, I had finished with most or all of them by noon (it depended on how business was going or on whether certain horses were giving me trouble), so I would shower and go over to the local university. There were a couple of people there I liked to meet and talk with over lunch, and I also liked to prowl in the library and either take courses in or just hang around courses in philosophy, psychology, zoology, and linguistics. I had been bitten in my childhood by a passion for books—especially books that were, as someone has said, hard to read, books that could devastate and transform your soul, and that had a kick like a mule when you were finished with them. There were as many glittering and lovely creatures in those books and in the conversations of people who cared about them as there were in the stable and the kennel. But most of the philosophers and their associates in the libraries and all but two or three of the people at lunch were profoundly disappointing—not in themselves but in terms of my passion for a language with sufficient philosophical reach to tell me what I wanted to know about the stable and the kennel. And there was a great deal that tended to cause me to lose my temper, such as the enormous amount of time that was spent in "curing" students and others of saying about animals precisely the sort of thing I wanted to say vigorously and significantly.

One thing that preoccupied me was the trainers' habit of talking in highly anthropomorphic, morally loaded language. That was the language I wanted to understand, because it seemed to me, after a while, that it was part of what enabled the good trainers to do so much more than the academic psychologists could in the way of eliciting interesting behavior from animals. Trainers, for example, have no hesitation in talking about how much a mare loves or worries about her foal, a cat her kittens, or a dog or a horse his work. But for philosophers and psychologists to speak of love was to invoke abilities that are, for reasons I am still not clear about, as rigidly restricted to *Homo sapiens* as some religious doctrines have restricted the possession of a soul to members of one race or culture, or sometimes of one sex.

In any event, the talk I heard was of no help in enabling me even to figure out what my project was, though after a while I knew a lot about what it wasn't: it was neither behaviorism nor ordinary language philosophy, and it wasn't classic quantificational logic. Nonetheless, I saw many interesting things along the way. A student giving a paper on post-parturition behavior in cats would inadvertently attribute to the mother cat a mental state, such as caring about her kittens. The student would be corrected, and would learn in time to deliver solemnly quantified reports on the amount of licking behavior, suckling behavior, and so on, that was "exhibited" by a mother cat. I wondered about that word "exhibited." Exhibited to whom? The researchers? The kittens? I also wondered about the intellectual and spiritual future of students so carefully instructed in the terrible grammar such ways of talking entailed.

Another habit of mind that students had to be cured of was the habit of supposing that an animal might deliberately hide. (I have never known a hunter to be successfully cured of this habit of mind.) I was deeply fascinated by this, for what was the puppy doing under the bed when you returned home to find an unwelcome monument on the broadloom? But it was sternly pointed out to me what a great, an-



Dear J.
What an adventure!
There is no place as rich in contrasts as Hong Kong. People actually live on sampans! Fishermen still worship Tin Hau Goddess of the sea!
Hong Kong is eating 'dim sum' in 'dai pai dong' (street stalls) or world class restaurants, shopping for designer clothes at bargain prices and exotic handicrafts.
The Cathay Pacific flight was incredible. Imagine gourmet food and wine on an airplane! And the service lived up to its legendary reputation. Did you know Cathay flight attendants come from 10 Asian lands?
Arrived in Thailand. This is a place one dreams about. Ornate temples, golden Buddhas, floating markets, shimmering silks, sun-drenched resorts, elephants at work.
Well, I am off to see the magnificent Grand Palace and then try some spicy Thai cuisine.
Next time we'll come out together
Al

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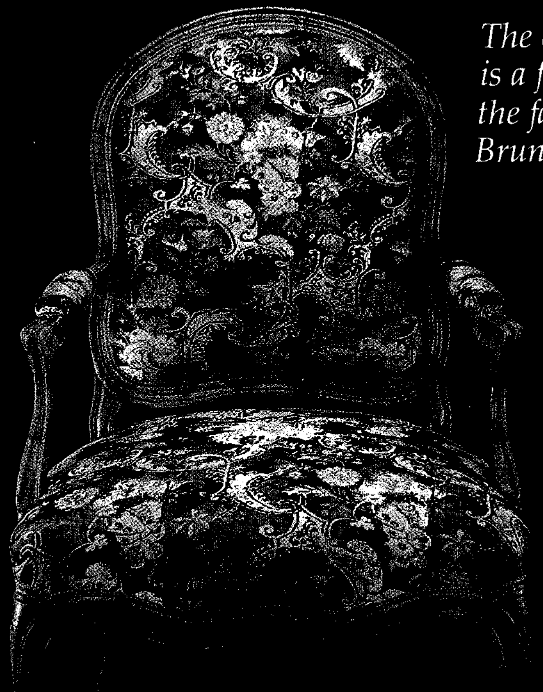

*The chair
is a fauteuil,
the fabric is
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thropomorphic mistake it was to say or think this. In order to be hiding, whether from predators or from the irritated owner of the carpet, a creature would have to have certain logical concepts that animals simply couldn't have.

I remember one careful exposition on the subject of an animal—I think it was an octopus—who in a laboratory situation would hide, or "hide," behind glass, in plain sight of predators. A number of things struck me about that seminar. One was the way the scientist cheerfully applied his interpretation of the behavior of octopuses to the behavior of gazelles and St. Bernard puppies, which seemed to me to demonstrate insufficient respect for the individuality of octopuses. Another was the indifference of the researchers to questions about the importance of vision for octopuses and their predators, and yet another set of considerations had to do with my reflecting that in the same position I would probably do the same thing as the octopuses, either out of mindless habit or because in the tanks in the laboratories there wasn't anything but the glass to get behind. But in order to hide, it was carefully explained, one had to have a concept of self. Not only that: one had to have the concept of self given by the ability to speak academic language, or, at least, a standard human language—a concept of self which depended on the ability to think. And, as one philosopher informed me unequivocally, any sort of thinking required "first-order logical quantification theory."

Since those days, certain conceptually complicated and interesting experiments involving chimpanzees and orangutans and mirrors have weakened the more rigid of the foundations of some of these cognitive allegories, but there is still little help from science.

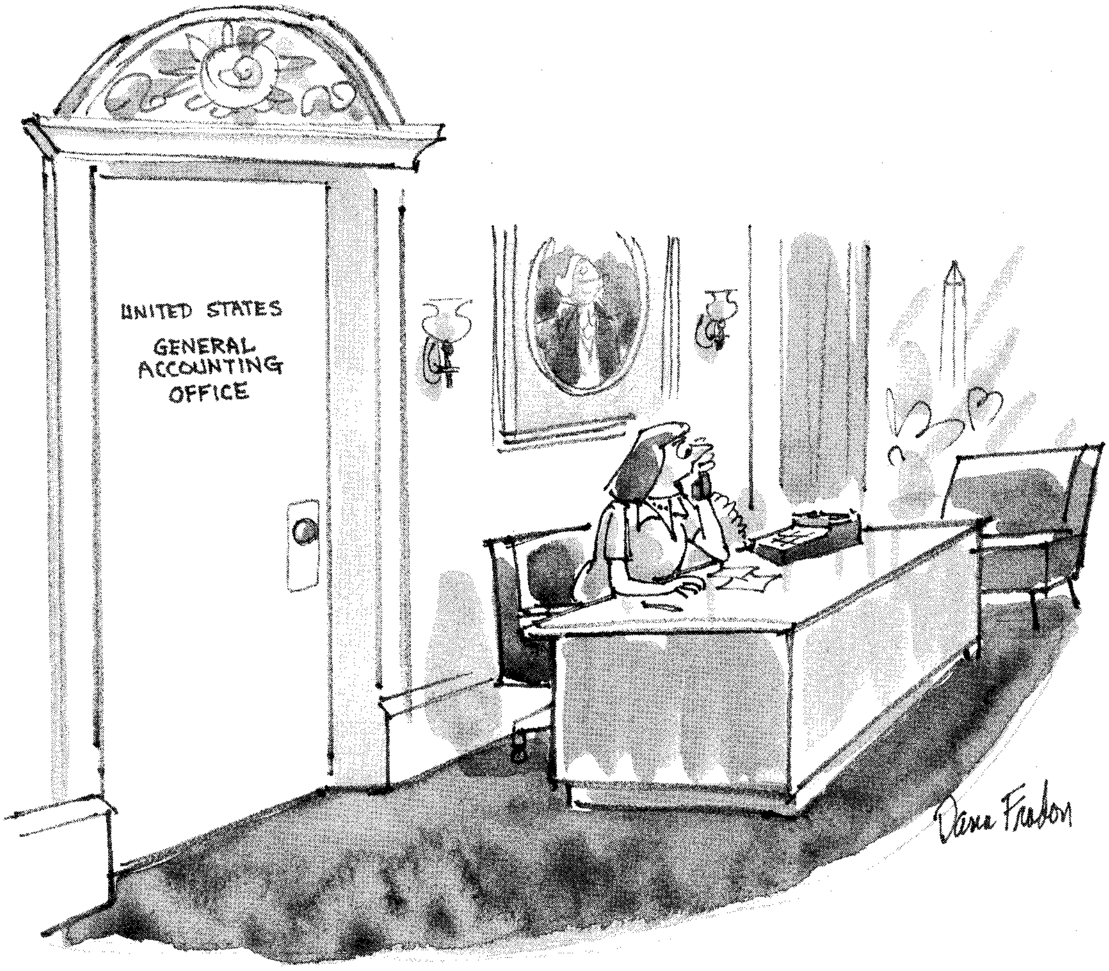
And there is work with gorillas that seems to establish that gorillas, like all primates, share with human beings a tendency—which Aristotle notes in the opening pages of the "Metaphysics"—to rely on vision. Dogs and wolves and other animals, by contrast, distinguish themselves from other individuals, and friends from foes, by scent markers. I don't know why one can't speak, at least tentatively and for the sake of philosophical speculation, of a wolf's territorial markings as being a series of scent mirrors or—as fiction often has it—signatures, and argue from that to a concept of self. But I learned early to be cautious about saying this sort of thing, and I said less and less as time went on, except to two or three friends who were patient with me.

After trying to talk, I would leave the university in the middle or late afternoon to work with a dog or so and any horses that had been left out of the morning schedule. Here, in the various training arenas, the discourse was radically different. It was, as I have said, anthropomorphic—"morally loaded"—as it has always been in the great training manuals. By this I mean that implicit as well as explicit in the trainers' language is the notion that animals are capable not only of activities requiring "I.Q."—a rather arid concept—but also of a complex and delicate (though not infallible) moral understanding, which is so inextricably a function of their relationships with human beings that it may well be said to constitute those relationships. (By "moral understanding" I mean that, as far as a trainer is concerned, a dog is perfectly capable of understanding that he ought not to pee on the bedpost even though he might want to. Characterizing the dog's own formulation of this understanding is a separate matter. To say what I've just said is, of course, to make a claim about the nature of moral understanding.)

Xenophon, in his "Art of Horsemanship," speaks of horses as greatly appreciating certain "courtesies," and, to the irritation of a more or less scientific-minded translator, he speaks in the "Cynegeticus" (a book on dog training) of the cunning of certain hunting dogs in leading other dogs off the trail of a rabbit by barking or baying falsely. The translator in question appends a footnote in which he indulgently explains and apologizes for Xenophon's naïve little slip here in attributing such a degree of intellectual capacity for misdirection to a mere (helplessly sincere) animal. When I showed that passage to a friend of mine who is fond of foxhunting, he remarked rather gloomily, "I believe I know that darned hound!"

Xenophon wrote quite some time ago, but his notions and something like his language continue to echo in modern training, albeit revised, here and there expanded, here and there muted, and from time to time severely reduced. Trainers still speak of whether or not an animal is "mean," "sneaky," "kind," or "honest," and vary their approach to situations accordingly, sometimes saying, "Hey! You've got to come down on that dog hard and fast and right now—that's a real hood." Or "Relax. There isn't a tricky bone in that horse's body—he'll take care of you." Or "Don't worry, he'll come around O.K. He's no real criminal—just a juvenile delinquent." Or, in appreciative awe, "Look at that dog work. She knows her job, doesn't she?" Or, as a general principle of training, "But first, and above all, the horse's *understanding* must be developed." Or "If you want to know where the track is, *ask your dog*."

There seems to me to be something terribly important about this language and what it implies—partly, of course, because it is a language I myself speak, but also because, as I began in time to notice in more and more detail, one can *do* so much more with the trainers' language, despite the fact that in the mid- to late twentieth century it sounds as it has for some time: at best naïve and at worst offensive, somewhat in the way that "Huckleberry Finn" has sounded offensive to some. In the past, attempts to speak in the way I have in mind have been regarded as heretical as well as intellectually unsound. And the agitation expressed by some writers and thinkers in the face of the trainers' persistence in talking the way they do, and the uneasiness expressed by some trainers in response to their awareness of the possibility of that agitation, and the attempts in the introductory portions of some training manuals to placate that agitation—all suggest that modern injunctions against anthropomorphism have as much of a heretic-baiting impulse behind them as any of the older ones. When, for example, I gave

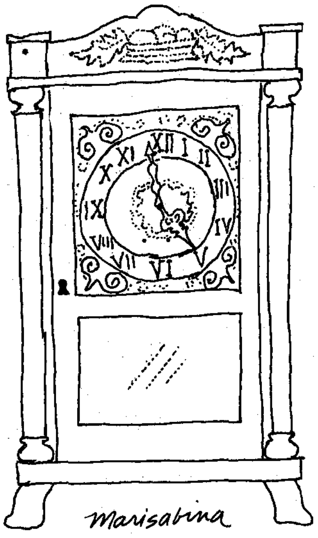


"There's nobody in right now. They're all out looking for hanky-panky."

• •

a talk entitled "Tracking Dogs, Sensitive Horses, and the Traces of Speech" at the New York Institute for the Humanities, one person in the audience said that what I was saying sounded a little—well, religious. I patiently worked at finding out what she meant by religious, and it turned out that she meant anthropomorphic. I said, "Oh, yes, indeed. That's the whole point." She wondered aloud if I should be allowed to teach in a university (as I was about to do); and at a later talk, when I found myself seated next to her by accident, she asked me to leave the room. The morally loaded language of William Koehler's stunningly fine animal-training books has led to any number of long and serious quarrels.

In academic opinion, the trainers are, not to put too fine a point on it, intellectually disloyal. This would not in itself be worth more than a few paragraphs of social history if having something to say about what animals are like—about the problem of animal consciousness—were not a nearly ubiquitous way of providing a rhetorical and conceptual frame for investigations of human consciousness in all sorts of areas. Whatever the author in question thinks women are like, or blacks, or philosophers, or Jews, or Republicans, or Americans, or whatever category defines the "we" of a given discussion, it must first be made clear that the "we" is to be distinguished from the animals.



In any case, I decided to cast my intellectual, literary, and moral lot with the trainers—even the sleaziest of them—despite my fondness for the wonderful creatures of philosophy and related disciplines. This didn't mean that as a thinker I was free from the intellectual tradition I inherited. Like any other trainer of my time, I have been enriched and bruised by what I might call "scientimorphism," by which I mean the Western faith in the beauties of doubt and refutation which is one of our central intellectual virtues. And it is, in its place, a virtue, but, like any popular notion, it is rarely in its place—it tends to run amok and lead to the curiously superstitious notion that to have no reason to believe a proposition is the same as having a reason to assert that the proposition is false.

I should confess that doubt ran amok in my own case even after I had worn out a number of bridles and leashes, and that for a long time, even as I became cranky with the philosophers, I tended to think of the trainers as skillful, perhaps, but philosophically naïve. I hadn't noticed that genuine mastery of anything entails sound philosophical thought of one sort or another. When, for example, I read in William Koehler's book on guard-dog training about the importance of being sure that your prospective protection dog has a well-developed sense of "responsibility," I tended privately, and only semi-consciously, to think it a pity that he didn't know better than to use such a word in relation to animals. I managed to think that even though I already knew him to be one of the greatest animal trainers the world has ever seen. For years, he was a head animal trainer for Walt Disney Studios, and he was a genius at training scout dogs, war dogs, and police dogs. He wrote "The Koehler Method of Dog Training." His son Dick Koehler is at least as fine a trainer as his father, and the finest teacher of anything I have ever known.

It was not, finally, the trainers who showed me the necessity of believing them but a dog and, later, a horse. In this, my story is a common one. Alois Podhajsky, the famous trainer of the Lipizzaner stallions at the Spanish Riding School, in Vienna, called his autobiographical book "My Horses, My Teachers"—the true title of the autobiography of virtually every horse trainer who has ever lived. The dog who forced me to notice what was going on was an Airedale terrier named Gunner. I was working him on a scent problem, having him follow a track laid by my daughter Colleen, who was seven. As I work on tracking, the dog is taught not only to follow a scent but to retrieve objects dropped by the track layer. The track was plainly marked for me, since there was still dew on the ground and Colleen's footsteps showed clearly. Furthermore, I knew where the track "had" to end, since Colleen had been picked up in a car and driven away after dropping the last glove. I knew that she hadn't been in the area the track was laid in for a week, so there was no problem about a confusion of trails. Suddenly, Gunner left the trail and began bounding to the left, toward some bushes about eighty-five feet away. I decided, as human beings tend to, that I knew more than the dog did about what was going on. I shouted angrily and tried to halt him with pressure on the harness, but he kept on merrily (he always looked merry), to my intense exasperation, and emerged from the bushes with a stuffed toy that Colleen had for some days been mourning the loss of. It took me a decade to figure out how to talk about training in general and tracking in particular in a way that would make it clear why at such a moment my intellectual loyalties shifted; and how to tell other stories—especially a horse story—that would indicate *what the trainers have in mind* when they talk the way they do. But the experience was for me an epiphany rather than a demonstration: the moment when, taking the stuffed toy from the joyous young Airedale, it dawned on me that people like Koehler use terms like "responsible" in relationship to animals because those are the terms that *make sense* of the situation.

I began realizing other things as well, such as that in the trainers' world different kinds of animals exist from the ones that I heard and read about in the university. For the trainer, there are hot working Airedales, dutiful and reliable German Shepherds, horses with intense, fiery, and competitive temperaments, other horses who are irredeemably dishonest. In the universities, there were more or less Cartesian creatures of uncertain pedigree, revised by uncertain interpreters of Freud and Jung, which may be why animals are invoked in the world of letters in general to mark "primitive" and usually unsavory impulses, while in the trainers' world they are more like characters in James Thurber, who insisted that in his work dogs represented "intelligence and repose." The trainers' language was—if I could only unfold its story with the full acceptance of what the philosopher Stanley Cavell has called "the daily burden of discourse"—the right language, the philosophically responsible language.

Knowing this was important to me. It enriched my work and conversation as a trainer, but it didn't enable me to tell anyone else much about what I was at last beginning to have a grasp of. This was a terrific problem for me, because argument was at the center of most of the philosophy I knew, and I didn't want to argue with anyone.

A year or so after Gunner brought me the stuffed toy, I met the poet John Hollander, and we talked about animals. I told him I thought that the training relationship was a moral one, and he asked, "Why do you say that?"

I replied, crossly, "Because I think it's *true!*"

He responded, very gently, "That's a good answer, but what I meant was 'What do you have *in mind* when you say that?' "

No one else had ever wanted to know, so I began trying to explain. That became my task. Other questions grew out of that question, and most of them quickly became questions about language—questions that located the boundaries of language in regions often understood to be remote from language.

THERE was once, not long ago, a mare named Halla. Riders with international ambitions became interested in her, because she had an enormous talent for jumping. But there were, in the way the story has come to me, those who turned away from the notion of riding her in competition. For a horse to endure the emotional, physical, and spiritual stress of what is called Grand Prix or international competition, he or she must be deeply reliable, steady-hearted, and tough-minded, and Halla was nervous, quirky, unstable, and given to temper tantrums when things went wrong on course. From a horse trainer's point of view, she was crazy.

Hans Günter Winkler, a German trainer, began riding her—rode her, in fact, on the Grand Prix course in Stockholm in 1956 and in other, equally important events. Riders watched, deeply impressed by Winkler's ability to bring the mare's passions and talent into that order and discipline we call "the art" of riding—an art that some thought had been closed for this mare by insanity. They spoke, in a way that will become importantly inaccurate as I go on, of Winkler's enormous tact in "reassuring" the excitable mare. (I put the term "reassuring" in quotes not because I think it is wrong—Winkler was one of the most tactful and reassuring riders who have ever lived, and that certainly goes a long way toward accounting for his successes, not only with Halla but with horse after horse—but because I believe that something else about Winkler was more important with this particular horse.) In the first round at Stockholm, Halla had four faults, for the highest score. (This means that she only knocked down one fence.) The second round was scheduled to take place that afternoon.

Trouble had developed in the first round, though. The next-to-last fence was a big vertical, and Halla was coming in too fast and long. Her tremendous talent enabled her to jump the fence, although awkwardly, and Winkler's talent enabled him to stay on her, clamping his knees hard while she jumped, with the result that in the air he pulled a groin muscle badly and was in sudden and severe pain. And there was the last fence still to come—a huge wall. The usual responses to sudden pain are to collapse, vomit, take to one's bed. What Winkler did was to tell Halla to go ahead and jump the wall.

When it came time for the afternoon round, Winkler was in such pain that he had to be lifted into the saddle. He was proposing to ride a Grand Prix course when the use of his legs—which control a jumper—was virtually gone. You may more or less dispense with your legs and back while loping around nowhere in particular, down the beach or across a plain, but not over a Grand Prix course of jumps. One horseman who was there told me that he had thought it was madness to contemplate riding in that condition a mare like Halla, madness to suppose that with one's legs gone one could get as much as a decently calm working trot out of that particular mare. The idea of expecting *any* horse to understand what is at stake in gold-medal competition and to be able to summon the tremendous concentration required by a powerful and trappy jump course would seem ridiculous to many riders. The notion of turning a nervous, unreliable mare toward those stressful fences when the rider's control was suddenly gone—horsemen speak of a horse's being "upset" when a rider in one way or another "drops" a horse—made it look as though Winkler's ambitions had blinded him to what he was attempting.

It was obvious that for all practical purposes Winkler's legs were gone. All he could do was "go along for the ride," telling Halla which order to take the fences in, and not much else. I

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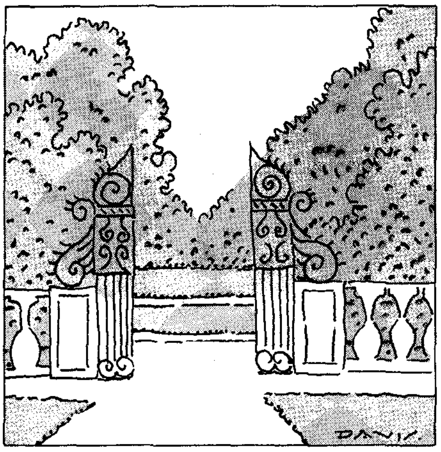
am oversimplifying a bit here, but the point is how the event appeared to sophisticated horsemen. Imagine a race-car driver suddenly unable to operate clutch, brake, and accelerator except in a distant, awkward, and weak fashion. But Halla was a horse, not a machine. "Of all creatures the noblest," writes the Elizabethan trainer and poet Gervase Markham. And Halla, as horsemen say, took her rider home. She won the gold medal for him. William Steinkraus, himself a gold-medal rider and currently chairman of the board of the United States Equestrian Team, prints a photograph of Winkler and Halla in his splendid book "Riding and Jumping," and in the caption remarks:

> Hans's wonderful accuracy in riding approaches enables him to leave the ground with little to do except maintain equilibrium, and his position in the air usually shows more emphasis on delicacy of contact than on security.... This combination has an astonishing record in winning the most important competitions, reflecting a very delicately balanced relationship between two high-strung and intensely competitive temperaments.

Steinkraus has here written a little allegory of virtue, or vertu—that noble old conception of intelligence, courage, and power collapsed into one trait. In the language that good writers and riders, like Steinkraus, use to talk about such people and horses and such moments, those figures of speech which are usually called anthropomorphic—as in the phrase "two high-strung and intensely competitive temperaments"—are transformed into such allegories. In our daily, secular language, one might say that the word "temperament," which refers to innate moral qualities, is literally about people and only figuratively about animals. But in Steinkraus's caption it obliterates the gap between the literal and the metaphorical, and becomes what the philosopher Charles Taylor calls invocative. Winkler's genius lay at least in part in his ability to be commanded by the invocative—to be commanded by the various poems of horsemanship in such a fashion that he called into "real" being (in a sense that even the realist might acknowledge as reality) his and Halla's heroic ride.

One way of explaining how Winkler was able to succeed with Halla is to say that he had a better story to tell himself and her about the nature of horsemanship and horses than riders who failed with her did. He had to have had, for one thing, a story about how what appears to be horse insanity may be—even must be, most of the time—evidence of how powerful equine genius is, and how powerfully it can object to incoherence, and he must have had a story like that about Halla which would move him to keep thinking and trying when things got rough. Riders who have a lot of stories about incurably crazy horses tend to find that a lot of the horses they run into are crazy. The stories we tell matter, and not only do stories reclaim the beauty of crazy horses but also stories lead to insanity in the first place. I want to understand what a crazy horse is, and I strongly suspect that the epic size of the story of Winkler and Halla indicates that to understand any form of craziness entails understanding that it occurs in an epic landscape, an epic world.

This means that the question "What is a crazy horse?" is incomprehensible if it is understood as a question for psychology to answer. It is not psychology that has enabled anyone to do anything about the actual maniacs souring away in the corral, not psychology that has told the stories that restore horses to themselves and to us. The visions that have led to genuine horsemanship have been visions that come from artistic rather than psychological thinking, and even from mathematical rather than engineering thinking, since the great horsemen tend to have a sense of how form matters which is like the thinking that led to Plato's analysis of the five regular solids. The first question is: What in the world can account for anyone's success in training horses at all, whether or not they are crazy? No description of technique of the rider-as-subject, horse-as-object sort, however minute its details, can account for the myriad moments of transformation which are daily fare in the good trainer's world. Such moments are among the things that move trainers to turn with pitying exasperation from semi-Marxist descriptions of all training and discipline as coercion for the purposes of the state, which in this case is often represented by the trainer's "ego." In an age in which Marxism is not unbridled but merely enfeebled, some writers who know nothing about horses tend to use horse training not as a trope of courage and genuine discipline—as used to be the case—but as a trope of mere coercion, and one finds remarks to this effect like Michel Foucault's when he says that dressage, like monasteries, armies, and other "general formulas of domination," implies an "uninterrupted, constant coercion."



I DO believe that, indeed, education by and large serves to defraud humans of their own interests, and sometimes thereby of their souls, and that crazy horses are one consequence of the "education" of horses. But, as T. S. Eliot was moved to speak of "the eternal struggle of art against education," I am moved to distinguish between coercive education and dressage or any other genuine discipline. Horse trainers tend to turn away from such passages as Foucault's, and one way of expressing what they reject might be to say that the passage is simply wrong about the nature of dressage, but a better way of expressing it might be to say that the passage is ugly. I think it helps to remember that the horseman shares with the mathematician an ability to be commanded by beauty even in the face of paradox, and, for both, the need to make the right distinctions between the beautiful and the merely pretty or picturesque is a condition of survival as a genuine thinker. This is embedded in the literary tradition—in tales of great horses who were disregarded because they were not fashionably pretty—and in certain places in artistic tradition. In Stubbs' portraits of great racers, for example, details of physique which would put a horse out of the running in a conformation class are carefully rendered, and in some cases, as in the portrait of the horse named Turf, there are details of posture, expression on the jockey's face, and so on, that convey Turf's difficult temperament. In "The Complete Training of Horse and Rider," Colonel Podhajsky insists that if the horse becomes more beautiful in the course of his work it is a sign that the training principles are correct. All by itself, this remark won't make you able to train a horse, but the rider who rests content with imitations of beauty finds his or her horses going crazy, although sometimes not violently enough for it to be noticed.

Beauty is a sign—even a criterion—of truth. But what is the craziness of a horse a warning against? I want to understand this by examining some of the ways the trainer summons the beauty of the horse. I don't know a great deal more about the history of Hans Winkler and Halla, so I will turn to my own experience with horses, one of whom was in temperament, I think, very much like Halla.

The standard crazy-horse story, which may have a title like "Outlaw Roan" or "My Friend Flicka," or which may be a true story, like the story of Halla, has a tendency to go in a certain way that seems to provide us with metaphors for maintaining clarity in the face of our difficulty with craziness in general, whether of horses or of people, or our difficulty with what the French philosopher Jacques Derrida calls the "fissure in the allegory"—the crazing in the enamel of our understanding of the world. In such a story, there is an outlaw horse. Not a *wild* horse but an outlaw, one who is for one reason or another outside the order appropriate to the kind of creature he is. The genuine outlaw usually has a ping-pong mechanism composed of fear and rage in response to people. There are fine tales, like Will James' "Smoky, the Cow Horse," in which we see the world from the horse's point of view, as a place that is orderly and meaningful except in the insane corners inhabited by humans. Smoky's first contact with humans comes when he is rounded up for the first time and branded, and James' narrator is careful to insist that it is not the physical pain of the brand that is central to what is "alienating" about the experience but, rather, incoherence. Then there are brutal memories, which the horse insists on by way of explaining and maintaining his craziness.

The horse's responses in such tales generally earn him or her more brutal memories, and there may even come a time when he is hunted down for use as a saddle bronc or as dog food. At this point, often a child enters, usually a child in early adolescence. The child interposes himself or herself between the horse and the horse's persecutors in quite brave ways. Sometimes the bravery is largely a matter of spiritual or emotional stamina and clarity, but

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I like doing things differently. But there is one longstanding tradition in my family that's never been broken: always honeymoon at the Kahala. My parents have three times.

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often there is a physical element—the child stows away in the boxcar that the criminals are using to take the horse to Madison Square Garden to be a saddle bronc, or simply places the tender child body between the rampaging roan and the raging men with ropes and rifles. The degree of violence varies with the cultural setting, but the threat to the horse is always absolute. In the hands of the right writer, the mere threat of separation of the horse and child is sufficient to make the horse's and the child's doom fully felt as a psychic amputation.

In one way or another, the child comes to have the horse available for handling, riding, training. (Sometimes the child steals the horse.) The details of this training vary enormously, depending, again, on what culture or horse subculture is involved. (A variant on the crazy-horse story is the ugly-horse story, like the one that the children's writer Marguerite Henry tells about Hambletonian, foundation sire of the Standardbred, or the story of Snowman—both favorite American true-to-life stories.) A central detail in the training of the crazy horse is the child's courage in continuing to touch the horse tenderly, with both hands and voice, in the face of the horse's hostility. The horse, it should be noted, usually becomes dangerous at the sight and stench of the works of human beings only; with other horses, if they are elements in the story, he generally lives up to the horse's reputation as the noblest, most coöperative, and most forgiving of creatures.

The child's touch eventually penetrates the horse's confusion, fear, and rage, and *voilà* the cleverest and most stalwart of all the cow ponies on the range, or the gentlest hunter of all the children's hunters in the park, or the greatest racehorse of them all, as in "The Black Stallion," or the harness-horse champion. Now, while I am on my way to denying that gentle touching is sufficient for any real wild-eyed rogue in any real corral, it is certainly necessary. Horses can ask to be caressed and touched in various ways, but it still turns out that saying "Please scratch my back" isn't by itself enough to tell one's companion how to do so. The horseman who is faced with a more dangerous situation than we usually are when someone wants his back scratched needs some rather powerful tales to transmute the horse's frustration with language into an acknowledgment of language. Frustra-

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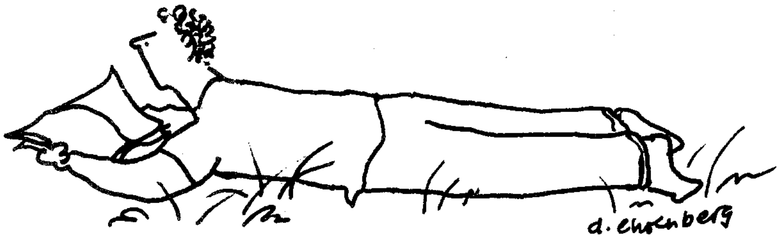
tion with language is, in the nature of things, precisely where one starts with a crazy horse.

I'LL call her Drummer Girl. Her conformation was delicate and perfect—a textbook illustration of correct slope of shoulder, angle of hock and pastern, ratio of head to neck, neck to back, back to legs, and so on. She was slightly over at the knee, but this is so commonly a trait of stunning performance horses that it might as well be called a beauty. Her balance was wonderful, her movement true and clean: there was no paddling, no wobbling, and her stride was long, accurate, straight, and powerful. She was also ignorant and nervous, and confused by—one can only guess—the bizarre activities that pass for training on and about California tracks so much of the time. She had papers from the Jockey Club and a tattooed number inside her upper lip, confirming the track history that her papers detailed.

If she was nervous, she was not yet suspicious and angry; she was young, tender, a filly still, possessed, as most horses are, of a forgiving nature, and willing to listen to the horse stories I had to tell. I found her in the course of a search I was conducting for a client—a man who had considerable riding skills and wanted a young horse to develop as a show hunter. (It is important to note that there wasn't anything particularly wrong with this man's skills in the saddle—he was far from being a moral monster. In fact, I like and admire him a lot. In horse stories, riders who fail with horses like Drummer Girl are moral brutes, but those stories are allegory, not psychological realism.) I tried the horse out and showed her to my client, who was impressed. He bought her and had her trailered to her new home, in a neighboring state.

A year or so went by. Eventually, there was a phone call. The mare was causing difficulty. Would I take her in training? When I asked why a local trainer wouldn't do, since Drummer Girl now lived a day-and-a-half drive from my stable, I was told that four local trainers had already kicked her out of their barns. Since one of the stories I was determined to stick to at the time was that I could train *anything*, I accepted, and the mare was brought back to my barn.



As she was being unloaded, she twisted herself coming out, aimed her hind end at me, and kicked viciously. I dodged successfully, and discovered shortly that she had kicked her shoe off and had kicked so hard that the shoe went through the wall of the tack room. It is very unusual for a horse to go so far out of the way to attack a human being—especially a stranger. In fact, most horses go to surprising lengths, even when they aren't particularly well trained, to avoid hurting humans. The silly, confused, but tender filly was gone. This was a full-grown mare—enraged, paranoid-psychotic, violently uninterested in "My Friend Flicka." She had had it with humans and their stories. She had especially had it with kindness—any story about kindness. One of the many things that inspired her terror and rage was a soothing pat on the shoulder. She welcomed such gestures the way a rape victim might welcome a strange man's compliments on her figure, with an enraged trance, a kind of ping-pong of terror-anger-terror-anger.

I may have created the impression that simple physical brutality and distress caused her denials, but this isn't so—or, at least, it's oversimplified. For creatures with language, there are very few cases, if any, in which you can point to simple physical brutality isolated from a semantics of brutality, because in training situations there is always a relationship, exchanges of some sort, a matrix that creates the interpretation as well as the fact of physical pain, so that the interpretation is inseparable from the pain. (It is the syntactical and semantic context of surgery that makes it a different phenomenon from murder, even when the patient dies.) Drummer Girl, as it happens, was genuinely and unusually sensitive physically. (This, like the reports I make about the temperaments of various animals, is not something I can prove that I know—it's just the sort of thing you do come to know if you work with enough horses.)

In fact, I probably caused Drummer Girl more physical pain—to the extent that physical pain can be quantified—than anyone else had. The significant brutalities for this mare had been linguistic—moral in the full sense. And Drummer Girl was temperamentally very different from a Pointer I once trained named Salty. Salty was mostly unimpressed with hostile and incoherent transactions—partly because she was born comfortable with the knowledge that human beings are by and large dopes, but also because going as hard as possible was central to her. A racehorse with a temperament like Salty's can survive the incoherencies of the track much better than a horse like Drummer Girl, for whom balance, symmetry, and coherence were at the center of the cosmos. Hence the depth of her enraged despair when the world failed to provide the forms that would make manifest the movements she inchoately yearned for. She desired balance the way any creature desires its own nature, and this meant more to her than what we usually call love. The human heroine of "National Velvet" desired something like this (although she was perhaps more like Salty than like Drummer Girl)—a pleasure "earlier than love, nearer heaven." So you couldn't shift about casually, however gently, in the saddle while you were on Drummer Girl's back, even in order to stroke her neck while at halt, to praise her for getting it right, for in that small tilt the sun and the moon changed places and hunted each other down in her heart. In this she was, of course, a horse. It is innately in horses under tack to rage or, in the case of most family pleasure mounts, to retreat in varying degrees into dullness of response when there is no authentic movement and intercourse. In this case, Drummer Girl's enormous capacity for precision and elegance was the measure of her capacity for maddened refusals of any lesser communication.

What was I going to say to this mare? A number of options simply weren't available. If, for example, I were to approach her believing some febrile nonsense of the sort I quoted earlier, about training as coercion, then my beliefs would be manifest in my body as I approached her, and she, reading this, would plain old kill me, that's all, if she could find a way, thus underlining a remark of William Steinkraus's—that the horse is the ultimate authority on the correctness of our theories and methods. It is wrong to talk about coercion not only because that doesn't happen to be what's going on in places like the Spanish Riding School, where horses are trained to the highest pitch, but also because it cannot go on with horses performing at high levels: horses have souls, and there is an inexorable logic consequent on that which makes coercing them into high performance impossible. I don't mean that you can't coerce horses—only that if you do you will end up, if you are lucky, with a dull, unenthusiastic mount or, if you are unlucky, with a Drummer Girl emerging murderously from the trailer. Similarly, notions that make coercion out to be the central force in the world can't explain why some people become artists or make love richly and joyously or have authentic conversations. Drummer Girl's rage marks with exquisite accuracy the point at which both behaviorism and Marxism, as well as perhaps deconstruction, must come to an end.

That first evening, I put Drummer Girl in a large pasture, where she could wander loosely and at will, getting the kinks of the long trailer ride out of her system, even though I knew what would happen—for, of course, the next day the first problem was how to catch her. (One speaks of "catching" horses in a pasture even when they are eager and gregarious sorts who need no true "catching." It just means putting a halter on the horse and leading him or her out to be groomed or tacked up, or whatever is on the schedule.) I approached Drummer Girl with a halter and lead shank in my hand. She responded to this by dashing violently around the pasture, kicking and squealing in case I didn't understand what she was saying, which was "You can't catch me!" I didn't have a helper, but I knew a fair amount about herding horses, so I managed to get her into a corner and was on the point of slipping the halter on. Whereupon she whirled, stamped hard on my foot with one of her hind hooves for emphasis, and bolted. "You can't catch me, because even if you did I'd probably kill you, because I'm crazy and you don't know *what* I might do!"

I accepted this version of things, since it was obviously—for the moment, at least—true. I limped back to the tack room and emerged with a long, light whip called a longe whip, because it is used with a horse who is being worked on a longe line. (It is not a bullwhip: the distinction matters.) When she bolted again at the sight of me, I made no attempt to herd her or get her any closer to me. Instead, I said, "O.K. You want to bolt, let's bolt." So I snapped the whip and chased her heartlessly around the pasture. When she wanted to stop, I popped the whip and kept her moving. (I did not, it should be said, wear her out physically, nor did I touch her with the whip; both things would have been stupid, brutal, and dangerous.) After a while, she stopped and faced me, her stance and expression a real study. She had a new message. The message was "Jesus! You're the crazy one! If you don't know any more than that about horses, I'll have to keep you calm! You're weird!" (A psychiatrist has told me, "I get along fine with paranoids, because I get mad at them. But I get mad at them about something they can control.")

I responded by laying the whip on the ground and approaching with the halter and lead shank held out in front of me, by way of saying, "The way to keep me calm is to let me halter and lead you." The first few times I did this, she started her crazy bolting again, careering about like a firecracker. Every time she did, I picked up the whip and "chased" her. Eventually, she walked toward me and stuck her nose out quietly, handy for haltering. This was not coercion. Cornering her, lassoing her, and, most especially, sweet-talking her—all that would have been coercion. What I did—this requires the sort of commitment to the horse that is not entailed in sweet talk—was simply to set up a situation in which she had available to her certain clear decisions. Sweet talk would have muddied things up with emotional appeals.

I should say very quickly, in case there are any trainers or would-be trainers reading this, that this method will not work with most horses who don't want to be caught—especially range horses and mustangs. This was a response to a particular and unusual problem, of appealing to what I was betting was the common sense of a very intelligent horse who had a particular history and a particular metaphysics. She had a certain story going about being caught—her own story—and since I couldn't simply toss that story out I had to revise it. But horses have nearly as many stories about what "You can't catch me" means as there are horses who refuse to be caught. No method or impersonal theory relieves the trainer of the burden of judgment.

Although Drummer Girl was—technically, at least—"green broke" and therefore ridable, I didn't ride her for a little while. Instead, I longed her. By this, I don't mean classical longeing—the handler standing in the middle of a circle around which the horse works on a longe line. I now had her on a halter and lead shank, and there was a truce between us, but it was a very uneasy sort of truce. What I did, roughly, was run in the opposite direction from the one she was taking. If she bolted to my right, I went left. If she bolted forward, I did an about-turn and ran. If she went up, I went down—to China, if necessary.

I gave her temptations and distractions. I set up a bucket full of oats, and when she darted forward to grab a mouthful (and she did this quite reliably, having been bribed a lot with oats in the past during her "You can't catch me" sequences) I turned about and ran, my momentum, as usual, yanking her head around, and she followed for a simple reason—in order to stay near her head while dealing with this clumsy ignoramus of a handler. About the fourth time my speed spun her away from the bucket of oats, the situation changed. She tensed to dart forward and then stopped herself (the lead rope was completely slack), turning over in her head the implications of my behavior. She got it right, snorted, stuck her left eye up to my right eye, and pawed the ground furiously. Stories about a sweet horsie who couldn't help herself and needed only affection and gentleness were what made her crazy, but they were the only stories she had—her only survival tools—and she quite naturally didn't want to give them up. So I didn't soothe her; nor did I put any pressure on the lead shank to "steady" her. Instead, I banked everything on her capacities as a moral agent. I turned and ran again, and because she was now distracted—not by the oats but by her broodings on my outrageousness—

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she didn't move quickly enough to prevent her head from being yanked around again by my motion. This, however, was the moment when things truly changed, and she actually began paying attention to me, as a creature whose behavior might turn out to be comprehensible if not pleasant. In order to turn comfortably when I turned, she began to learn to concentrate and keep her balance.

A few days later, I went out to the stable in the morning with my friend Eleanor, who wanted to know more about animals in order to think more fully about her own work, with disturbed adolescents. She and I stood around chatting, so I didn't immediately take out the tack and catch Drummer Girl, who by now knew the order in which I worked the horses, and knew that she got worked first. She was impatient for work and came over to the gate, pawing the ground in insistent appeal rather than in fury, and bumping at the gate with her nose. So I left my chatting. When I walked over to her with the halter, she was eager, and when I was too slow for her she impatiently reached her nose out and stuck it into the correct loop. After our session was over, I turned her loose in the riding area, and my friend and I continued to talk about what was going on, seated at a table under a pepper tree. After her roll, Drummer Girl came over to us and gently interposed her nose between us, nodding her head a bit, peacefully, to make sure we knew that she wanted to be in on the conversation. Eleanor, who had never ridden a horse, and certainly hadn't the skills for dealing with a homicidal thoroughbred, and who was, in any event, rather frail physically, scratched the mare's neck and shoulder—a gesture that just a few days before had inspired impressive displays of anger. She chatted with the horse, with Drummer Girl practically in her lap, in perfect safety.

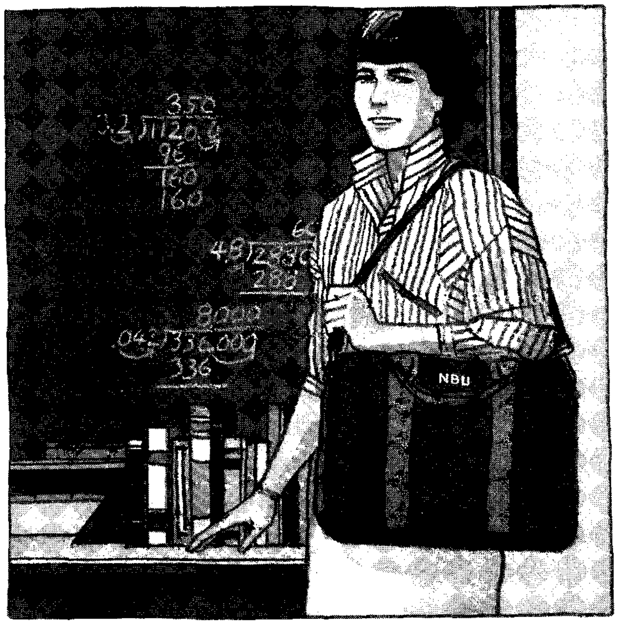
It is not hard to make this out to be a tale of coercion, I suppose; all you have to do is put the right adjectives in front of the word "halter," or suitably modify the word "eager," in the foregoing paragraphs. However, as I keep saying, it would be impossible to get the response I have described from the mare by using such a philosophy. Drummer Girl still didn't fully trust me, so even though she had come fairly quickly not merely to tolerate but to enjoy the work on the ground—which progressed to heeling and stays and recalls—getting on her back turned out to be quite another matter.

One day, I mounted Drummer Girl. She flipped her head back immediately and broke open my eyebrow. Instantly, with no pause, just as though she were a carefully raised and civilized Lipizzaner at the Spanish Riding School, I asked her to perform a *volte* at trot instead of moving off at a gingerly walk. A *volte* is a graceful circle that the horse can't maintain at all without a fair amount of concentration. Drummer Girl was so startled by this outrageous, unorthodox response on my part (remember, she had been in the hands of a number of trainers, and so knew something about orthodoxy) that she gave me two and a quarter nice circles before she broke out again in upset. But her resistance changed, quite suddenly, from what a Marxist might admire as revolution to a half-hearted kind of objection that was a function more of habit than of story or philosophy. This was because her own beauty and talent had given her, in response to my request for the *volte*, a trot that was just about classically pure for those few moments. For a few steps, then, she achieved under saddle what horsemen call "self-carriage," and those moments of congruence and contact with her own splendor accomplished more than years of people's babbling about her sweetness and prettiness had. She was neither sweet nor pretty. She was, however, beautiful (the sort of beauty that can be the beginning of terror, since to know beauty is to know the loss of beauty and thus full angst in the face of the knowledge of death).

That it was beauty, and not prettiness, mattered, and continued to matter as I worked with her: the discipline of horsemanship entails continually making the right distinctions, not allowing oneself to be seduced, whether by the horse or by one's own flabbiness of soul, into either asking for or accepting merely pretty movement. Offering merely pretty movement was probably how Drummer Girl had kept other riders at a distance from her, but that distance she knew so well how to maintain was the exact distance from which nagging is possible. So in refusing to nag her I was insisting that her movement be *true*, while remembering that this was a truth that came from her, and not me. My job, as Wallace Stevens said of the poet's job, was simply to recognize it when it came. Which is, of course, yet another of the hundreds of translations that horsemen have been making for centuries of Xenophon's remark that in riding the development of the horse's beauty is the sign of a true training philosophy.

VARIOUS things happened in the course of our work to complicate and change what I had to do and know in order to elicit from Drummer Girl her own power. When I originally tried her out, one of the things that had drawn both me and her owner to her was her jumping. She was one of those horses who take to jumping naturally; she was, in fact, less nervous about fences than she was about work on the flat. And her form over fences was a thing to see; without instruction, she brought from herself knowledge of all sorts of things about approaching and negotiating fences which normally I wouldn't expect of a horse for some time. She just liked to jump.

But she had become a fence rusher. Fence rushing is so generally recognized as one of the hardest problems to deal with that a fair number of excellent training books advise people to pass a fence rusher by, and try another mount. Instead of going forward eagerly and thoughtfully into a jump, of whatever height, including a symbolic pole laid on the ground, a fence rusher pushes the panic button and charges the fence in a high rage. This is dangerous for both horse and rider. I've seen and read various solutions for fence rushing. One method that once in a while works tolerably well, at least in terms of bringing home ribbons from local shows or enabling a rider to survive a fox hunt or a cross-country run, is to put a lot of headgear on the horse—martingales, which hold the head in and down, and bits, which, through leverage, not only punish the mouth, chin, and poll when the head starts to rise but also reduce the amount of pressure the rider must exert to hold a horse in, and so on. Another method is to work the horse in circles, one of whose arcs equals part of the arc to the approach, over and over again, turning the horse



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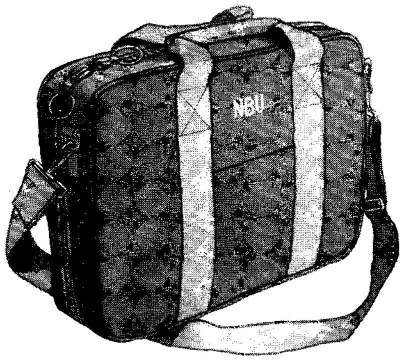

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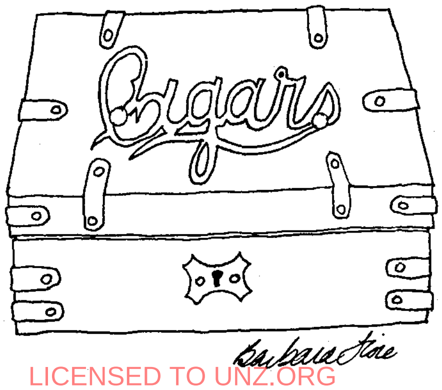
from the fence anything from ten to forty times for every time the horse is allowed to go on and jump. The hope is behavioristic: the horse will come to associate the sight of the jump with the quietness of the circles. I have seen this method work on horses (and on riders) I didn't consider genuine rushers but only temporarily unnerved or inexperienced. Another method that works on sane horses or fairly experienced ones is simply to stop the horse on the approach to the fence if he starts to charge, and then negotiate the approach again and again, until the horse comes in quietly and thoughtfully.

But Drummer Girl was dead serious about rushing. If there was any evidence of jumping timber when we walked into the riding ring, she would tense up and tremble as though she were having delirium tremens. I estimated that we could circle around and around for the next twenty years and it would serve only to reinforce her dedication to rushing. In the right hands and on the right horse, martingales and various kinds of curb bits that use leverage are useful, and even noble, devices, but at this stage Drummer Girl was still capable of such an intense terror of being captured or hemmed in that I knew I had to rely on my own quickness in giving halt corrections rather than on equipment that would otherwise have considerably reduced the amount of sheer physical work I had to do.

After suitable preparation I needn't detail here, designed to insure that she understood what was going on, I made no attempt to slow her down on the approaches to the fence. (The "fence" was, at this stage, literally nothing but a pole laid on the ground, so the athletic problems she had to solve were virtually nonexistent.) She charged at a pace and with a fury that made the Kentucky Derby look like a pleasure ride, and I let her go, leaving the reins entirely alone as long as she bolted *over the pole*. Trying to slow her only fired her up anyway; no one is strong enough to hold in such a horse—at least with the headgear I was using. I couldn't slow her, but I could stop her. So, one and a half or so mad strides after the fence, I sat up and very quietly asked with my legs and seat—not with my hands—for a halt. She, of course, paid me no attention; one purpose of fence rushing is to try, in a kind of distorted *furor poeticus*, to revise the rider and the whole situation out of existence. Drummer Girl not only was doing that but she seemed willing to let herself be so revised: anything to avoid the by now terrifying business of *thinking* about jumping. I responded by giving her a violent halt correction, dropping the slack into one rein and using it to compensate for my relative frailty, jerking her head up and back in a way that brought her, perforce, to a sudden halt.

Since she understood a great deal now about the halt correction on the flat, this got her attention. We went back and forth, back and forth, over the tiny rail. I continued to leave her free to rush as she pleased on the approach, insisting on nothing but the halt afterward. In time, she started to slow down on the approach and think about it, not because she had returned to her former innocent enthusiasm for jumping but in order to be *balanced* in such a fashion that she could stop when I asked her to without either getting the correction or having to stop by letting all her weight slam painfully onto her fragile and sensitive front legs.

Soon she started, with no advice from me, to teach herself to come in with that thrillingly round canter—full collection at canter—which eliminates gravity. She achieved on her own—in the course of solving for herself the problem of dealing with the fact that she must stop after the fence—a traditional movement that is sometimes criticized by those who don't understand it as "artificial." She rounded her back, flexed her head and neck, flexed hip, knee, and hock, and brought her hind end up under her for greater control and suppleness. I had heartlessly set things up so that if she was capable of any sort of reasoning at all she must slow down and canter properly—must, that is, choose a muscular version of the Good over the chaos of the stories about a sweet, dumb horse who just couldn't help herself. I could do this only because there was a vein of harmony in her to call on, and once she had made *this* decision she suddenly had within her the power to make further such decisions, in other situations, even though I was still far from being all the way home with this extraordinary mare. She knew now what the Good felt like, even if she didn't yet know many of the forms it could take in the uneasiness of actuality.



There are a few things in all this I haven't said much about—for instance, the fact that my first ride on this mare was made difficult for me because my eyebrow was split open, and there was a fair amount of blood stinging my eyes and interfering with vision. I did not get off to check the damage; that would have been a failure on my part to go forward, and going forward is a sacred value that the rider as well as the horse must submit to or the horse probably never will. In addition, there were risks for the horse in the procedures I am describing—not anything like the risks young horses encounter on racetracks, but risks. And this must be understood without appeal to some calculus of suffering. The way to avoid pain and risk for the horse would have been, instead of training her, to give her a nice stall with access to enough pleasant pasturage to inspire her to move about and stay relatively healthy. The question "Why train horses at all?" is like the questions raised in "The Tempest," about why one should bother with language, or children, or with being human at all. Or like the question "Why should we like the world?" Most of the time, the only answer that can be given is a maneuver rather than an answer, as when Wittgenstein (so I am told) said, "We like the world because we do"—a remark that can be interpreted darkly or not, as you like.

If, for example, there was someone who wanted to challenge my involvement with training in general, and especially with horses like Drummer Girl, on the ground that it was "suicidal," then I might say, with some impatience, "Yeah, but you don't know how self-destructive I would be if I weren't doing this." That, of course, wouldn't answer anything, though it might get someone off my back. I have said this sort of thing—and, in fact, had occasion to say it during my first ride on Drummer Girl, as there was a nervous spectator on the ground, yammering about emergency rooms and so on, and I said that I didn't dare get off yet or the horse would eat us all. But even if such an answer were true it wouldn't tell anyone anything about what is going on. (Even if psychoanalytically inclined thinkers were right, in a given instance, about why girls ride horses, that wouldn't tell us anything.) I had fallen in love with horse training, and with this horse, and while love is a dangerous guide there are parts of the forest we sometimes find ourselves in that no other guide even guesses at the existence of.

HORSES are not themselves capable of forming the question quite as we do, but they are capable of seizing on a solution when they think they have found one, as I was taught by a horse I'll call Star Blossom. I don't know for sure why so many crazy horses have names like Blossom or Sunshine or Pennies from Heaven, but I can guess. Blossom was a thirteen-year-old gelding, a nicely but somewhat coarsely built quarter horse with a deep-copper coat. Unlike Drummer Girl, he gave no evidence on the ground of being difficult—he trailered quietly, walked easily on the lead, was coöperative about being tacked up and groomed. And he didn't look crazy but seemed, rather, to regard the world peacefully out of large, serene eyes. He also, when I first saw him, was wearing the only baby-blue roping saddle I have ever seen.

Once anyone mounted him, he was a textbook maniac, though even that, despite his hard-core bolting, was deceptive to anyone watching from the ground; you really had to be on his back in order to feel how deep and persistent his insanity was. And he had, of course, been in the hands of numerous trainers. One of them had tried to teach him to stop by letting him gallop past a hitching post and leaping off as she tossed the reins over the post. So Blossom learned to slow down near hitching posts, but otherwise this vaguely behavioristic fantasy of training served only to teach him that perhaps he could get rid of the rider by heading for whatever resembled a hitching post.

Since Blossom was, in any case, easy to handle on the ground, I would lead him out to the center of the riding area (safely far from fences for crashing into and trees to climb), get aboard, and start thinking very hard and riding very intensely. I mounted at a point that was also the crossing point —and thus for some exercises the stopping point—in a large figure eight. I could make Blossom stand still while I mounted, but once I asked, however lightly, with leg pressure for a walk he bolted. Here, as with the jumping exercise with Drummer Girl, I made no attempt to slow him; I only insisted that he bolt in a figure eight, and that his bolting be interrupted by a halt every time we went through the X in the center of the figure. He, like Drummer Girl, started to slow down, collect himself, and think, in order to be ready for the next halt command.

The first day, it took nearly two hours to get him to halt in response to the leg aid or other request without a correction. The second day, though, he was halting about half the time when I asked him to, and I gradually began to ask him to halt at other places on the figure eight besides the X, and to add in other ways to the demands I made on him. At the end of two weeks, he was calm at walk, trot, and canter, at least in the confines of the ring, but two weeks wasn't much against his thirteen years of studying how to be a crazy horse, so when his owners showed up I had no notion of putting anyone but myself on their sweetheart. When they first arrived, I happened to be working Blossom, and as we trotted by their observation post on the ringside fence they called out that that was sure a nice little ol' horse I was riding, and if they waited for a while would they have a chance to see Blossom work? That is to say, they didn't recognize their own horse, whom they had owned for a decade, so changed was he.

The son, who was about sixteen—I'll call him Jim Andrew—fancied himself quite a wrangler and wanted very badly, once he knew that this was Blossom, to ride. I thought that it wouldn't hurt if he just went about a little at a walk, and said this, and Jim Andrew got on. At first, he was still afraid of the horse and followed my directions exactly. I allowed him to progress to a trot on a long rein. Jim Andrew had never trotted the horse before (Blossom had had only two gaits before, at least under saddle: halt and bolt), so Jim Andrew decided that the necessary transformation had occurred and he could now proceed in the old way. When I felt that both horse and rider were doing well enough to try a little cantering, and had explained the leg aid for the canter, Jim Andrew instead stuck his foot out preparatory to a bold kick with a sharp-heeled cowboy boot. In the mini-second during which I read Jim

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Andrew's intentions, I despaired, being quite sure that the kick would land both of them in the next county and me with a lawsuit, if not a criminal charge, after they scraped the boy's body out of some chain-link fence.

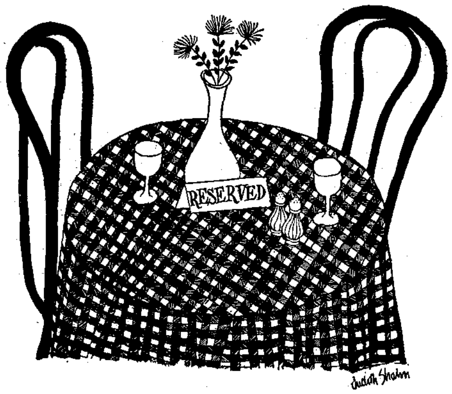
Blossom, though, had been thinking about things. When Jim Andrew kicked him, he merely broke into a slow, shuffling, plow-horse-babysitting-the-kids-style jog trot. I shouted Jim Andrew to a halt and told him to give the aid correctly this time. But again he kicked, and again Blossom did his shuffle-foot routine. This time, I assured Jim Andrew that if he didn't do as I said I would use the bullwhip on him, and he was apparently still afraid of me, if not of Blossom. He obeyed, and Blossom surprised me—even though I had been reading him correctly—by picking up a beautiful, classical canter, with no help from Jim Andrew, who couldn't ask for that canter, because he had never known it.

All sorts of risks were being taken here. Initially, for example, I was risking the horse's health and my own life by riding at all. But notice that in making his sustained effort to say to his family "I know another way for life to be, and from now on I'm going to insist on it!" Star Blossom was also taking an enormous risk—call it a psychic or metaphysical risk—for the brief version I had had time to teach him of the story of the grownup, responsible, in-control-of-himself horse was really only a kind of small sketch, for the sake of which he was willing to give up, as it were, a gigantic mural in oils by which he had lived successfully most, if not all, of his life. This mural of his lunacy had earned him a lot of soothing pats on the shoulder, plus a lot of free time because, of course, he hadn't been ridden much in recent years.

THE continuing presence of risk in any kind of training tells me that understanding what risk is, what kind of logic is involved when we speak of a "justified risk," is important. What you risk reveals what you value, or, as Heidegger would have it, the ground of your being. By "the ground of being" I don't mean anything terribly abstruse. For example, horses and dogs form an important part of the ground of my being, which can be seen by anyone who takes a ride through the countryside with me: my eyes tend to fix on any horses, dogs, and ponies in the landscape—they are the means by which I know the landscape. Someone else would read and know the landscape differently—by the buildings in it, say, if the person is a historian of architecture.

I'm not sure that I've made it clear how hard the question about the nature of risk is, except, perhaps, to any horseman reading this, who will know that when I "chased" Drummer Girl with the longe whip I was taking an enormous risk with her sanity—a risk that could, for all I knew, have flipped her into unalterable psychosis, the loss of all possibility of trust. In this case, I made the right decision; the risk paid off handsomely. But it needn't have; I could have been wrong—dead wrong, as we say. The horseman's relationship to risk is an example of a frequent sort of human response to the knowledge that we die, and to the way it turns out that once death has got into the imagination not even immortality will get it out again. (Think of Tennyson's poem "Tithonus," in which Tithonus, Aurora's lover, to whom the goddess has granted immortality but not eternal youth, pleads with her for the restoration of his mortality. His plaint is one of a long series in our literature.)

I don't know of a trainer who hasn't had experiences of the sort my partner had one day in riding a horse who was suicidal and homicidal in a more organized, though less committed, way than Drummer Girl. (I suspect that this horse wasn't smart enough to achieve the kind of commitment that Drummer Girl had.) My partner asked me to be on the ground whenever he rode this horse, because, he said, there ought to be someone there to get the forklift out and scrape him up from time to time. At one point, my partner said savagely, after a particularly malicious effort on the horse's part, "You know what I'd do if this were my horse? I'd kill him, that's what." He recovered his trainerly philosophy fairly quickly after this lapse, but he really meant it—this man who loved horses as he loved his soul, and most of the time gladly took informed risks for the sake of their beauty. And this, in the end, was a success story, a story about the success of my partner's imaginative courage, but it was also a story that needn't have turned out as it did. There was every evidence that the horse was a genuine rogue, and it did look for quite a bit as if destroying him were the only safe thing to do.



In "Riding and Jumping," William Steinkraus, who knows quite a bit about risk, has this to say:

> The only horse to whom the above recommendations do not apply is the rogue—the equine equivalent of the congenitally criminal personality. As in the case of humans, some rogues are so gifted that we are tempted to take the enormous pains they require in hopes that they can be redeemed. Almost by definition, this is impossible with the real rogue, and as a rider's experience expands, he will begin to learn the telltale gestures and expressions that distinguish the rogue, or the genuinely dishonest horse, from the various spoiled and frightened horses that present some of the same symptoms. When a true rogue is encountered, the best advice is probably to dispose of him, no matter how beautiful he is, or how wonderfully he can go "when he wants to." However, such horses are very rare—and should a rider find that he is encountering very many truly stubborn, or unwilling, or dishonest temperaments, he should examine his own skills and find what it is he is doing that has made him such a bad horseman.

As it happens, I have never encountered a horse in whose soul there was no harmony to call on. I believe in the existence of such horses, especially when someone like Steinkraus tells me about them, just as I have come to believe that there are human mental disorders that are, as it were, the cancer of psychiatry—meaning that no one knows what to do for them—because of my respect for the people who tell me about them. I have just never had such a horse in my barn, partly through sheer luck. But Steinkraus's willingness to acknowledge the existence of such horses is part of what I want to call his heroism—especially when I set his passage about rogues next to Will James' insistence that there ain't no horse that can't be rode, and there ain't no man that can't be throwed.

The hero and the heroic horse both know, in one fashion and another, that we must risk death, and that this is the must of logic—something that certain would-be suicides know only too well. Ignoring it leads to moral fatigue. (There is an equine equivalent of mediocrity, and there are horses who refuse that possibility at all costs.) But there is letdown after the glamour of winning—there isn't enough of it to go around, or enough for any one lifetime—whereas the glamour of being fully alive, angelic in what horsemen call forward desire, creates an impulsion not easily evaporated. It is in us not only to risk death but to trample on it, the way some horses trample on rattlesnakes, or else to live in the pallid indoor luxury that makes the thermonuclear button so unhealthily fascinating. A friend of mine wrote to me once that if thermonuclear war comes it will be because someone got tired; it will be not an accident, she said, but a deliberate decision to log out.

To understand safety and genuine risk in relation to war is part of the prelude to understanding what happens when a horse like Drummer Girl gets sane. The texts of horsemanship begin in a military context; the original one, Xenophon's "Art of Horsemanship," was a military manual. Drummer Girl's craziness and her sanity both have their origins in these texts, in the various traditions of horsemanship that produced her; one may say that she is the artifact of those origins, in somewhat the same way a physicist might want to say that material objects are the artifacts of gravitational fields. Hence to make mistakes about those origins is to make mistakes about who Drummer Girl is and who we are. Such mistakes are inevitable, but they need not be forever stupid.

DRUMMER GIRL's soul was several sizes too large for her when the heroic life and its contemplation and preparation weren't available to her. That was what was wrong with the language she had been taught: the heroic had been expunged. Once she was quiet over low fences and during all exercises on the ground, I started asking her to take the genuine risks that are the only opportunities any of us have for a sufficient metaphysics, one that our souls will fit.

I had before kept things as safe as possible. Then, one day, we were at a horse show (not her first horse show, I should say). The fences in one class were from four feet nine to five feet three, and while this was not a Grand Prix course those are Grand Prix fences. At this level, there are no guarantees. There was a big oxer, followed by a tight, trappy turn to an equally formidable fence. Drummer Girl, on landing after the oxer, stumbled to her knees. I didn't pull any

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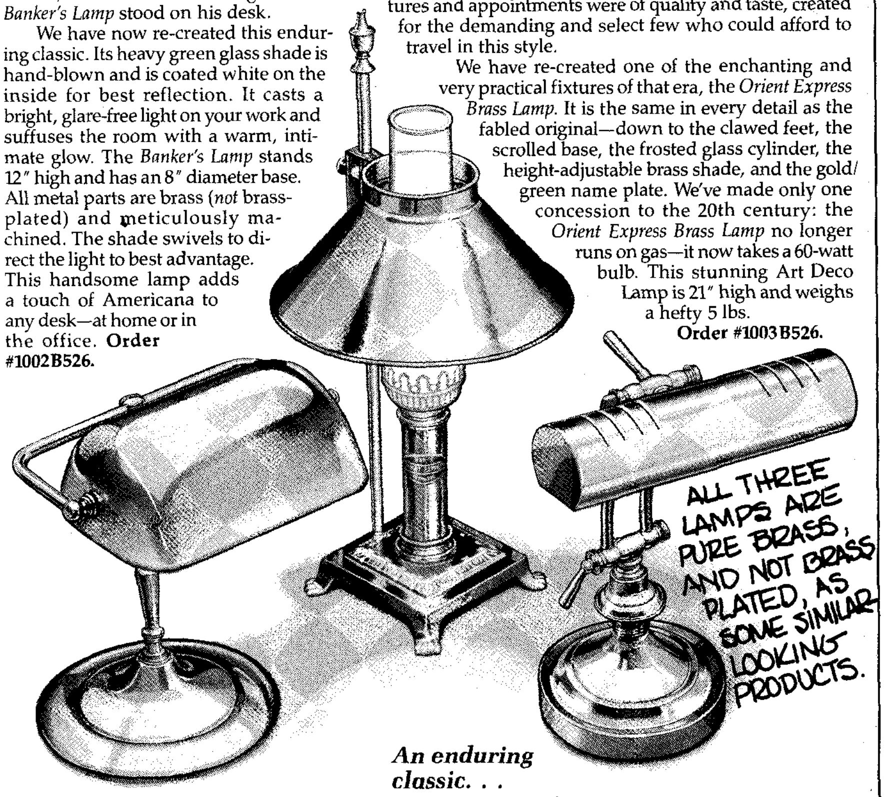
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muscles, but I did, more shamefully, lose the reins, which were floating around the mare's ears. With most horses, I suppose, I would have pulled up then, conceding the ride at that point, but by now Drummer Girl had enlarged herself—her soul was filled out—so instead of grabbing at the reins I asked, with legs and seat only, that she pull herself together and take the fence. Which she did, rising literally from her knees to jump it, at an angle. There was a wide enough turn to the next fence to enable me to collect my reins and myself, and since Drummer Girl kept her cool we won that class.

Winning was thrilling, but it was that movement, I think, from fall to heroic leap, that was the final restoration of a sane glamour to Drummer Girl. And while neither of us went on to the kind of fame that Hans Winkler and Halla earned, largely because I am no Hans Winkler, I want to return to Halla's story and say that Winkler is famous for discipline and precision in his riding—for just those qualities that a pseudo-Marxism wants to call "coercion." The horses, having read neither Marx nor Foucault, embrace heroic precision when they can. To say that horses are noble animals is to say, in part, that one of their gods is the infinite god of the details of the surface; another is the god of studied ignorance of the psychological depths and etiological empathies behind the "poor, mistreated horse" stories that had kept Drummer Girl batty.

We, too, are noble animals. I mean that we are born to it: born to the demands of the heroic, of a pleasure earlier than love and nearer to heaven, the pleasure of the heroic approach to knowledge of form. Hence an ethic or a theory of justice or a theory or practice of education that makes no attempt to trick out the syntax and the semantics of the heroic as a central mode of being human is not an ethic, whether of animal rights or human ones. Jacques Derrida, writing about Nietzsche's "On the Genealogy of Morals," says, "Degeneration does not let life dwindle away through a regular and continual decline and according to some homogeneous process. Rather, it is touched off by an inversion of values when a hostile and reactive principle actually becomes the active enemy of life. [It] is not a lesser vitality; it is a life principle hostile to life." In false romances that oppose the quest and the hearth, safety and the heroic, safety becomes in this way "degeneration," but the great literature of the heroic tells us that the quest and the hearth are the same thing, that genuine safety demands the genuinely heroic—or, at least, that they must be mated if life is to be fecund of meaning. To ignore this primary aspect of the spirit is certainly not to write a philosophy of consciousness or, it may be, of anything at all.

In Grand Prix riding, which is to say either dressage or jumping competitions in which the demands placed on horse and rider are so extraordinary that it is not hyperbole to call them limitless—in precisely the way that the demands of art are limitless—the logics of art, sport, and morality become indistinguishable. In Grand Prix jumping, the judge's decision rests solely on whether the lumber is still there or has been knocked to the ground after you and your horse complete your ride and on what the automatic timers say about the time the ride took. We call this a sport or a game because neither the horse's nor the rider's intentions enter into public judgments about what has occurred, any more than a batter's intentions enter into the judgment "foul ball" in baseball. You may, for example, have intended to use the course simply as preparation for a more important Grand Prix event, and so not have put a great deal of pressure on your horse to jump clean; that is, what you had in mind was increasing the horse's knowledge and experience, and not primarily winning. But if the fences are all up when you have finished taking them in the correct order, and your time is the fastest, you have won. The observer is to a great extent relieved of the burden of judgment. Dressage events are slightly more complicated for the judges, since in these, as in gymnastics or diving, winning is a matter of how well the horse performs a given movement. There are nonetheless criteria for judging which are largely independent of the rider's or the horse's intentions. I don't mean, of course, that such events are commonly won or lost *accidentally*—only that the logic of judgment does not demand an account of the competitor's intentions. There are exceptions to this rule, as there are in baseball—when the pitcher hits the batter with the ball, say—but such exceptions tend mostly to show that even baseball is not epistemologically perfectible.

In all riding competitions, the presence of the horse imposes a continuous,

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unique moral burden. Not all riders are responsive to this burden, but its presence is revealed in the logic of horse-show judgments. The regulations and structures of different horse shows are variously hedged with regulations about cruelty, and whether or not an appropriate body decides that a given matter is a case of cruelty will depend, as it does normally in the rest of the law, on evaluating intentions. In Grand Prix riding, as it happens, it is rather difficult to compete both successfully and cruelly, but it is not impossible. It may happen that while warming up a rider uses a pole studded with tacks to inspire the horse to jump high and carefully. If the rider does this knowingly, it is straightforwardly cruel. If, however, in the confusion of the warmup ring I have without noticing taken my horse over such a pole that someone else has put up, I am not in the same way responsible for what has happened and am probably not going to be barred from showing. The same holds true if a trainer, unbeknownst to the rider, blisters the pasterns of a gaited horse. (There might, however, be a reprimand to the rider to be more alert in the future, and, of course, once the rider is aware of such a possibility the nature of his or her responsibility expands. If my trainer has blistered my horse's pasterns, and I don't fire the trainer or, at least, get really tough with him, then official as well as unofficial judgments of my behavior will change.)

But the burden is weightier than this. It is like the burden of teaching human beings, since the nature of riding is such that doing it at all entails meaning to do well by the horse. There are hundreds of children's stories that reveal this: the rider or keeper who sacrifices the horse's mental and physical well-being to some momentary or permanent advantage is shown to be not a bad horseman but, rather, no horseman at all. The world can make mistakes about this, and that is not only the reason there are such stories but also evidence of what kind of allegory a horse story is. In jumping, there are some riders who win fairly continuously for seasons of varying lengths despite rough, ugly methods. These riders' failures to develop their horses' beauty, understanding, nobility, and so forth, cannot by the logic of the thing enter into a judge's decision, whether or not he has eyes that are open to genuine beauty as opposed to what is merely thrilling.

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and lurches his or her way around the ring year after year with little or no intelligent thought for the horse is different from the case of the rider who just doesn't happen, for whatever reason, to give a pretty ride; it is the rider's intention to *ride well* that makes the difference. The green rider going around the show ring for the first time on a wise and long-suffering old trooper is not judged *cruel* because of the knocks and bumps that both rider and mount encounter and endure. Beyond which, there are riders who are not especially strong, or are a bit stiff, or badly built, whose horses nonetheless go beautifully in the full brilliance of their intelligence.

What matters is an understanding of the *horse's* capacity for caring about beauty, precision, perfection of performance. This gives the horse's pain meaning and context, so that riding close to the point of exhaustion a green horse who knows little or nothing of art is totally different from, on occasion, asking a mature horse with a strong, developed vision for an effort that will leave him or her for a time weak. It is not that the mature horse becomes desensitized to pain but that the pain now means something. To say that pain is meaningful is simply to say that for the creature experiencing the pain there is something that matters more than comfort, at least for the moment—something that is the ground of a certain creature's being, what it cares about, is oriented toward, in relation to which pain isn't quite pain anymore, isn't anything that matters. This is probably not something anyone can make a judgment about for anyone else. My pain, like my death, belongs to me uniquely most of the time.

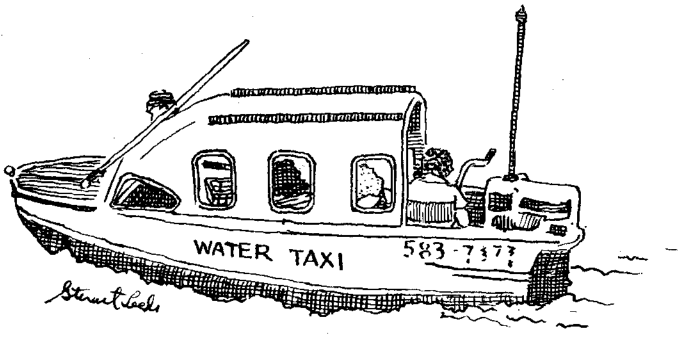
When my horse is in his stall or lounging about the pasture, he has the same relationship to pain that I have when I am cuddling up with a good murder mystery: comfort and convenience have top priority. Indeed, convenience is so important to horses that in the earlier stages of training one can accomplish a great deal by remembering that, as Podhajsky points out, they will even overcome objections to obeying in order to save themselves inconvenience. Nonetheless, a developed jumper or dressage horse not only doesn't object to the removal of his warm blanket and the substitution of saddle and bridle but actually welcomes these preparations for work. And even horses who are extremely fastidious about stepping on wet, sloppy ground will cheerfully plow through it under tack in the course of performing *voltes*, serpentines, and so on. (Similarly with dogs: my pit bull Belle is one of the most comfort-minded dogs in existence, and has gone as far as to pull the electric blanket off my bed and put it on her bed. Furthermore, in the winter she hates going outside, even to relieve herself, and peers out the door at the weather with extreme gloom. When she has her tracking harness on, it is different: when at the beginning of a track I ask for the down-stay that lasts for several minutes she will throw herself down cheerfully in ice-encrusted snow, though not at any other time.)

Some horses are plainly more sensitive to pain than others, and Drummer Girl was such a horse. If she knocked her legs against something while playing in the pasture, she would actually limp for a while, looking distressed and sorry for herself—and this was not the kind of faking that some horses do so well. Even though she loved jumping, I had to be very careful in the beginning to avoid as far as I could her hitting herself on the jump poles and becoming frightened again. Yet once she came to *understand* jumping and actively participate in it, she wasn't distracted even by hitting a quite solid fence with a significant thwack; she simply responded by jumping harder and more carefully the next time.

Almost anyone who watches a Puissance class can see what I'm talking about. In such a class, there is a relatively low (around four feet, usually) practice fence, and then a few very formidable obstacles are raised after each round, until there is only one horse remaining who can clear them. The fences may go higher than the mounted rider's head; these are the classes where jumping records are set. Horses do not go about jumping such heights in other situations; at least, I have never known a horse to jump higher than seven feet to get out of a corral—not even a horse that can jump higher than that under saddle—and a Puissance horse can often be kept quite handily behind fencing that is no more than four feet high. Horses, like people, require meaningful occasions and contexts for intentions that are deep and focussed. Seasoned horses develop a very keen sense of the importance or unimportance of a given context.

A rider can't say to a horse, "At around eight-thirty this evening, you will have to be psyched up for your best effort," but a rider who knows a horse fairly well can tell him or her ahead of time something about the magnitude of such an occasion: a rider can say, "Horse! Stirring things are in the air!" So in the Puissance ring there is the practice fence, which is jumped more or less on the way to the fences that count, and is the last step in the mental preparation of the horse. One frequent way of using this fence is deliberately to jump it badly. I don't mean that one interferes actively with the horse's taking it well but, rather, comes in to it casually—sloppily, even—not paying much attention, not putting out one's best effort, so that the horse either takes it uncomfortably, off balance, or actually hits it. If it is the right horse, the right rider, and the right training, this throws the horse powerfully onto his own mental resources, and you can see good jumpers, after the practice fence, prick up their ears, look around for the next fence, and, instead of trying to pull away from it, pull eagerly toward it. You can even see an awesome moment of decision in horses coming down toward really big fences. First, there is the discovery, the moment of "My God! That is a big sucker," and then the deliberate gathering, in the horse, of all his or her power, all forward desire. (Or, unfortunately, sometimes the opposite—a desperate squirrelling around, seeking any avenue of escape.)

There are various ways to talk about what could conceivably motivate a horse, or any animal, to make such an effort. Fear certainly does not do it. Courage, joy, exaltation are more like it, but, beyond that, horses have, some of the time, a strong sense of artistry. This is something very specific. It



is not merely craftsmanship, although being able to do a difficult thing well is, of course, a powerful motivator for man or beast. When I say that a horse has a sense of artistry, I mean that the movements of a developed horse, the figures and leaps, mean something to that horse; and an artistic horse is one who is capable of wanting to mean the movements and the jump perfectly.

The jump, like the complicated movements of dressage, is an imitation of nature—especially of various movements that horses perform for the sake of sexual display or in the course of exercising claim rights: a stallion's claiming of a herd or a mare's claiming of a foal or of leadership status. In nature, in the horse's first inheritance of these gestures, they have particular meanings, such as "Wait your turn!" or "Watch out!" or "Look at me! I love you!" or "Wait. Be still. Something wicked this way comes." But the movements of dressage and formal jumping, properly performed, don't mean "Look at me! I love you!" or any of the others. They mean the natural movements themselves. This is why the language of analysis and criticism of riding at the highest levels is the language of art criticism. Podhajsky, attending the Olympic Games, recorded detailed observations of the rides, which became the book "The Art of Dressage." He says, speaking, as always, after Xenophon, "Anything forced or misunderstood can never be beautiful," and, later in that same chapter:

> Nature can exist without art but not art without nature. Consequently, the well-trained dressage horse should perform the natural paces with perfection. Any defects in these movements cannot be made up for by some other spectacular exercises. Riders or judges who allow themselves to be dazzled by such striking movements betray the true art of riding.

Such betrayals not only are common but have become activities in themselves, and there are competitions in which special effects have entirely replaced genuine art. In the true art, Podhajsky insists, haste in the movements is always a fault, as is unhappiness on the face of the horse. Guiding phrases include "purity of the paces," "harmony, lightness in all movements," and "the impression of complete confidence," and he also says, "The horse's concentration upon his rider becomes obvious." Riders are criticized for failures of "cadence" and "tempo," or are praised for what is "fluent and precisely performed" and, especially, for what is "expressive." Of a ride that does not achieve full passage over what he calls "the threshold of art," he writes, "Without brilliance . . . hesitant transition . . . Performance of a tolerably obedient horse with little charm and suppleness."

Podhajsky died before "The Art of Dressage" could be published, so it concludes with an "In Memoriam" by Berthold Spangenberg, who thanks his great master for teaching "the difficult, the gentle art of riding." And, indeed, it became a gentle art under Podhajsky's influence, but gentle because so difficult, or gentle because genuine, since in a genuine art there is the amassment and expression of true power as opposed to mere force. And this brings me, finally, in contact with the central question, which will be hard to talk about, because it is difficult to talk about the horse without talking about the rider, and vice versa (although it can be quite hard to see why from the ground). If this is an art for the horse, then the horse must intend it, and what does the horse intend? What can the horse conceivably mean by it? And does—can—the horse mean by it anything like what the rider means, or can mean?

The movements themselves are not literal; they don't mean what they say. If anyone, equine or human, were to respond to, say, a capriole as a literal threat or appeal, the horse would be as disconcerted as a composer would be if someone gave such a response to passages of music that are expressive of rage. But if the movements are not literal the horses nevertheless mean something by them, and there are a few horses, very great horses, who, like very great artists, have the capacity for accepting full responsibility for meaning what they "say"—do—and this is the kind of meaning that is always entailed in art. In other words, I am claiming that a great horse, like a great artist, is, in Stanley Cavell's words, "responsible for everything that happens in his work—and not just in the sense that it is done, but in the sense that it is *meant*." This does not yet explain what the horse means by it, but it does begin to suggest one aspect of the rider's role—the rider's own responsibility. Cavell goes on to note, in "Must We Mean What We Say?":

> It is a terrible responsibility. . . . But it is all the more terrible, when it *is* shouldered, not to appreciate it, to refuse to understand something meant so well. . . . In art [the right to question the artist] has to be

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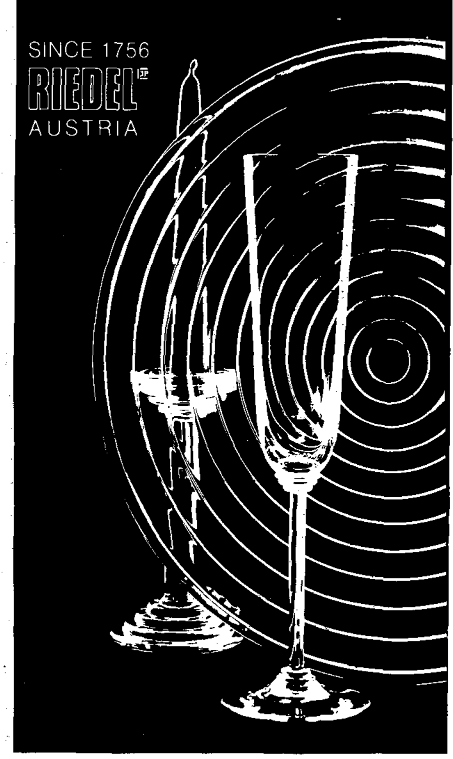

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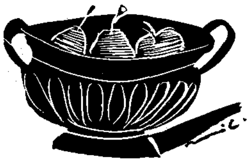
earned, through the talent of understanding, the skill of commitment, and truthfulness to one's response—the ways the artist earned his initial right to our attention. If *we have earned the right to question it,* the object itself will answer; otherwise not. There is poetic justice.

So a rider who is a true rider, and no mere keeper of horses, is someone who continuously earns the right to question the horse and the horse's performance, and it is the horse's performance that answers the rider's questioning. Thus, the very fact, the very possibility, of Grand Prix riding—both jumping and dressage—is our discovery in the horse of a capacity for meaning a movement or a series of movements artistically. When the threshold of art has been crossed, then the wonderful obedience and supple submission of the horse, the joy of the horse's submission, are like the intensely accurate responsiveness of a great performer to a good audience—another case of the collapse of command and obedience into a single supple relation. It is, as Podhajsky says, as though the rider thought and the horse executed the thought, without mediation or any sort of cuing; but it is also the other way around on the back of a great horse—it is as though the horse thought and the rider created, or became, a space and direction for the execution of the horse's thoughts. The rider is the person who shoulders the burden of knowing—through "the talent of understanding, the skill of commitment"—what the horse means.

But, as I have said, there are differences between the horse's concept of time and ours. It is, of course, the rider, and not the horse, who sits in the study working out training schedules, filling in entry forms to be mailed to the show committee, and marking dates on a calendar. Horses do not have what we call the tenses of verbs, so they don't talk or think about that, and that is why the Puissance rider, for all the wonderful things he can say to the horse, can't say, "Be ready to do your very best tonight at eight-thirty." The concepts of time that enable us to make appointments and leave notes are not in the grammar of the horse's world, so we cannot share that form of life with them. And our concept of a rehearsal is very much a concept of ordering time in a particular way, by means of a particular grammar.



There is a novel called "Night Mare," by Piers Anthony, which is told from the point of view of a mare whose task is to bring instructively awful dreams to human beings. One of these human beings is a woman who, on learning that the mare is a hundred and seventy years old, expresses her astonishment. The mare comes up with the clumsy but strangely apt explanation, "We are immortal, at least until we die." But there are some horses (and this, alas, is part of the talent in them) whose response to the knowledge, which art creates, of what it feels like when there is complete congruence between the soul and the moment (that congruence which Wittgenstein indicates when, at the end of the "Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus," he says, "He who lives in the present lives in eternity") is a general anxiety that work should continue. If work, for some reason, eases and they are left to mooch serenely around the pasture, these horses become not peaceful and lazy but, rather, depressed. Such a state of mind does not, of course, entail the full grammar of angst or melancholy in human beings, but the taint of mortality is on the horse, and it takes more than mere comfort for his or her spine to be restored to a feeling of congruence with the landscape. I don't mean that in such a case any horse ever learns that death is inevitable—any more than any horse ever learns that the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden is on the twenty-seventh of next month, however much he learns about the significance for a given moment of activities before, during, and after horse-show activities and seasons. We cannot, thank heaven, teach horses the tenses of English verbs, and this means that we cannot teach them that they die, or that we do—any more than you can tell your dog not to worry, you will be back from the store in ten minutes or back from the Holy Land in ten years. But we can nonetheless interfere with—disturb—their sense of time, teaching new modes of anticipation as well as new modes of loss. The book "Night Mare" provides a kind of allegory of this. The heroine becomes "mortal by day," and this means that during the day she cannot escape being ridden by the extremely sinister figure called the Horseman. That vulnerability is a nice emblem of what horses can learn from us—not the grammar of mortality, not a knowledge of their own, but, rather, a participation in ours.

If what I have said so far were all

there is to it, it wouldn't be hard to come to the conclusion that training horses is morally indefensible; but this isn't all there is to it, because horses have their own grammar of time. They can't say anything that requires past, present, or future tense, but this doesn't mean that without us they live in eternity, in the present tense only. Their concept of time might be expressed by saying that the names of their tenses are "not yet, here, and gone." You can't make appointments by using such tenses, but you can remember, and you can anticipate the future, with no little anxiety. That is to say, horses do have some sensitivity to the knowledge of death, and it makes them nervous, just as it makes us nervous.

The knowledge is what they are relieved of, just as their riders are, in the tremendous concentration of horsemanship at the highest levels. This is why we are forgiven for riding them, especially in competitions; for distracting and scaring them with brass bands at football stadiums; for spooking them by placing garlands of roses around their sweating necks; and for surrounding them with photographers, neon beer signs, and journalists who profanely scribble figures on notepads while the horses are jumping their hearts out. And nothing short of the tremendous artistic task of training them in such a fashion that they can be released from time could ever justify our interfering with their greater serenity, our imposing our stories and our deathly arithmetics on their coherent landscapes. What they mean by their artistry, then, is just this, which one could call the release from time, but which could also be understood as what happens when a horse becomes time's lover or time's partner, moving with time instead of as time's slave.

—VICKI HEARNE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the DeKalb/Sycamore* (*Ill.*) *Daily Chronicle*]

VANDALISM—Jimmy E. Stone, DeKalb, reported to police that he left his residence Friday at 6:30 p.m. and returned to find mayonnaise thrown around his kitchen, police reports stated.

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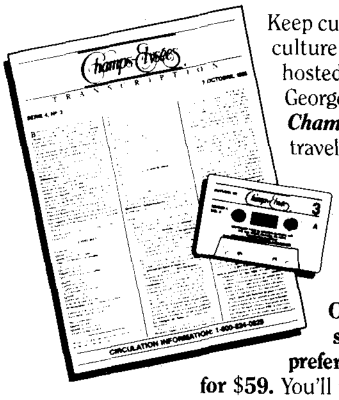

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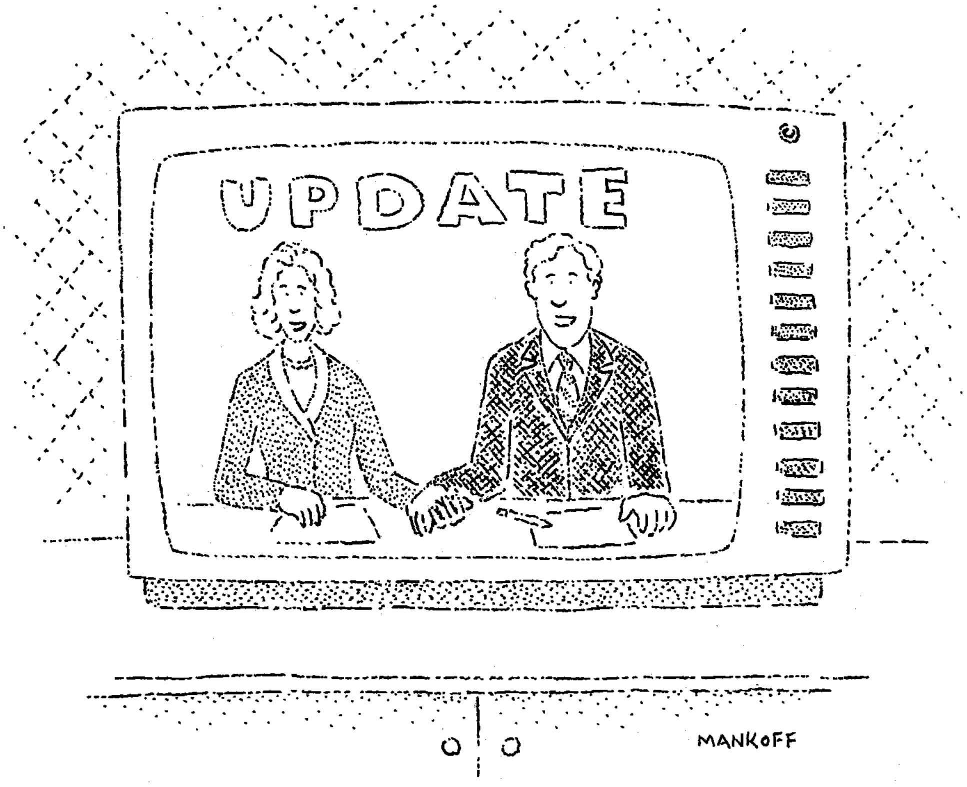
THE THEATRE

Naptime

IT would be hard to imagine anything more bizarre than the seeming relish with which Broadway rushes toward its demise. A case in point was "Honky Tonk Nights," briefly visible at the Biltmore, which dared to assert in the program that it was "a new musical comedy." It was not. A clumsy throwing together of the debris of half a century or more of exhausted vaudeville and burlesque routines would come closer to the mark as a description of the show, with this qualification—that even those long-extinct forms of entertainment never sank so low as to seek the audience's participation in a game of "banko" (a form of bingo) to fill out the evening. How mindless, to say nothing of how desperate, can even the most inexperienced of producers become when they descend to such a church-basement level of killing time? And who are they, in any event, to suppose that the function of theatre is to kill time, and not (as poor old Aristotle assumed) to entertain? But I must take care not to be betrayed into more than irritation by this tiresome ephemerid. Reserving anger for a worthier target, I am satisfied to note that, besides being pleaded with to play banko, the audience at "Honky Tonk Nights" was treated to an interminable series of dreary sexual double-entendres; to a juggling act with eggs that were not really eggs but provided the juggler with the opportunity to employ "eggsellence," "eggseptional," and other witty plays on words; and to an operatic parody in which three black performers played murderous Italian gangsters ("The Brothers Vendetto") in a skit that demonstrated how silly the Italian language is, with its all too easily rhymed word endings. Nor were we spared the bathos of a scene—already performed here, successfully, earlier this year, in another show altogether—in which a black performer is hired to star in a nineteen-twenties Ziegfeld Follies extravaganza but must paint his face black in order to do so.

A couple of members of the large cast—Joe Morton, Reginald VelJohnson—displayed a measure of professional competence; the rest belonged, if anywhere, in one of those industrial extravaganzas that introduce new lines of automobiles or bath towels. The book and lyrics of the show were by Ralph Allen and David Campbell, the music was by Michael Valenti, the scenery was by Robert Cothran, the costumes were by Mardi Philips, the lighting was by Natasha Katz, and the direction and choreography were by Ernest O. Flatt.

—BRENDAN GILL



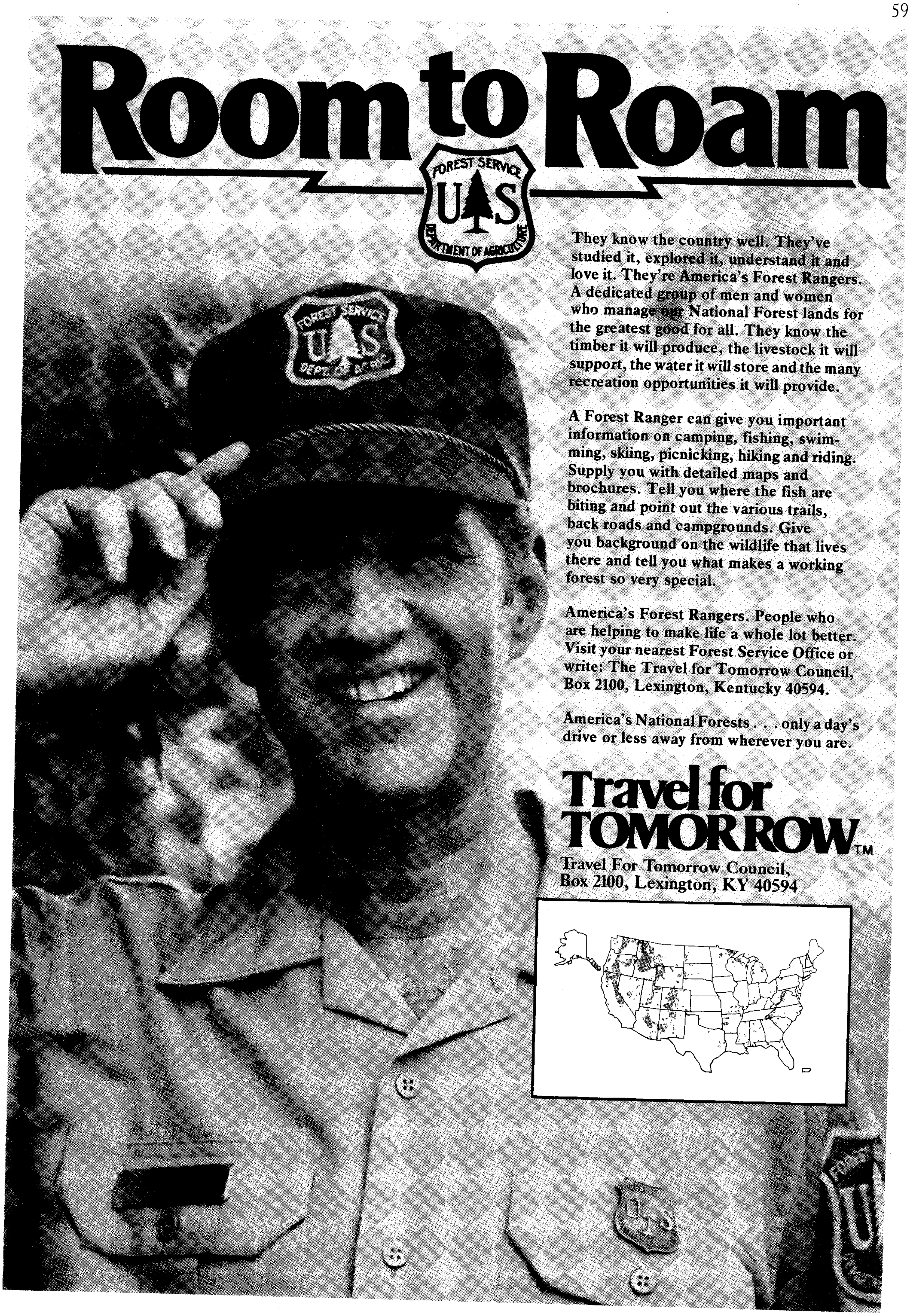
"We're in love." "Details at eleven."

OFF BROADWAY

Amphitryon 39

"OLYMPUS ON MY MIND," a sprightly and eventually winning piece of foolishness at the Lamb's, is a musical based on the "Amphitryon" of Heinrich von Kleist—one of the many versions of the story through the ages. I say "eventually" because it seemed to me at first that the players were trying too hard to woo the audience (and probably because I missed the Lunts in the leading parts), but soon my objections vanished and I started to have a good time. In the title role of the Greek general, away at war, and Jupiter, who disguises himself as Amphitryon in order to usurp his wife, Queen Alcmene, and his bed, Martin Vidnovic is strong-voiced and handsome, and suitably heroic and humorous. Jason Graae is Jupiter's son and co-plotter Mercury, disguised as Amphitryon's slave Sosia; Lewis J. Stadlen is the real Sosia; Emily Zacharias is Alcmene; and Peggy Hewett is her lady-in-waiting. All of them do well. The book and lyrics are by Barry Harman, and the score is by Grant Sturiale, and both are appropriate to the occasion—maybe even better than that. Mistaken-identity jokes abound, and pay off; all the numbers sound agreeable, the lyrics being especially bright; and much of the dancing is clever, too (choreography by Pamela Sousa). It should be mentioned that among the producers listed is Murray the Furrier, since a member of the tiny chorus (three m., one f.) is Murray's "wife," Delores, who greets him from time to time and displays his wares at every entrance. The idea sounds awful, but Elizabeth Austin is so pert and funny as Delores that she all but steals the show. The theatre, by the way, is small and neat and acoustically perfect; no amplification is needed—what you hear is what there is. The simple setting—Theban colonnades, I guess—was designed by Christopher Stapleton and lighted by Fabian Yeager, and has the look of a Maxfield Parrish painting. The spirits are high throughout, thanks to the capable direction of Mr. Harman.

—EDITH OLIVER



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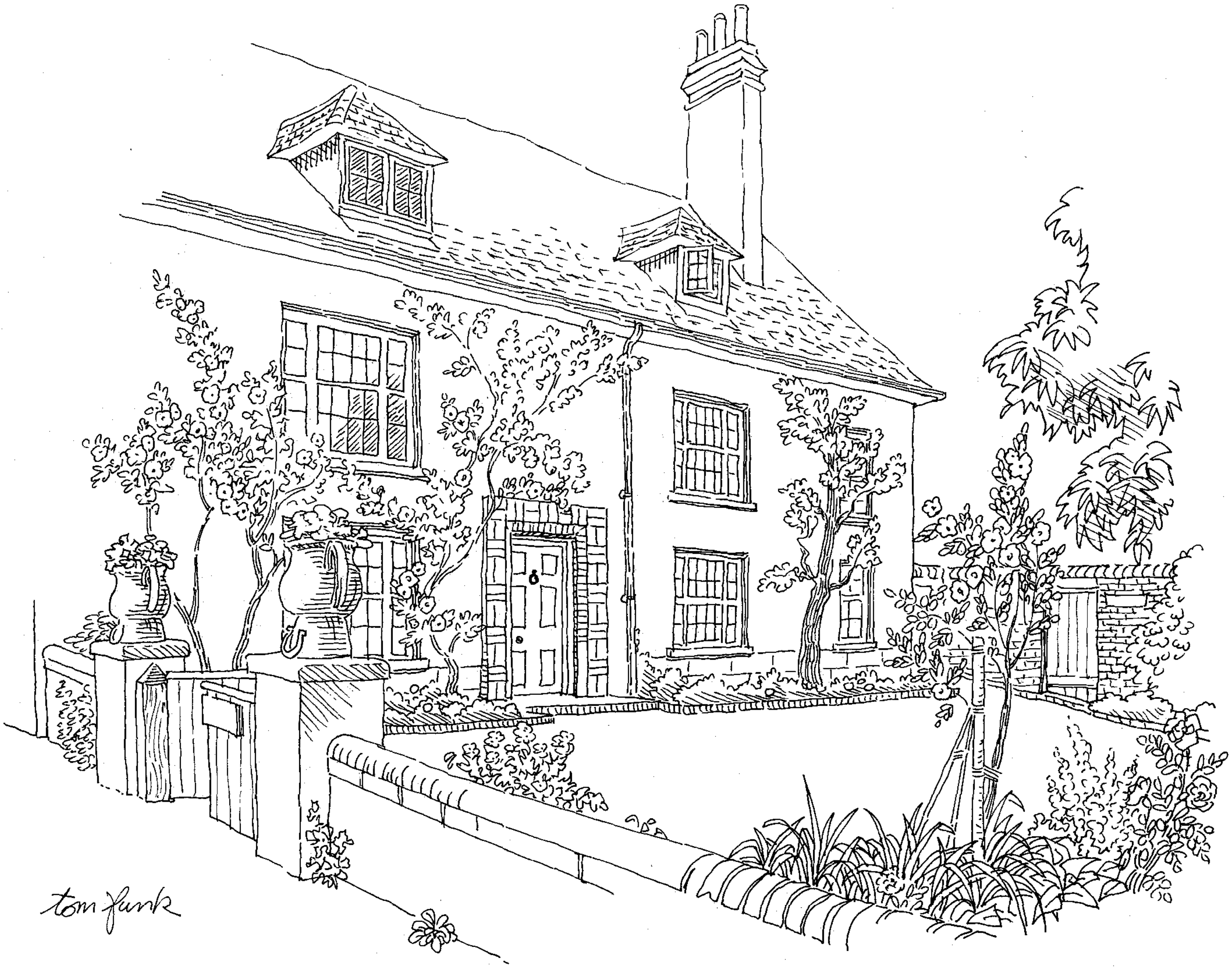

“LAST night at Charleston I lay with my window open listening to a nightingale, which beginning in the distance came very near the garden. Fishes splashed in the pond. May in England is all they say—so teeming, amorous, & creative. I talked a good deal with Nessa—much about servants & other possibilities. . . . There were numbers of Belgian Hares, & equal numbers of children, to judge by the sound . . .”

Virginia Woolf wrote this in her diary in 1918 on one of her frequent visits to her sister's house, Charleston, from nearby Asheham, Virginia and Leonard Woolf's weekend retreat from London, which they left the following year to settle, still close to her sister, in Monks House, Rodmell. Vanessa Bell, looking for her own quiet place in the country in which to paint, had rented Charleston, a roomy eighteenth-century farmhouse isolated among the Downs, from the estate of the local landowner, Viscount Gage, of Firle Place. In the autumn of 1916, independently of her husband, the art critic and writer Clive Bell, she moved in with their two children, Julian and Quentin, and with the Bells' friends Duncan Grant and David Garnett. By then, Vanessa and Duncan Grant had begun their working and emotional partnership, which lasted her lifetime; their daughter, Angelica, was born two years later. Clive Bell, who remained a devoted friend to both Vanessa and Duncan Grant, had his own room at Charleston, and the amicable triangular household became a gathering place for the circle of brilliant artists and intellectuals who later would be known collectively as Bloomsbury.

Virginia's description of a perfect English May might have done pretty well for Charleston. It teemed with people turning up for meals, weekends, and, occasionally, years. It was amorous. The growth or collapse of the various love affairs provided the onlookers with much lively dinner-table gossip. Above all, it was creative. The writers brought along the books they were working on, vanished into their rooms, and read chapters in the evenings to a critical audience. The painting people, as Virginia scornfully called them, found space in the cheerful confusion to set up their easels. From the start, Duncan and Vanessa fell upon the interior of the house as though it were a large bare canvas challenging them to fill it with invention and color. In the following nearly half century, they covered every paintable surface in sight with their decorative fantasies—walls, doors, fireplaces, cupboards, furniture, and even the baths that arrived in a small modernizing spree in the late thirties. Some-

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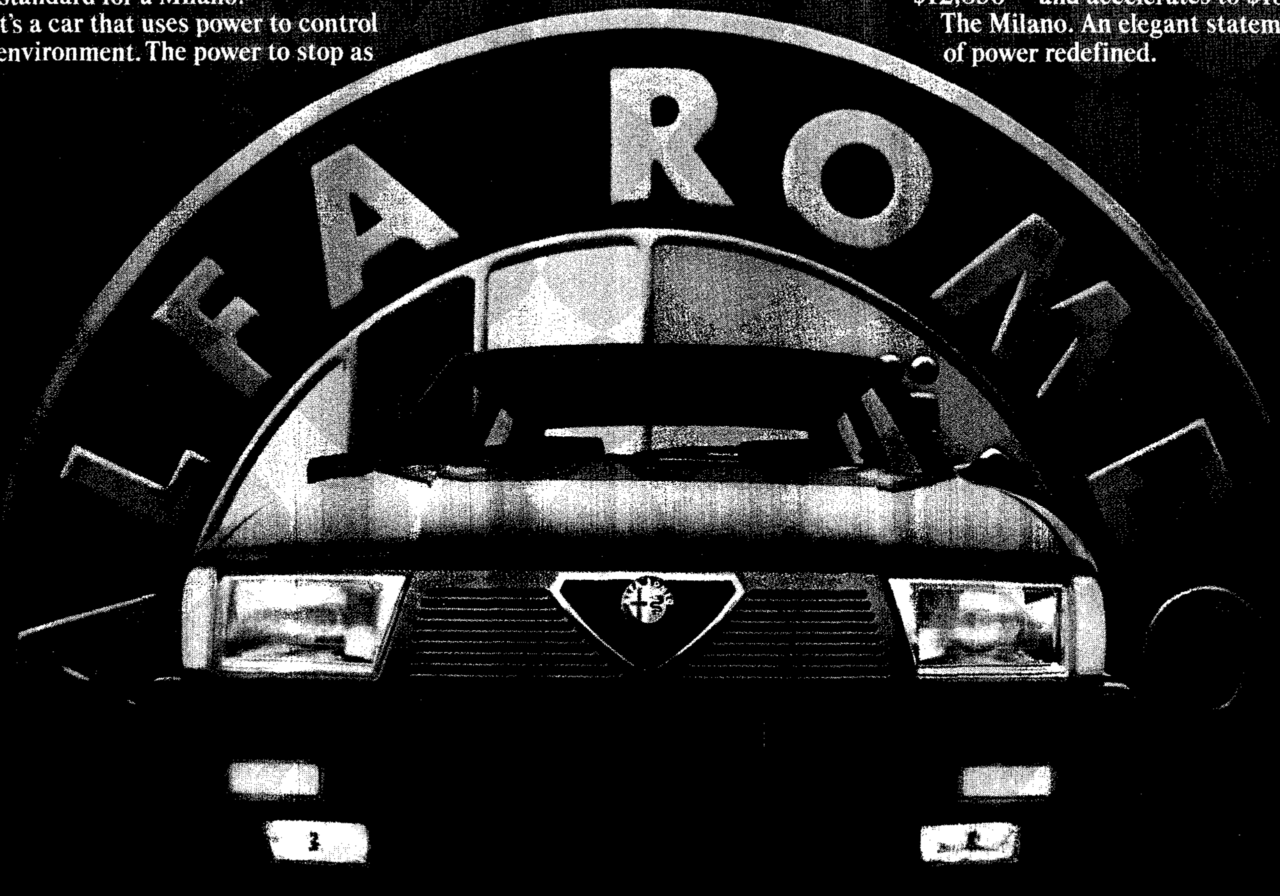

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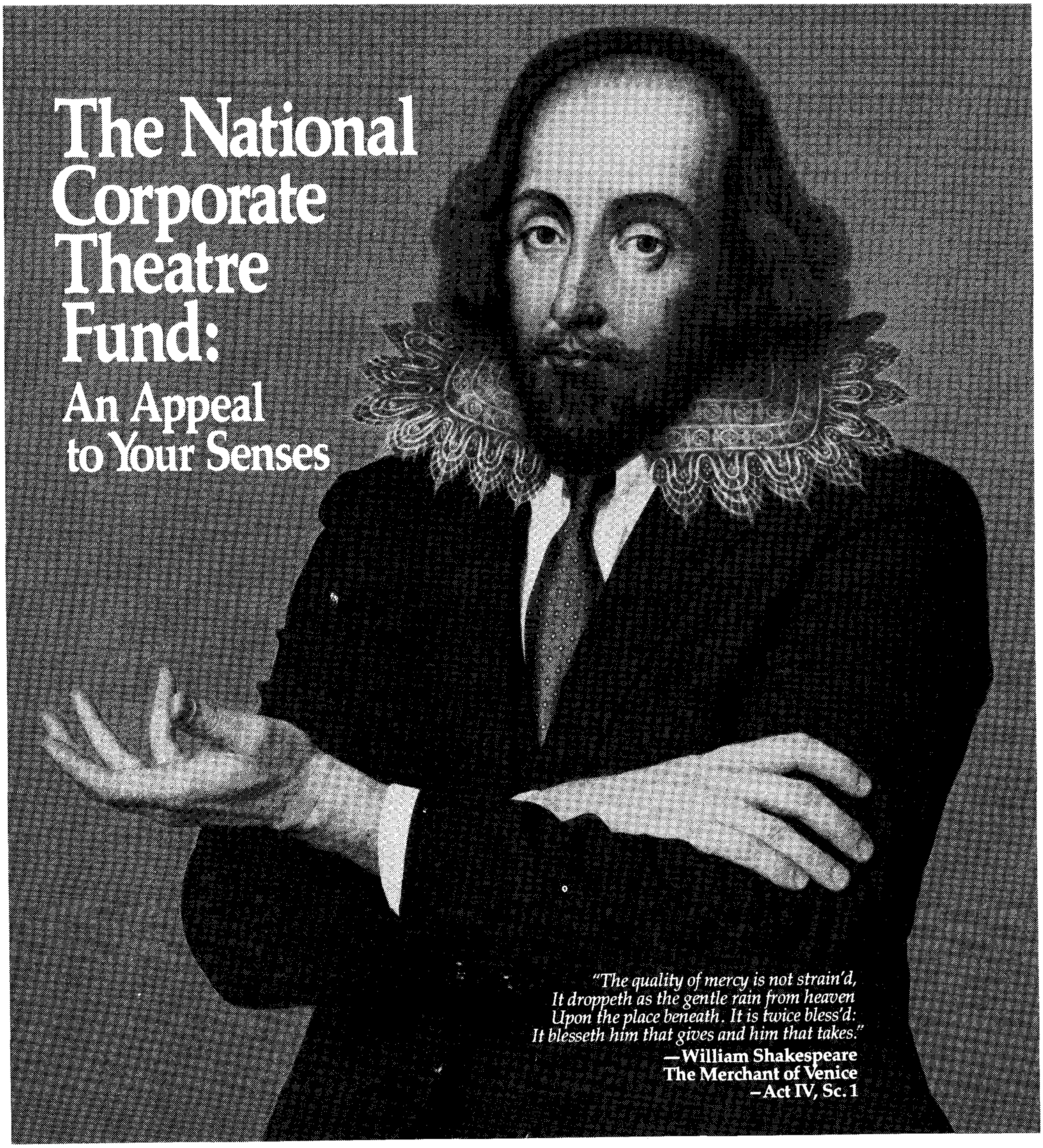

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times their visitors and, later, their talented family took a hand. In the intervals, they did paintings of the Downs and the farm buildings, their children at every stage, their friends, and each other. They were among the first English artists whose way of seeing things and putting what they saw on canvas had been revolutionized by the excitement of the two Post-Impressionist exhibitions that Roger Fry brought to the Grafton Galleries, in London, in 1910 and 1912. London was the center for their work, but Charleston was their home. After their Bloomsbury studios were bombed out in the blitz, they moved there permanently.

Vanessa Bell died in 1961, at the age of eighty-two. Duncan Grant lived on at Charleston, painting up to the end, until his death, at ninety-three, in 1978. Angelica, who had married David Garnett, moved in for a while, and later went to make her home in France. Charleston had been gently falling down for years. Now it was left to crumble into ruin in its overgrown garden, while the population of woodworms, mice, and moths, along with the rain and the gales sweeping up from the coast, did their worst. An alarmed movement to save it got under way, energetically set in motion by a thirty-six-year-old art historian, Deborah Gage, who is a cousin of the present Viscount Gage. In 1980, she founded the Charleston Trust and assembled a committee, headed by Professor Quentin Bell, which launched an appeal for funds to buy the house from the Gage estate, restore it and its contents, and open it to the public. A companion appeal was organized in America. The money rolled in on both sides of the Atlantic, and later that year the first stages of the restoration began.

CHARLESTON was opened in June of this year. A few weeks before, I drove down to Sussex to have a look at the final preparations for the day and to talk to Professor Bell, who lives a few miles away. The country beneath Firle Beacon is beautiful and silent. Signposts to help visitors to find the house were not yet up, and I took a couple of wrong turnings that ended in other lonely farms before a young man who was heaving manure into a tractor wagon climbed off the pile and directed me along a bumpy track. When found, the place was at first disconcertingly different from the artists' impressions of it. Charleston is a sturdy flint-and-brick building approached by the concrete yard and the gaunt barns of the farm, which still belongs to the Gage family. Beyond concrete gateposts, the serene and charming frontage of the house faces the old horsepond and its cruising ducks. This is the view instantly recognizable from all the canvases—a tidily geometrical structure, with large, paned windows and with a couple of attic dormers peering out of the steeply pitched tiled roof. Passing through the front door, I found myself in a passage almost completely blocked by a litter of dust sheets, paint cans, and tools, among which a girl was crawling as she worked on the plaster of the wall. Directed by her, I went through the house and out into the garden, where Professor Bell was sitting, peacefully smoking a pipe, under an apple tree. A group of young people in jeans and T-shirts were squatting on the grass in the sunshine, chatting and drinking mugs of tea. "They're some of the team working under Pauline Plummer, who is in charge of the restoration," Professor Bell said, glancing at them benevolently. "I'm never quite sure how many there are. New faces come and go. Some are art students. Vicki Walton, who used to be one of *my* students and is now going to be our curator and live at the top of the house, is marvellous at finding places for them to stay."

Quentin Bell, Vanessa and Clive Bell's second son (Julian was killed in 1937, driving an ambulance in the Spanish war), is a tall, cheerful man of seventy-five, with a silvery beard and a gently amused expression, who is now emeritus professor of the history and theory of art at Sussex University. He is a potter and a sculptor, and has written many books, including a biography of his aunt, Virginia Woolf, and a monograph on Bloomsbury. We took a turn round the garden, a rectangle surrounded by Sussex-flint walls, which was newly planted out on one side in long beds between gravel paths, rather like a French *potager*. "It wasn't like this when my mother arrived here, but it is remarkably like what it was before she died," Professor Bell explained. "About the only landmarks we could recognize in the total chaos after Duncan died were the apple trees and a box hedge and a little mosaic paving that he and Vanessa and I helped make. We had all signed it, but one of the workmen repairing the cement surround accidentally chipped the signatures off. Sir Peter

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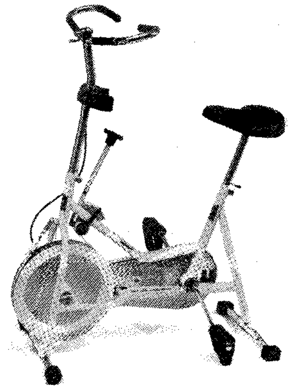

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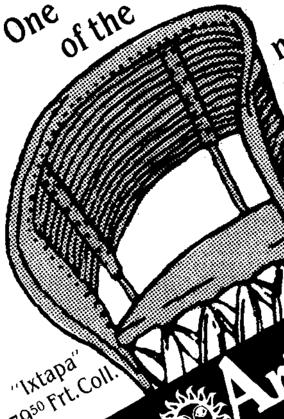

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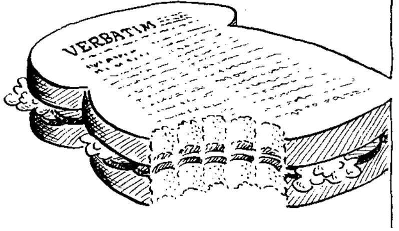

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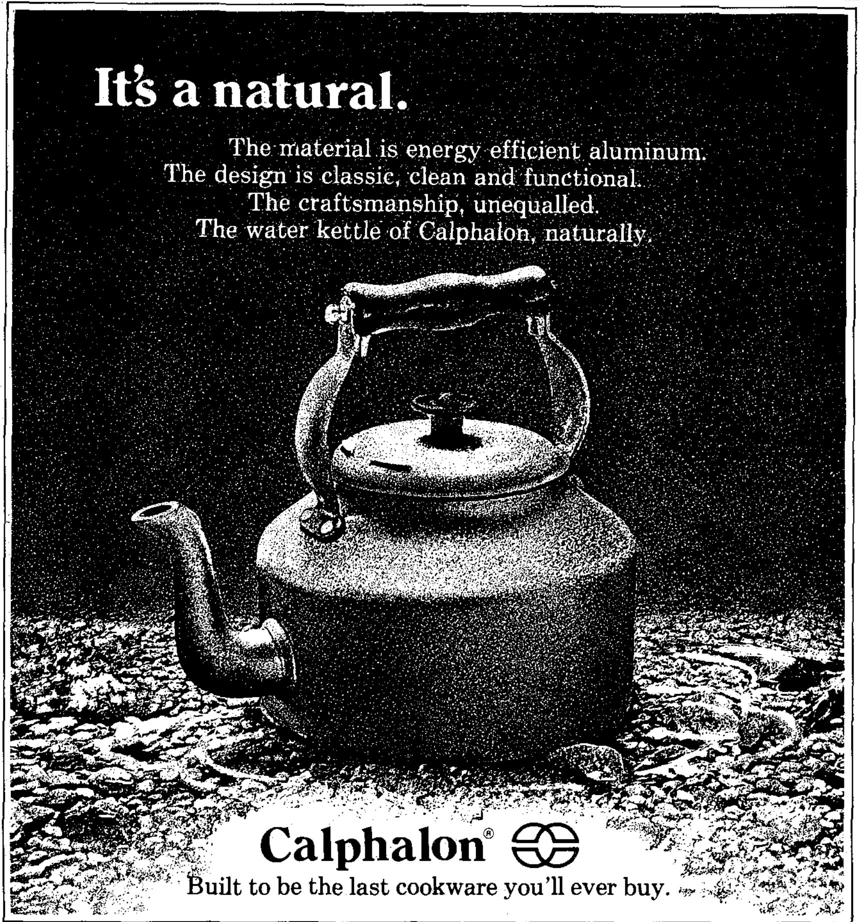

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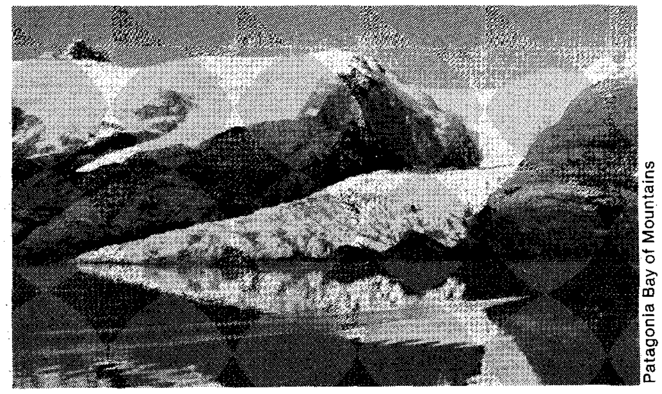

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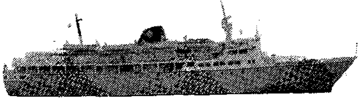

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Shepheard, the landscape architect, reconstructed the garden as it had been. The walls had tumbled down, and they were rebuilt. One of the things that couldn't be put back was a line of elm trees behind the end wall, which were part of Charleston for me from my earliest days. They died of Dutch elm disease. Other trees are being planted, but I do miss those elms. Because of the fiendishly cold, wet spring this year, not many of the flowers will be out in time for the opening, but it will soon look very pretty. Various people have sponsored the restoration of important rooms in the house. The cost of restoring the garden was sponsored by an American lady, the late Mrs. Lila Acheson Wallace, who founded the *Reader's Digest* with her husband. She also gave money for the re-creation of Monet's garden at Giverny. Her generosity to Charleston was wonderful, and I designed a plaque saying so, which is on the wall over there."

A couple of classical plaster casts stood, looking stranded, in a flower bed. "Duncan had a passion for them," Professor Bell said. "He was always buying them at art schools. There were a great many, and we are going to put them up along the tops of the walls, where they used to be. He took a keen interest in the garden, though not all his ideas turned out so well. Once, he brought home a bulrush someone had given him, and planted it in the horsepond. The whole pond became solid bulrush, with angry little moorhens trying to find a way through it. He had to ask a boys' school over for the day to pull them up."

I asked him how the Charleston Trust funds were coming along, and he said they were not so much coming along at the moment as going out. "The appeal raised six hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds, here and abroad, which was splendid, but the costs we have had have been appalling. When we looked at the place after Duncan's death, it seemed impossible that anything could be done to save it. We despaired. Then, suddenly, a whirlwind called Deborah Gage arrived on the doorstep and sent our gloom flying in all directions. Even after she had got the thing going and the money was coming in, people went on shaking their heads and saying the restoration was hopeless. A new roof and chimney had to be put on the house. There was two feet of water under the dining-room floor. Just about every affliction that can attack a deserted, decaying old house had settled in. Before the structural work started, every room was photographed and its contents catalogued, and then it was emptied. The paintings that were on wood were taken down and removed to the restorers' studio. My mother and Duncan often stencilled their designs on top of the old farmhouse wallpapers. In one of the rooms, Phillip Stevens, the expert paper restorer, found fifteen filthy layers under the decorations he was removing. The final crisis was the discovery of rising damp. That has been fixed, but in two rooms the painted wallpapers can't be rehung until everything has completely dried out. It won't be this season, I'm afraid."

Professor Bell sighed, and said that he hoped the National Trust would eventually take Charleston over. "They would like to have it, but the trouble is they want a very large endowment with it. They already own the Woolfs' house in Rodmell, so visitors could go from there to Charleston, and could end up, if they felt strong enough to see any more, at the little parish church of Berwick, a few miles away. Duncan, Vanessa, and I painted some murals there in the forties. Bishop Bell, of Chichester, a very charming, liberal man, was keen to revive the medieval tradition of church patronage of the arts, and he commissioned us. It was a combined family operation. Angelica modelled for the Virgin Mary in Vanessa's mural of the Annunciation and the Nativity, and we also roped in friends, local shepherds, and the son of our housekeeper."

THE group on the grass had gone back into the house, and we followed them. Professor Bell led the way down narrow, uncarpeted passages, remarking that the boards had always been bare like that. The young people had vanished. Their voices sounded from upstairs, and feet pounded overhead. The first room we went into was a big studio, opening into the garden. Professor Bell said it had been added in 1925. "Duncan worked here, and my mother's studio was on the top floor. This became the center of the house for us all. For one thing, there was a stove in winter, which spread a bit of warmth. The rest of the house was indescribably freezing. In the evenings, after dinner, we and anybody who was staying would gather here and gossip. There were always people staying, and often there were dreadful servant problems, too. Though we hadn't much money, my mother was of the generation that wouldn't have dreamt of employing fewer than three servants in a house this size, and some of the characters who gravitated toward us were indeed weird, and even alarming. We had one cook who, when she was annoyed, used to fill a pillowcase with broken bricks and thump it on the floor. Virginia was marvellous in a crisis, and would at once offer to lend the maids from her house, which my Uncle Leonard didn't like at all. All these domestic disasters ended when our beloved Grace Higgens came to work for us, and stayed for fifty years or so. She loved Charleston and looked after it, and after Duncan, until they were all too old to go on. There's a little plaque over the kitchen stove which I designed in *her* memory. But the dinner would be very good in spite of everything, and there was always wine. Somehow, my mother was able to concentrate completely and passionately on her painting and yet have a separate compartment for the rest."

The studio was flooded with light. It had a swept and garnished air of expecting people. There was not much furniture in it except a china cabinet holding an assortment of blue-and-white china and decorated pottery; a sofa; long shelves crammed with a mass of shabby volumes, from works on art and philosophy to old Penguins; and a few small painted or tiled tables. Stephen Tomlin's bust of Virginia Woolf ("She hated sitting for it") stood on a chest. Family photographs, including an early one of Vanessa Bell's strong, ravishing face, were propped up on the mantelpiece, which appeared to be supported by the brawny arms of two large male nudes, painted by Duncan Grant, framing the fireplace; they leaned, negligently cross-legged, as though ready to take part in the evening conversation of the vanished circle of armchairs. An earlier version, of classical figures, was underneath, Professor Bell said, unhooking and unfolding the panels to reveal the banished ones. "Duncan would get tired of something, and so would my mother. They would say, 'This is looking absolutely frightful. Let's paint something on top.' They never stopped. In a way, I suppose they were trying out ideas for the commissions to decorate rooms for their friends' London houses that they carried out in the twenties and thirties—

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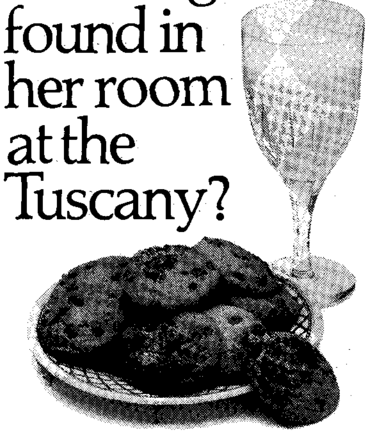

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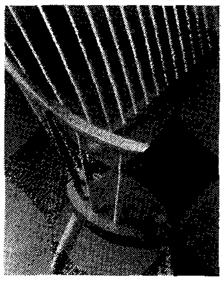

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nearly all destroyed in the bombings, which makes Charleston almost unique as the survivor."

Vanessa Bell's bedroom, next door, contained the unusual feature of a large bath, its side panels painted with a swirling orange-and-yellow design by Duncan Grant. "It was thought to be very modern when it was put in, sometime in the thirties," Professor Bell said. "In our early days, there wasn't much plumbing, which guests found a trial." The room had a door into the studio, so Vanessa could get out of bed or bath and wander into the garden, which she painted frequently in her quiet, intimate, very feminine pictures. The pink-washed plaster walls were crowded with her canvases and Grant's. "Angelica came over from France and helped mix the colors for the walls that weren't papered, using natural pigments exactly as they were mixed when they were put on," said Professor Bell, looking round appraisingly. "One of the restorers' problems was to make new paint and plaster look not new, and I think they have succeeded. Duncan left Angelica the furniture, but she gave it back to Charleston, and friends contributed various pieces. He moved into this room after my mother died. In his old age, he sometimes found it difficult to remember whether a cupboard or a window frame had been painted by him or by her. The curtains have not been hung here yet. Where possible, the old ones have been used, but some of the Grant and Bell fabrics, made for them by a firm called Allan Walton, just fell to pieces, and Laura Ashley has reprinted the designs very beautifully."

Upstairs, pieces of paper saying "Clive Bell's room," "Maynard Keynes' room" (Keynes, the economist, lived at Charleston for some time), and so on were tacked up on the doors to help newcomers to the working team. In each room, the colors were different. Their brightness had been a revelation, Professor Bell remarked, when they emerged from decades of dirt. Abstract designs were repeated everywhere, like two highly individual handwritings; and, in a later, Italianate style, bold figures of mandolin-playing peasant women, a dreaming swimmer, a sea-boy astride a dolphin, and large bouquets of flowers and leaves glowed on bookcases, chests, and cupboard doors. Somehow, they seemed all of a piece. The extraordinary rooms had not the melancholy of shown rooms that keep visitors at a respectful distance with ropes over the chairs. They felt touchingly personal. A family had lived here and loved the place. They had left possessions that had drifted together over the years—hundreds of books, Staffordshire huntsmen, drawings of moths and butterflies, pottery brought back by Vanessa Bell from holidays in France and Italy, a pair of fearsome Victorian beadwork prie-dieux that had appealed to Duncan Grant, box files labelled "Letters VW/VB 1907-1940" and "DG to VB"—and the accumulated clutter spoke affectionately of their owners.

Professor Bell's wife, Anne Olivier Bell, who edited Virginia Woolf's diaries, was working in the dining room downstairs. Her attractive appearance—orange scarf tied round her hair, striped apron protecting a full mauve skirt—would have fitted without difficulty into a weekend snapshot of Charleston guests. She had been helping a girl called Geraldine to put up a shallow ceramic lampshade, made by Quentin Bell, over the table. It was hung from the ceiling by three chains of large glass beads, which Geraldine had taken home to wash. "We had nothing but paraffin lamps in those days," Professor Bell said. "A nice, soft light, but sometimes they caught fire." "It looks fine," said Mrs. Bell, standing back to admire the effect. The big circular table, decorated by Vanessa Bell in lemon, pink, and lavender, was surrounded by high-backed lacquer-red chairs, which had been made in Roger Fry's experimental Omega Workshops in 1913. Vanessa's last self-portrait, wearing spectacles, a large hat, and a green shawl, was one of the pictures crowding the walls. She was seventy-nine then, and still beautiful. "People said that the Omega furniture always fell to bits, but these chairs have stood up to the wear and tear of Bell family life pretty well," Professor Bell said. "Apart from us, people came to meals all the time. Distances never seemed to matter. Everybody walked and bicycled miles, and it was all very enjoyable."

I asked about the four-day seminar on Charleston, organized by the Trust and attended by the Bells, that took place at the Dallas Museum of Art and the Fort Worth Art Museum in March. Mrs. Bell said she had loved it. "I took part in a reading from 'Freshwater,' Virginia's play about her great-aunt Julia Margaret Cameron, the photographer, which was first acted by the family in 1935. The delightful thing was that there was lots of laughter in the right places. The play is full of 'in' jokes that are usually understood by only a few people in the audience, who laugh, and then everybody else comes in politely, rather late. In Texas, the audience seemed to know it all and be right on the ball."

"Everyone was immensely kind, but there were so many people who wanted to talk about Charleston," Professor Bell said. "I had to make several speeches. I must say I look forward to the day the house opens. It seems to me that everything I've spoken about or written for the last few years has been about Charleston. I want to get back to work, arranging some old lectures, and perhaps writing something new."

Mrs. Bell nodded, and said that she, too, was going to enjoy her next job—choosing extracts from the Woolf diaries, and photographs to accompany them. Her husband looked reflectively round the dining room. "Sometimes going into a room gives me a shock—it's so like it was," he said. "A bit sad, in a way, but Charleston wasn't at all sad. Everybody was happy, enjoying being here and laughing a great deal. We plan to be able to put up visiting artists or students later on. In winter, when the house will be closed to visitors, I hope to come over and paint in Duncan's studio. Charleston will really seem itself then."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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The editors of *Park Cities People* have always felt the newspaper should be the mouthpiece of the community. This week, that mouthpiece makes a joyful noise, as many positive changes are announced.

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Hush, mouthpiece!

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Patrons of the Queensborough Community College Professional Performing Arts Series have a surprise in store. This fall, they will be able to enjoy, at the same prices paid last year, the benefits of a spanking and a new $10,000 sound system.—*Queens Tribune.*

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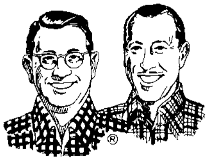

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JAZZ

Discoveries

THE magisterial drummer Sidney Catlett joined Benny Goodman's big band early in June of 1941. The band was probably the best Goodman ever had, and it included, during Catlett's tenure, Cootie Williams, Billy Butterfield, and Jimmy Maxwell on trumpet, Lou McGarity and Cutty Cutshall on trombone, George Auld or Vido Musso on tenor saxophone, Mel Powell on piano, John Simmons on bass, and Charlie Christian on guitar. Then, in October, on the eve of a long stay by the band in the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, Goodman unaccountably fired Catlett, replacing him with a mediocre drummer named Ralph Collier. When Goodman was asked many years later why he had done something similar to Toscanini's firing Vladimir Horowitz, he said, "It's always been one of my enigmas—drummers." The band appeared that summer at the Steel Pier, in Atlantic City, at the Hotel Sherman, in Chicago, and at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, in Cedar Grove, New Jersey. It broadcast almost every night, and it went into the recording studios in Chicago and New York seven or eight times. From all indications, Catlett, who suddenly found himself in the challenging and auspicious position of being the first black drummer ever hired full time by a white big band, behaved with his customary tact, taste, and brilliance.

Here is what Mel Powell, now a classical composer and professor of music, said of Catlett the other day: "I always thought that this giant of a man had no peer as a percussionist. After all, he was playing on nothing but a set of traps—a snare drum, a couple of tomtoms, a bass drum, and some cymbals. Yet he invariably sounded as if he were playing delicately tuned drums. Where he hit his snare with his stick, how hard he hit it, where and how he hit his cymbals and tomtoms—all these things transformed ordinary sounds into pitches that matched and enhanced what he heard around him. His sensitivity and delicacy of ear were extraordinary. So was his time. He'd nail the band into the tempo with such power *and* gentleness that one night I was absolutely transported by what he was doing. Watching him lift and carry us, I took my hands off the keyboard and missed the beginning of a solo. I don't think I have ever been more awed by a musical performance. Sid's personality reflected his playing. He was lovable and loving. He was gentle. He was compassionate and concerned. He was also vulnerable. I saw tears in his eyes the night he was told, just after he'd joined the band, that his uniform wasn't ready yet, that he'd have to play in his street clothes, and so—to him—look unfinished. He had a wonderful sense of humor, and, among other things, he liked to take off black stereotypes. He had never flown—in fact, he had carefully avoided flying. But the only way to get to a gig we had in Canada was by plane. Sid asked to sit next to me, and when they were starting to rev the engines one of the boys in the band called out, 'Hey! What's that weird noise in the engine?' Sid turned to me and rolled his eyes and said, 'Oh, merciful God!' It was flawless Stepin Fetchit—and it almost hid his fear. I have never been able to figure out why Benny fired Sid. All that comes to mind is that Benny was not a follower and neither was Sid. But Benny was the boss."

Catlett had spent his career in the big black bands of Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, and Louis Armstrong, and the job with Goodman put him squarely before the white public. It also put him in tacit competition with the celebrated Gene Krupa, who had left Goodman just three years earlier. Catlett was thirty-one years old and at the height of his great powers. Goodman's dismissal must have stunned him, but it didn't derail him. He returned briefly to Louis Armstrong's unpressed big band and then went with Teddy Wilson's masterly sextet at Café Society Uptown. He was the only drummer at the sumptuous Metropolitan Opera House concert in January of 1944. (Those present were winners of an *Esquire* jazz poll, and they included Armstrong, Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, Red Norvo, Mildred Bailey, Teddy Wilson, Jack Teagarden, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Lionel Hampton, and Oscar Pettiford.) He had his own small groups in the mid-forties, and he recorded with everyone from Eddie Condon to Duke Ellington to Lester Young to Dizzy Gillespie. In 1946, he became an original mem-

I LOOK LIKE I MEAN BUSINESS, AND, BY GOLLY, I DO!
W B Park

ber of Louis Armstrong's All Stars. A heart attack in 1949 slowed him down—but not enough—and he died on Easter Sunday in 1951.

Catlett sounds relatively subdued on the eighteen or so studio recordings that he made with Goodman. Recording engineers, still using jumpy pretape equipment, were wary of drummers, and often placed them at the back of the studio. And Goodman, the perfectionist, tended to frown on any sort of inspirational waywardness when he recorded. But now, with the release of "Benny and Sid 'Roll 'Em'" (Honeysuckle Rose Records, Box 156, Hicksville, New York 11802), it is at last clear how Catlett really sounded with Goodman. He drove the band (and Goodman) almost unmercifully, and he demonstrated once and for all how to play big-band drums. The recording consists of twenty-five air checks (one is made up of snippets of "Roll 'Em" taken from four different broadcasts) recorded between July 12 and October 8, 1941. The broadcasts were recorded by a Denver fan and by the invaluable and indefatigable New York collector Jerry Newman. The Honeysuckle record was produced by Jerry Valburn, who, with the help of Jack Towers and John T. Gill, has very nearly restored the recordings to what they must have sounded like on a decent radio. The selections include old Goodman material ("Sing, Sing, Sing" and "Ida"), numbers made popular by other bands ("Flying Home," "Tuesday at Ten," "Concerto for Cootie," "One O'Clock Jump"), and tunes that Goodman either had recently recorded or was getting ready to record ("A Smooth One," "Benny Rides Again," "The Count," "The Earl," "Pound Ridge," "Clarinet à la King," and "Roll 'Em"). The Goodman band was primarily an ensemble group with one principal soloist—its leader. Other soloists (in order of space given them) were Cootie Williams, Lou McGarity, Vido Musso, Billy Butterfield, and Catlett, who was mainly allotted two- and four-bar breaks. Catlett, though never obtrusive, is everywhere—almost tilting the band on the first "The Earl" and the first "Benny Rides Again;" using luxurious press rolls behind Williams on a languorous, dreaming "Concerto for Cootie;" using three miraculously placed tom-tom beats on the final bridge of "The Birth of the Blues;" driving Goodman very hard with his tomtoms on a fast "Sing, Sing, Sing;" and dropping, like mots, his immaculate and unique rim shots. Catlett clearly had a strange effect on Goodman, who solos at great length throughout the recording. The precise, parsed Goodman of the studio recordings is nowhere to be heard. This Goodman is wild and woolly, and even experimental (the first chorus of "Pound Ridge"). Sometimes, perhaps driven beyond his powers, he is forced and empty.

The contrast between the almost ferocious Catlett of the Goodman air checks and the Catlett who has recently been spotted by the English writer Eddie Lambert on an October 13, 1945, Duke Ellington air check is startling. (The air check, taken from a weekly one-hour radio show that Ellington did for the Treasury Department in 1945, is on Volumes XXVI and XXVII of a series of records called "Duke Ellington Treasury Show," and can be ordered by subscription from the Honeysuckle Rose address.) Catlett apparently subbed for Sonny Greer during part of that October. (He also appears on a Victor recording made on October 8th.) He had great respect for Ellington, and his playing is almost reverential. He pulls the band smartly together (Greer sometimes allowed it to march off in all directions), even though he is not clearly audible until a "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," done near the end of the broadcast and including a duet by him and his old chum Rex Stewart. It is a dancing, funny exchange, in which Catlett uses stinging offbeat rim shots, a prodding half-open high hat, and parodic snare-drum figures. It is the sort of secret public "talk" that jazz musicians love.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the West Hartford News*]

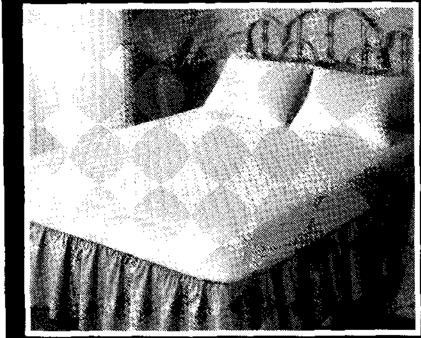
CORRECTIONS

Payton James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald James Jr. of 10 Northmoor Rd., graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology where she earned a B.S. degree in biology. It was inaccurately reported in the July 17 issue that Payton James was a daughter, not a son as printed. The News regrets the error.

•

Atlanta's very recognizable Ted Turner presented Edwin Moses the gold medal for winning the 400 meter hurdles while dressed in a yellow-and-white striped golf shirt, grey sports coat and a borrowed burgundy CNN-logo tie.—*Atlanta Journal & Constitution.*

And, of course, track shoes.



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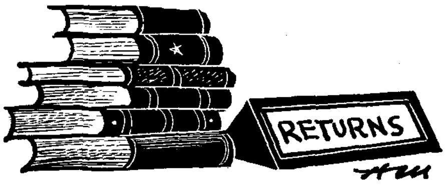
BOOKS

Ecolalia

ONE way to insure loving attention from your publisher is to write a big best-seller the first time out. In the churning wake of "The Name of the Rose" (1983), by the previously obscure Italian professor of semiotics Umberto Eco, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has brought out Eco's elegantly brief and scholarly "Postscript to the Name of the Rose" (1984) and now, wearing a dust jacket stunning in its luxuriously minimal use of the four-color printing process, a collection of Eco's essays, entitled "Travels in Hyperreality" (translated from the Italian by William Weaver, Christine Leefeldt, and some unnamed others; $15.95). Eco, it should be said, has *two* American publishers: Indiana University Press has issued, from his more academic self, "A Theory of Semiotics" (1976), "The Role of the Reader" (1979), and "Semiotics and the Philosophy of Language" (1984). The general essays of "Travels in Hyperreality" verge, some of them, on the linguistically technical, and some on the fadingly topical, but the best of them recall the jeux d'esprit of the late Roland Barthes in his journalistic, foreword-writing mode. Eco does not quite convince us, however, as did Barthes, that he is in possession of a wholly new tool of perception, a cerebral instrument that by a quick process of reduction and reassembly gives familiar and commonplace matters a bright, freshly facetted aspect. Barthes had something of the puckish perverse, the smirk of the true provocateur, whereas Eco is relatively benign and earnest—he is the plump, cigarette-puffing tutor who sits across from us at his littered desk and gently conveys the rueful truth that our honors thesis would be much better if he could only write it himself. Barthes's agility was all mental; enthroned in Paris, the capital of intellection, he had no need of research or legwork, though he might strangely find himself, as if by a blink of thought, in Japan. Eco actually travels, visiting voodoo rites in the outskirts of São Paulo, sightseeing in the intellectual hinterlands of North America, and delving into some rarefied neighborhoods of history.

As an essayist, Eco has two strengths, two areas where he is unusually knowledgeable and therefore especially interesting: the Middle Ages, upon which "The Name of the Rose" was an animated disquisition, and the New World, where he is a well-acclimated tourist. The title essay, the longest in this collection, ranges across the United States in search of instances of the native appetite for "the real thing" (to quote the Coca-Cola commercial) and (to quote many another) "more." Realer than real are Disneyland, Forest Lawn, the Movieland Wax Museum, Old Bethpage Village on Long Island (where changes in sheep produced by breeders flaw the otherwise perfect reconstruction of an early-nineteenth-century farm), and three-dimensional wax versions of Leonardo's "Last Supper"—Eco visited seven between Los Angeles and San Francisco, all of them claiming evident superiority to the fading, flaking original in Milan. In the *Palace of Living Arts in Buena Park*, for five dollars the dumbfounded tourist could (until 1982, when the Palace closed) view colored wax reproductions of famous marble statues like Michelangelo's "David" and the "Venus de Milo" (her arms considerately restored) and 3-D travesties of such celebrity paintings as the "Mona Lisa," Ingres's "Grande Odalisque," and Thomas Lawrence's "Pinkie," complete with a concealed fan that stirred her silk dress. This bold, if not commercially successful, attempt to bring closer to the American citizenry the wonders of European culture—"the fetishization of art as a sequence of famous objects"—is brother, Eco suggests, to such massive conglomerate appropriations as Hearst's San Simeon and the Ringlings' Venetian palazzo Ca' d'Zan in Sarasota; thence to the Getty Museum, with its authentic masterworks in a re-created Roman villa, is a short, if tastefully trodden, step. Eco is not insensitive to the pathos of our vulgar homages, the "something disarming about this search for glory via an unrequited love for the European past," nor quite unmindful of Old World wax museums and reliquaries that also strive for what might be called hyperreality. He takes a dainty philosophical delight in the paradoxes of such marriages of the synthetic and the actual as ecologically-minded zoos and marine parks where "Nature has almost been regained, and yet it is erased by artifice precisely so that it can be presented as uncontaminated nature," and artificial Old West towns whose fake shops sell actual goods for real money. In the entertainment industry, he tells us, "when there is a sign it seems there isn't one, and when there isn't one we believe that there is. The condition of pleasure is that something be faked." He leaves few semiotic nuances of our recreational fakery unravelled, and rises to an insight into popular American theology:



> If you follow the Sunday morning religious programs on TV you come to understand that God can be experienced only as nature, flesh, energy, tangible image. And since no preacher dares show us God in the form of a bearded dummy, or as a Disneyland robot, God can be found in the form of natural force, joy, healing, youth, health, economic increment (which, let Max Weber teach us, is at once the essence of the Protestant ethic and of the spirit of capitalism).

We perhaps don't need the reference to Weber's well-worn teaching, and an American native, becoming the object of so lively and amused an anthropology, grows, like anthropologically considered natives the world over, rather restive with possible objections, such as that most of the hyperreal sites Eco surveyed are to a great extent aimed at the entertainment and edification of children. More than once, for light on our essence, he draws upon comic strips, with which he shows an encyclopedic acquaintance. Lyndon Johnson's enormous monument to himself in Austin is likened to Superman's Fortress of Solitude, his museum of robotized and miniaturized memories, and the consumer of kitschy hyperreality is "the America of Linus, for whom happiness must assume the form of a warm puppy or a security blanket, the America of Schroeder, who brings Beethoven to life not so much through a simplified score played on a toy piano as through the realistic bust in marble (or rubber). Where Good, Art, Fairytale, and History, unable to become flesh, must at least become Plastic." That hurts. Next we'll be told that Beethoven is plastic Beethoven if played on an American piano. Eco's tour begins with an exhilarating prospectus—"There is

TALL, SLIM, BRONZED PEOPLE ←
OTHERS →
D. Reilly

. . . an America of furious hyperreality, which is not that of Pop Art, of Mickey Mouse, or of Hollywood movies. There is another, more secret America (or rather, just as public, but snubbed by the European visitor and also by the American intellectual). . . . It has to be discovered"—but ends on a sour, somewhat Marxist note: "The ideology of this America wants to establish reassurance through Imitation. But profit defeats ideology, because the consumers want to be thrilled not only by the guarantee of the Good but also by the shudder of the Bad. . . . Thus, on entering his cathedrals of iconic reassurance, the visitor will remain uncertain whether his final destiny is hell or heaven, and so will consume new promises."

Semiology, the study of signification born from the semantic theories of Ferdinand de Saussure, is limited, as a tool of cultural analysis, by its necessary focus on propaganda—that is, the loading of discourse, visual or auditory, with messages of salesmanship and social reassurance. In Barthes's deft and beguiling essays, the "mythologies" of the French petite bourgeoisie are caught and held to analysis as they flicker past, all but subliminally, in the Paris press; he practiced an updated and more urbane version of Flaubert's satire of Bouvard and Pécuchet. Eco, as he reads the Italian newspapers of the seventies and eighties, finds grimmer matter—the death of Aldo Moro, the barbarities of the Red Brigades. In "Striking at the Heart of the System," Eco concludes that the terrorists' mythology, which he couches in rather recondite comic-strip terms—"their Disney-like mythology, in which on one side there was a wicked individual capitalist named Uncle Scrooge and on the other the Beagle Boys, a cheating rabble, true, but with a certain charge of crazy amiability because they stole, to the tunes of proletarian confiscation, from the stingy, egotistical capitalist"—has become obsolete, because Uncle Scrooge has gone multinational, and "the system" is now "headless and heartless." As such, it displays "an incredible capacity for healing and stabilizing," and "manages things in such a way that, except for the inevitable outsiders, everybody has something to lose in a situation of generalized terrorism." Eco, reading the signs, takes comfort in the conclusion that power has become unlocatably diffused. A photograph in *Corriere d'Informazione* shows a ski-masked terrorist brandishing his pistol alone on the street: "The collective element was missing," Eco's interpretation of this sign runs. "This image suggested other worlds, other figurative, narrative traditions that had nothing to do with the proletarian tradition, with the idea of popular revolt, of mass struggle." In "Language, Power, Force," citing Barthes, Georges Duby, and Michel Foucault, Eco proposes that power in today's world is, like language, subject to many small adjustments but never to revolution; change expresses itself as "progressive adjustment through slow, marginal shifts, in a centerless universe where all is margin and there is no longer any 'heart' of anything."

Our world, Eco believes, resembles the medieval world, with its intricate and shifting alliances between clergy and nobility, clergy and populace, national monarchies and monastic orders. The barons of multinational capitalism are observed "to medievalize their territory, with fortified castles and great residential complexes with private guards and photoelectric cells." Fantasy fiction and movies are riding a "neomedieval wave," and this nostalgia, the essay "Living in the New Middle Ages" explains, is really a search for self-understanding, as we traverse our post-imperial landscape of personal insecurity, wandering thieves and mystics, plagues and massacres, monastery-like university campuses, and a gaudy artistic culture pasted together from the flotsam of the past:

> An art not systematic but additive and compositive, ours and that of the Middle Ages: today as then the sophisticated elitist experiment coexists with the great enterprise of popularization (the relation between illuminated manuscript and cathedral is the same as that between MOMA and Hollywood), with interchanges and borrowings, reciprocal and continuous; and the evident Byzantinism, the mad taste for collecting, lists, assembling, amassing of disparate things is due to the need to dismantle and reconsider the flotsam of a previous world, harmonious perhaps, but by now obsolete.

Eco's belief—easier to entertain, perhaps, in semi-anarchic, picturesque Italy than on the tame plains of the United States—that we are living in a new Middle Ages gave urgency and weight to his fourteenth-century novel, and a "coded" quality that added to its detective-story pleasures. These essays, too, take life from his historical passion, whether he is praising St. Thomas Aquinas, describing Marshall McLuhan as "someone who writes the Canticle of Sister Electricity," or placing the Jonestown mass suicide in a dizzying context of medieval millenarian movements—the fraticelli, "the apostolics of Gherardo Segarelli, from which was born the revolt of Fra Dolcino," the "endura," the followers of Tanchelm and Eudes de l'Étoile, the Tafurs (hairy, dirty, cannibalistic), the Crucifers, "the secret Flagellants of Thuringia," and so on. But our neomedieval world is also the global village of mass communication, and Eco takes as topics pop songs, "Casablanca," "2001," how to trick the phone company and how "the system" builds such technological thievery into its balance sheets, and the procedure whereby interest in sports becomes interest in media discourse upon sports: "Born as the raising to the nth power of that initial (and rational) waste that is sports recreation, sports chatter is the glorification of Waste, and therefore the maximum point of Consumption. On it and in it *the consumer civilization man actually* consumes himself."

In this self-consuming, heartless society of all margin, communication becomes an end in itself, a kind of floating brain without central content. The international exposition, as exemplified in Montreal's Expo '67, builds on communicatory style pure and simple. "A country no longer says, 'Look what I produce' but 'Look how smart I am in presenting what I produce.' . . . Each country shows itself by the way in which it is able to present the same thing other countries could also present. The prestige game is won by the country that best tells what it does, independently of what it actually does." The large temporary buildings at such an exposition function less "as structures to live in or pass through" than "as media of communication and suggestion"—the United States pavilion, a Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome, triumphed as a sign ("Mystical and technical, past and future, open and closed, this dome communicated the possibility of privacy without eliminating the rest of the world, and suggested, even achieved an image of power and expansion"), and in its triumph as container overshadowed its rather predictably American contents. The show per se, rather than the thing shown, matters more and more, whether the topic is sports discourse replacing sports, guerrilla publicity-seeking, or "the levels of institutional cultural showmanship that have been reached in the United States." These essays, shaped by the semiotician's interest in secondary meanings, have an air of removal that consorts awkwardly with their occasional reflex of Marxist terminology—e.g., "He [a visitor to a trade fair] has only accepted his role as consumer of consumer goods since he cannot be a proprietor of means of production." The Marxism of Western European intellectuals must itself be taken as a sign, a bit of plumage whereby they recognize each other, since surely with the dismal example of Eastern Europe next door they can't want to turn Italy into Rumania, or France into China. Marx imagined that the world in its true workings, in the structure of its layered power, could be analyzed and then actually altered; Umberto Eco's reflections, generally amusing and often brilliant, glint off the surfaces of processes simultaneously elusive, inexorable, and feather-light. "Machines for communicating," as Eco says of clothes, make up the human world, *a shell of sheer significations* like a suit of armor with nothing in it. Such a suit, in the delightful fable "The Nonexistent Knight," by Eco's fellow-countryman Italo Calvino, walks and fights and falls in love; but can there truly, we who are inside the world must ask, be nothing at all inside?

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FATHER'S WORDS, by Richard Stern (Arbor House; $14.95). Richard Stern is a playful writer with a nice sense of irony and good timing. The voice in his latest novel is that of a middle-aged, middle-class family man, whose disappointment with his older son and anxiety about the remainder of his own life provide occasions for a delectable rhetorical display. With no words wasted (to exaggerate only a little), Mr. Stern spins from topic to topic, inspired by the ordinary: a dentist appointment, a lawyer's office, the streets of New York and Chicago, money, newspapers, sex, the death of parents, the origins of the words "family," "necessary," and "host," fatherhood, and the human mouth. He writes good dialogue, refers often to

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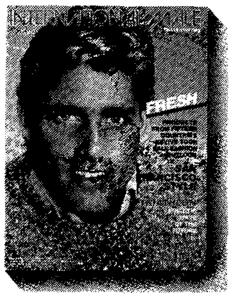

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literature in his quest for the meaning of family life, and certainly proves the point that he makes about his characters—that they are "athletes of the mouth. Gab is our sport."

GHOSTS, by Paul Auster (Sun & Moon; $12.95). A private detective named Blue, who learned his trade from a man named Brown, is hired by a man named White to watch a man named Black from an apartment across from Black's apartment on Orange Street (where Whitman lived and Thoreau visited and Beecher preached) in Brooklyn Heights. Blue sits by his window with a pair of binoculars and watches Black sitting by his window reading ("Walden") or writing. This goes on for many months. What does White want? Who is watching whom? Mr. Auster has given us a kind of mystery expressed in mirror images and wrapped in metaphor, and resolutely denies us a meaning. This should be boring or annoying, but somehow it isn't. It turns out to be strangely enjoyable, a ghostly experience.

HIDDEN PICTURES, by Meg Wolitzer (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95). When Laura has insomnia, Jane conjures up soothing stories. Meg Wolitzer uses three of them—one about two "Cro-Magwomen," in a pre-caveman world; one about two medieval girl knights-errant-in-disguise; and one about two American women pioneers—to suggest her heroines' evolution over the course of about eight years. This wise, gentle novel, set in the recent past in and around New York City, makes neither more nor less of Laura's and Jane's homosexuality than the two women must: than does Laura's ex-husband; than does Laura's young son's best friend's father; than does the Girl Scout troop leader next door. Laura is an illustrator for a children's magazine (the title refers to a puzzle she devises), and Jane is a woodworker; Meg Wolitzer's carefully made novel resembles both women's work—especially Laura's, as the title implies. There is, for instance, a touching scene before the Cro-Magwomen story, in which Laura's son stands transfixed in front of a cave-family diorama at the Museum of Natural History, and there is a fine juxtaposition, a few pages later, of a pair of modern fates that Laura aims to avoid: her mild-mannered parents sharing seed-

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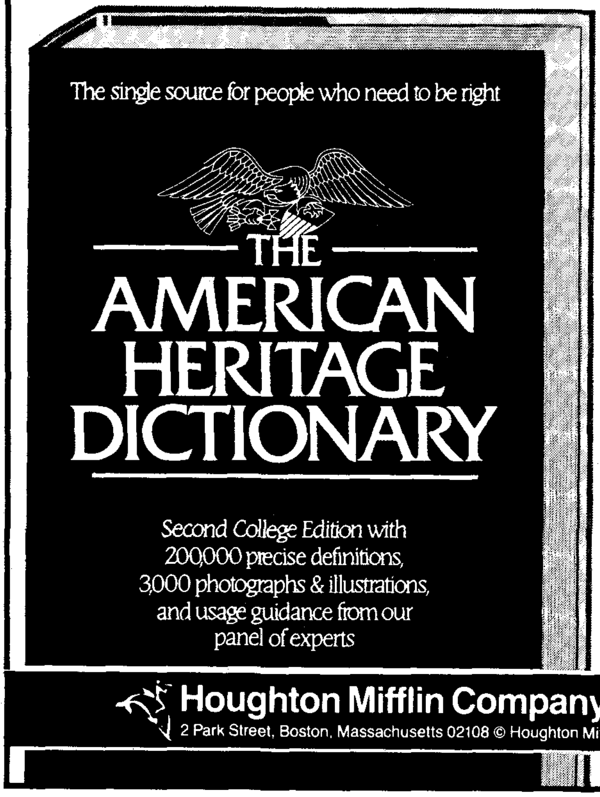
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less grapes every night on a porch in Iowa, and all those female Manhattanites buying cold pasta salad and diet soda for one.

THE EMBASSY HOUSE, by Nicholas Proffitt (Bantam; $16.95). Mr. Proffitt (who was there as a newsman) takes us back to the last years of the Vietnam War, and shows us an underside of that ugly war which is even uglier than most of us ever supposed: murders and torturings carried out by the C.I.A. He shapes his indictment around the career of one Captain Jake Gulliver, a Special Forces officer seconded to the C.I.A. to help it in its dirty work, who sickens of the war and of himself. Seen from the outside—from his dutiful assassinations—Gulliver is something of a monster, but he improves with longer acquaintance: becomes, indeed, eventually almost a symbol of disenchantment not only with the war but also with the never-ending politicking within the "Company." This is a superior novel.

GENERAL

TOMBEE: PORTRAIT OF A COTTON PLANTER, by Theodore Rosengarten (Morrow; $22.95). A biography of Thomas B. Chaplin (1822-90)—a plantation owner and slaveholder on St. Helena, one of the larger of the Carolina Sea Islands—together with an edited transcript of his journal, which extends from 1845 to 1861, when war swept everything away. This is a stunning feat of scholarship, in which are created the look and smell and tone of a culture removed from us by more than the gap of a hundred and thirty-odd years. Chaplin's diary recounts the chronically ill-starred economy of Tombee, his plantation, where, with the labor of about thirty Negro slaves, he grew cotton, corn, and potatoes; it also recounts the minutiae of his and his family's lives and the doings of his neighbors in St. Helena Parish. In the light of his time and class, Chaplin seems a man of decent instincts, but he was weak-willed and unlucky; he was quarrelsome and litigious; he drank a lot, especially when he dined abroad ("June 30th: Returned home a little skeiweed"); and he was addicted to opium. Perhaps the most fascinating, though repellent, aspect of this journal is the insight it offers into a Southern aristocrat's attitude toward his slaves: Chaplin was solic-

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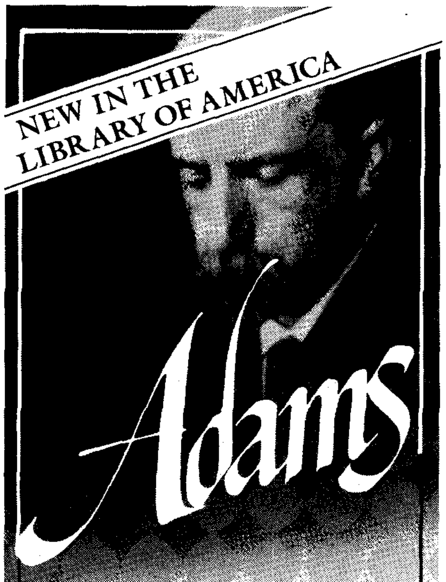
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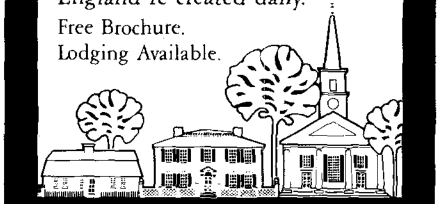

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itous of his slaves' health and well-being only insofar as their value as property was affected; he was cold to their sorrows, and although he recorded his grief at the illnesses and deaths of his relatives and friends he was annoyed when blacks mourned the death of one of their own.

ARMS AND HUNGER, by Willy Brandt, translated from the German by Anthea Bell (Pantheon; $15.95). A sensitive and reflective brief account of the former West German Chancellor's service on the World Bank's commission to study international development. Brandt's findings, like his suggestions, are realistic and discriminating; he distinguishes among the countries that need development aid, outlines the problems peculiar to each, and emphasizes the importance of substituting self-help for relief. Brandt deplores the cost of the arms race, but he argues that Europe need not be deterred by the military extravagances of the superpowers, and can and should act on its own to lend money and supply skills for Third World development.

VICTORIAN PRISON LIVES: ENGLISH PRISON BIOGRAPHY, 1830-1914, by Philip Priestley (Methuen; $25). Victorian prison officials, with their zeal for clocklike mechanisms, would have commended this brilliant book for its twelve-part design, but they would have condemned it for all it contains: a profound and impassioned indictment of their pseudo-scientific equation of convicts with cogs, and of the pseudo-ethical aim implicit in the semantic shift from "gaol" to "penitentiary." Mr. Priestley, a former probation officer and prison welfare officer who has written eight related books, has incorporated the testimony of scores of inmates, from Oscar Wilde and Sylvia Pankhurst to a pseudonymous Bill Sykes. Victorian innovations included a wind-grinding treadmill (its purposelessness was part of the punishment) complete with a curtain to conceal the female convicts' ankles, and coffin-shaped chairs in the prison chapel. Meanwhile, officials tinkered with theories. Juvenile crime was traced to "the perverted taste for lollipops caused chiefly (because not prevented) by mothers." Many illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TAILOR'S DUMMY, by Irving Weinman (Atheneum; $13.95). We have

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an abundance here: a Jewish N.Y.P.D. detective inspector with a degree from Harvard (and an Irish wife who is not only a well-known art historian but a tigress in bed), who some years back accepted a bribe from a drug dealer in order to send his son to good schools; an old-family, old-money Wasp with terrific looks, terrific brains, terrific skills at rowing, running, shooting, martial arts, and a degree (same class) from Harvard; the detective's Irish partner; and an assortment of art-world dealers and curators. The detective is looking for the killer of an art dealer in a professional-style assassination. Everything happens: chases (in New York City and in Holland); shooting; slugging; sex in every nook and cranny of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Weinman's story is all but totally absurd, but once he gets going he can't be ignored.

I MET MURDER, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $12.95). Degas is quoted, a French painting is admired, and a quiche is consumed, but the title of this slight, tidy mystery alludes to a poem by Shelley, and the character who solves it—Felix Freer, a petty thief and chronic liar who commutes between a Fox & Grapes and a Rose & Crown; who is not above sharing his estranged wife's roof, joint of lamb, and tea when it suits him; and who compares their alliance unfavorably with that of the Macbeths—is English to the core. The mystery features a young woman who suddenly appears on the doorstep of a house down the road and just as suddenly disappears, leaving behind a mink jacket and a violin. By the end, two burglars, two detectives, a watchdog, and a squeamish writer of thrillers have proved to be less helpful in solving the mystery than the distant memory of a hated math teacher. This, the Freers' fifth appearance between boards, and E. X. Ferrars' forty-seventh mystery, may not win them new fans, but it will not lose them any fans, either.

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"I don't think they should be able to pick and choose, or to insure just people who are healthy," Smith added. "The insurance business is a risk-oriented business and people who are not interested should go and become farmers."—*Washington Post*.

Who just loll around on their front porches watching the corn grow.

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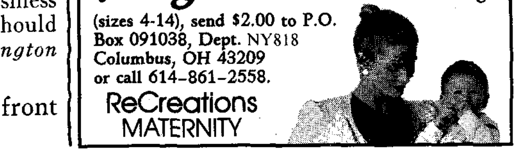

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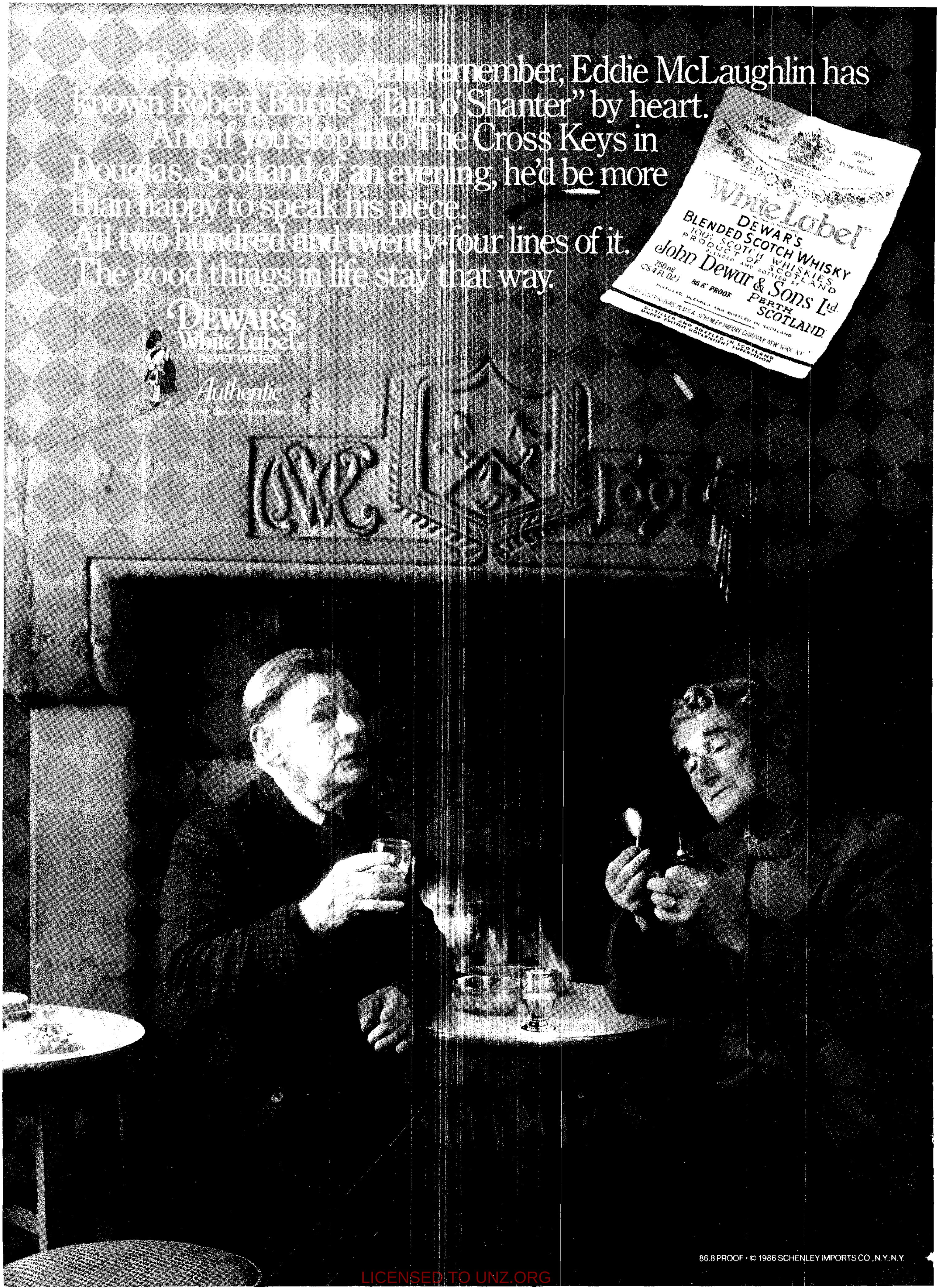

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